

UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO



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SCOTTISH LIFE
AND CHARACTER
ILLUSTRATIONS by
J. R. SKINE NICOL
& OTHERS. 

SCOTTISH LIFE AND CHARACTER

IN

ANECDOTE AND STORY.



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SCOTTISH LIFE AND CHARACTER

Scott

IN ANECDOTE AND STORY.

BY

1874.

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PREFACE.

SCOTLAND is proverbial for its wit and humour, and the writer who seeks to illustrate Scottish character with stories drawn from the everyday life of the people is not likely to lament a lack of apposite material. Since Dean Ramsay issued his evergreen and unexcelled "Reminiscences" many volumes on the subject have been published, but these, for the most part, are indiscriminate collections of "jokes" which, while they bear witness to the truth that Scotland is a land of humour, do little or nothing to illustrate native character. The present writer aims at supplementing the work of the genial Dean of Edinburgh rather than at following the collectors of concocted witticisms. His endeavour is to illustrate the main features of our Scottish life, and he gives the anecdotes exactly as he found them—without comment or observation—leaving them to speak for themselves. The shrewdness, the wit, and the humour of the nation are treated in the volume which, the author hopes, will form a not-altogether-valueless contribution to the literature of anecdote and story that pertains to the Land o' Cakes, and will afford pleasure as well to the Scot at home as to the Scot abroad.

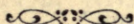
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TO
ILKA SCOT



CONTENTS.



CHAPTER.	PAGE.
I. GOWN AND BANDS,	9
II. PSALM-BOOK AND BIBLE,	76
III. DESK AND TUNING FORK,	111
IV. PLATE AND LADLE,	140
V. WIG AND GOWN,	167
VI. THE BAILIE,	205
VII. THE DOCTOR,	230
VIII. THE WORTHY,	251
IX. KILT AND SPORRAN,	290
X. TODDY RUMMERS,	320
XI. THE BAIRNS,	366
XII. BRITHER SCOTS,	403
INDEX,	473

ILLUSTRATIONS

FROM PAINTINGS BY

ERSKINE NICOL, R.S.A.

	<i>Facing Page</i>
"STEADY, JOHNNIE, STEADY,"	<i>Frontispiece.</i>
LOOKING FOR A SAFE INVESTMENT,	32
SABBATH MORNING,	120
WHIG AND TORY,	216
"NEVER TELL A LIE, DUNCAN,"	440

SKETCHES BY

J. G. SPENCE SMITH.

"GET READY, THERE!"	64
A JACOBITE,	88
UNDER MARCHING ORDERS,	152
ATTENTION,	184
"SCHUN!"	248
THE AWKWARD SQUAD,	280
"HEY, JOHNNIE COPE,"	344
"NOW BOYS, LOOK SMART!"	408
"THE COCK OF THE NORTH,"	464

AND

THE OLD DOMINIE (by H. W. Kerr),	312
VISITING DAY (by F. M. B. Blaikie),	376

SCOTTISH LIFE AND CHARACTER IN ANECDOTE AND STORY.



I.—GOWN AND BANDS.

THE most important man in the parish was the minister. He lived and moved and had his being in a sphere into which nobody penetrated except the beadle, and he was recognised with something nearer awe than reverence. On Sabbath he seemed to condescend a little to speak with his people, and during his parochial visitation appeared to have something in common with other folk. At all other times he was the "minister," and the word embodies much that allows of little interpretation. It may have been this importance that gave the ministry such attractions, and led to the remark that every father hoped one son would "wag his pow in a poopit." That the sacred profession was highly esteemed by the average work-a-day Scotsman is evidenced by the remark which an auld man made to a friend—"If I had kent," he said, "that one of my

sons was to be a medical man and the other a meenister, I would never ha'e had auld Jenny M'Cosh for their mither." Much of this importance, however, has passed away, and the parish minister of to-day is only mortal. But it is hardly of him we have to speak. It is chiefly the acquaintance of the minister of earlier days that we wish to make.

The thought of sending a son to college was well pondered over by the ambitious parent, and frequently advice was taken on the subject. This advice was not always of a pleasant nature.

Dr. John Brown, of Haddington, a godly minister of the last century, speaking to a farmer of his congregation who was desirous to put his son into the ministry, for which profession the worthy Doctor saw the lad was ill-fitted, said—"If he ha'na knowledge, he may get that; if he ha'na learnin', he may get that; if he ha'na Hebrew and Greek, he may get them; if he ha'na experience, he may get that; if he ha'na the grace o' God, he may even get that; but if he ha'na common sense, the college 'ill never gi'e him that."

Notwithstanding advice of this kind, the child frequently passed to college, and in due time received license to preach the Gospel.

A good old lady, who seems to have been of the same mind as the worthy Doctor mentioned above, said to her nephew, a poor preacher, whom nobody wanted to hear, "James, why did you enter the ministry?" "Because I was called," answered the

probationer. "James," said the old lady, anxiously, as she looked up from wiping her spectacles, "are you sure it wasn't some *other noise* you heard?"

Although parents strove as best they could to give a son a college education, and lived to a large extent on the hope that one day the son would bring honour to the family, many of the parents were themselves altogether illiterate.

"This letter's frae Andra," remarked Mrs. Thomson, a rich farmer's wife, whose son was preparing for the ministry. "He says he's gettin' on vera weel, an' that he's takin' fencin' lessons." "I'm gey gled to hear it," rejoined old Thomson. "It's time he was tryin' to pick up some knowledge o' farmwork noo. I'll set him to the fencin' o' that park ahint the stackyard when he comes hame."

Despite the austerity of his religion, and the soberness with which he had to look upon life, the minister in the pulpit was sometimes unconsciously led to afford his hearers some humour.

A worthy preacher, who ministered for the welfare of a small country parish in the south, was a great lover of the pipe, but, for reasons best known to himself, always indulged in it secretly. One Sabbath morning he was enjoying a quiet smoke while looking over the notes of his discourse, when an unexpected visitor was announced. Anxious to conceal the pipe (though in the atmosphere there were abundant proofs of its presence), he hurriedly put it into the breast pocket of his coat, which also

contained his handkerchief. The interview lasted until the bells began to ring, so that the reverend gentleman hurried off to church, quite forgetful of the fact that he carried his pipe with him. He had chosen for his subject that day, "The worship of idols," and towards the middle of his sermon began to wax eloquent. "We have seen," said he, "my hearers, the dire punishment which those people brought upon themselves by their idolatrous sins. In our minds we condemn them for having yielded to those sins, and we admit the justice of the punishment meted out to them. And yet may we not be condemning others for what we ourselves are guilty of? Have we, I ask, no idols which we worship publicly or in secret? A moment's reflection shows us that we have. Then, what is our duty? Is it not this, that here and now we take and cast those idols from us—cast them from us, I say for ever?" Just as he uttered the words, he snatched forth his handkerchief to wipe his forehead, with the result that his much-loved "clay" was drawn at the same time from its place of concealment, and circling in the air, it fell and broke in a hundred pieces at the feet of the startled precentor. The congregation was amazed, not knowing whether to treat the matter seriously, or as a joke, when the minister, quickly recovering his presence of mind, added—"And, my brethren, I have always endeavoured to strengthen my pulpit exhortations with the force of example!"

While a minister in the north was lecturing one forenoon on "I have the keys of death and of hell," one of his hearers took ill, and was carried into the vestry, the door of which being open, admitted the interior being seen from the pulpit. The key of the press containing cordials could not, however, be found; and the reverend doctor, suddenly pausing in his discourse upon "the keys," brought a smile to the faces of many in the congregation by loudly declaring, "I think I have the keys in my pocket" (meaning the press keys, but not the other keys of which he had been solemnly speaking).

A Highland clergyman near Inverness was preaching one Sabbath from the New Testament, where the Apostle Peter said—"Lo, we have left *all* and followed thee." "Ay, ay," remarked the divine, "this is like you, Peter, aye pouncin' an' poastin'. What had you to be leavin'? Naethin' but an *auld fisher's poat* an' a *puckle nets*."

"Guid Scotch drink," as it was called, is well known as the curse of Scotland. It is perhaps a matter of thankfulness that this national vice is not now so general as it was many years ago, when it received vigorous denunciation in the following terms from a northern pulpit:—"My freen's, you would all like to go to heaven, but what kind of heaven would ye like to go to? Ye would just like the Cromarty Firth to be bilin' watter, the Black Isle to be loaf sugar, and the Beauly rinnin' whusky; and ye would just brew and drink and

drink and brew to all eternity." Rudyard Kipling, with his "Ten league canvases" and "brushes of comets' hair," seems to have been anticipated after all. This northern divine evidently also held the idea that the work begun here will be completed yonder.

A guileless old minister one day told some boys of the chapter he was to read at the morning service.

The boys, finding the place, glued together the connecting pages, and on the Sabbath the preacher read to his astounded congregation that "when Noah was 120 years old he took unto himself a wife who was" (then turning the page) "130 cubits long, 40 cubits wide, built of gopher wood, and covered with pitch in and out." He was naturally puzzled at this. He read it again, verified it, and then said—"My friends, this is the first time I ever read this in the Bible, but I accept it as evidence of the asertion that we are fearfully and wonderfully made."

Dr Blair, of the High Church, Edinburgh, once allowed an old homely Highland minister, who also had found evidence that "we are fearfully and wonderfully made," to preach for him. The congregation never forgot the sermon. It was on the duty of humiliation, and the church was crowded with the refinement of the city. "An' noo, ma freen's," said the preacher, "in the thirteenth place, I shall proceed to set before you another reason for humeeliation, an' it's taken frae the sheeance o'

anawtomy. The skeeled in sheeance tell us we have got aw the puddens o' a soo, but e'en this is a guid reason for humeeliation, an' taken frae the sheeance o' anawtomy."

Preached to the refinement of Edinburgh the worthy Highlander's disquisition on humiliation may seem to have been out of place, but occasionally in text and phrase the preacher could suit himself to circumstances.

Skinner, the author of "Tullochgorum," began his ministry in 1742, just on the eve of the '45. He was but twenty-one, and as he passed through the crowd of assembled worshippers to conduct his first service, he overheard a member of the flock remark—"it's surely no' that beardless boy that's going to minister to us?" and chose for his text—"Tarry at Jericho until your beards be grown." On another occasion, when, his chapel having been burned down, he was obliged to preach from a temporary desk placed in the entry of his little thatch-roofed parsonage, he was equally appropriate in phrase if not in text. He had just begun his sermon when a hen, which had got into one of the apartments, made an excited exit through the passage, scattering the loose leaves of the discourse in every direction. "Never mind them," said Skinner, as the people went in search of the sheets; "a (fool) fowl shall not shut my mouth again."

Occasionally, as we have already seen, the old minister in his preaching was unintentionally

6 SCOTTISH LIFE AND CHARACTER.

amusing. A city divine, on the occasion of churching a new Magistracy, without any intention to insult, took for his text, "The wicked walk on every side, *when the vilest men are exalted.*" The old West country minister was as unconsciously humorous when he referred to Sir Isaac Newton as being "as well acquainted with the stars as if he had been born and brocht up among them!" and so was the Arran minister who intimated from the pulpit, "My friends, there will be no Lord's-day here next Sabbath; it's Sacrament ower at Kilmory, and I'll be there."

An eccentric North of Scotland divine on one occasion wound up his sermon with this decidedly pointed peroration—"Ma freen's, it is as impossible for a *Moderate* to enter the kingdom o' hevin, as for a coo to climb up a tree wi' her tail foremost and harry a crow's nest; or for a soo to sit on the tap o' a thistle and sing like a mavis." Such a statement must have remained in the memory of his congregation for a while, and must have been recalled, when, on another occasion he spoke of the depravity of human nature after the following manner—"The human heart is just like a rig of potawtoes, that when it's weedit at the a'e end, the ither begins to grow again."

A good example of the peculiarly homely and witty mode of illustrating a point so frequently used, is told of an old Berwickshire minister, who, while preaching in his church at Abbey Saint Bathans,

to a congregation largely composed of shepherds from the surrounding hills, and having chosen for his theme—"It is easier for a camel to go through the eye of a needle," etc., said, "The illustration in the text, my brethren, is Eastern, so that, to make the subject plainer, I will use another that you can more easily understand. It is just as impossible, my friends, for a rich man, whose mind is entirely set on the world's wealth, to enter the kingdom of heaven, as it is for a blackfaced Hieland yow to jump into a hazel bush and whistle like a blackbird."

A minister who was lamenting the sins of his congregation, found himself in an awkward position. Having said—"Our souls are black," he made a long pause, then extricated himself as follows:—"Black, ay, black as the pat, and sooty as the lum."

An old minister was wont to preach out of doors in summer, and used to gather an audience from the people who were airing themselves by the side of a stream, a little outside the village. On one occasion, he unhappily took his place on a bank, fixing himself right above an *ants' nest*. These industrious insects have a nasty habit of making their presence peculiarly undesirable, and being no respecters of persons, they made the minister no exception to the rule. He was very uncomfortable, and afraid that the audience might observe his discomfort, he apologised by saying—"Brethren, though I hope



I have the word of God in my mouth—I think the deil has gotten into my breeks.”

The choice of texts was not always the happiest and sometimes led to a laugh.

One Sabbath a minister of very short stature was asked by a brother preacher to fill his pulpit for the day. It happened that the pulpit was a very high one, and nearly hid the little minister from view. However, the congregation managed to keep their countenances until a nose and two eyes suddenly appeared over the top of the pulpit, and a squeaking tremulous voice proclaimed, in nasal tones, the text : —“Be of good cheer : it is I ; be not afraid.” A general roar of laughter followed.

A well-known minister of Edinburgh had been in the habit for many years of assisting his friend, Dr. Buist, minister of St. Andrews, on the occasion of the celebration of Holy Communion. This gentleman had three or four times preached the same sermon from the text, “There was a man of the Pharisees named Nicodemus.” Naturally this frequent repetition of the same discourse, though an excellent one, was unsatisfactory to the congregation, and tended to cast a shade on the whole solemnities of the day. The elders accordingly urged their minister to give his friend a hint that he might leave Nicodemus at home. Dr. Buist promised to do so, observing at the same time that the fact of the frequent repetition of the sermon had escaped his notice. On the evening of the Communion a large

congregation assembled. The decisive moment came. The preacher gave out his text—a new one—paused to adjust his spectacles, and began the familiar words, “Who this Nicodemus was, Scripture does not very clearly show.”

The late Professor Story was made responsible for the following quiet sarcasm. The Church of St. Cuthbert’s, Edinburgh, where Dr. M’Gregor preaches was recently restored and renovated. The former building was not remarkable for architectural elegance, nor has the newer erection attained that glory. There were, of course, elaborate services to celebrate the re-opening of the church, and Dr. Story is said to have suggested as a text appropriate to the sermon in such a building, “I will pull down my barns and build *greater!*”

One day, a well-known probationer officiated in St. Enoch’s Church, in Glasgow, at the morning service, and preached an eloquent sermon from the text, “Are not two sparrows sold for a farthing?” In the afternoon he repeated the same at Tron Church, and in the evening at St. David’s. An old woman, who had been at all three services, waited for the minister’s departure from the last-named church, and, tapping him on the shoulder, said—“Ha’e ye no’ got thae sparrows selt yet, man?”

Even prayers were not always free from the touch of humour.

A minister of a little town in the north having been affronted by the Provost, who was a butcher,

resolved to have revenge. Accordingly, when Sabbath came, in the prayer before the sermon, he made use of the following expression—"And since O Lord! thou hast commanded us to pray for our enemies, herein we beseech Thee for the Provost of this town; give him the strength of Samson and courage of David, that he may knock down sin like an ox, and cut the throat of iniquity like a sucking calf, and let his horn be exalted above his brethren."

Several of the Parish Church ministers do not conceal their distaste for Dissenters; and sometimes Dissenters are equally frank in their opposition to the National Church. The minister of Symington, Lanarkshire, gives the following choice specimen from a prayer by a Seceder preacher on the Green of Symington:—"O Lord, Thou knows that the silly, snivelling body is not worthy to keep a door in Thy house. Cut him down as a cumberer of the ground; tear him up root and branch, and cast the wild rotten stump out of Thy vineyard. Thresh him, Lord, and dinna spare; oh, thresh him tightly with the flail of Thy wrath, and make a strae wisp o' him to stap the mouth o' hell."

When the late James Craig was rector of the Kirkwall Grammar School, the minister of the parish paid that institution a visit, and, after examining the children in religious knowledge, engaged in prayer, in which he put up the following petition:—"We pray Thee, O Lord, that Thy grace may stick to the hearts of Craig's boys like butter

to bere bannocks!" The prayer is a kindly one, and shows effectively the use of homely phraseology.

An Edinburgh clergyman was in the habit of praying, previous to the meeting of the General Assembly, that that august body might be so guided as "*no' to do ony harm,*" and a minister, praying once for members of Parliament that they might be endowed with wisdom from on high, added the remark—"Ay, Lord, Ye ken weel they ha'e need o't."

Among the notable prayers stands first that dictated by our Lord. Dr. Gilchrist, of Canongate Free Church, Edinburgh, once gave a Divinity Hall fledgling, in newly-cut M.B. waistcoat, a severe rebuke, in a canny remark, with reference to the use of this prayer. The waistcoat's owner was officiating for the Doctor one Sabbath, and while in the vestry, previous to beginning the service, said—"I—ah—suppose, Doctah, you—ah—repeat—ah—the Lord's Prayer in some pahnt of—ah—the sahvice?" "Ay, ay, to be sure," put in the Doctor, "unless ye ha'e a better ane o' your ain."

A Perth minister, after expressing the prayers of his congregation for "the noble family who has lately come to reside amongst us," added, "lest there should be ony mistake, it is the Earl of Kin-noul I mean!" The Doric in prayer is always expressive. "O Lord," said one auld minister, "we pray Thee to send us wind, no' a rantin', tantin', tearin' wind, but a noolin', soughin',

winnin' wind," and "O Lord," said another, "'Thoo is like a moose in a dry-stane dyke—aye keekin' oot at us frae holes an' crannies, an' we canna see Thee."

A well-known West Highland minister is said to have prayed in reference to some Professors with whom he could not agree—"O Lord, have mercy on these men! But if not, then send them to hell; and O Lord, send them quickly, before they give further trouble to Thy Church."

A reverend old worthy, in praying for grace, said—"Lord, dibble Thou the kail seed of Thy grace into our hearts, and if we grow not up good kail, mak' us good sprouts at least." Another minister was wont to pray, "O Lord, we're aye gangin' an' we're aye gettin', we soud aye be comin' to Thee, but we're aye forgettin'."

Long ago the weather entered much into prayer, and many have doubtless heard of the honest farmer, who, in a time of severe drought, informed the minister that "he might pray as he liked, but they would get nae rain afore the change of the moon." People of the West are familiar with the story told of a Free Churchman, who, in the midst of "a plague of rains," and when praying for dry weather, interrupted his intercessions, as a gust of wind blew in one of the windows of the church, with the words, "Tuts, Lord, this is quite ridiculous." Then again there is the story of the churchman, who went to the Dissenting minister to ask him to pray

for rain. This gentleman on enquiring why he did not go to the parish minister, received the reply :—
“Catch him praying for rain to my neeps when his ain hay’s no’ in yet.”

In 1745, after the victory of the Highlanders at Prestonpans, a message was sent to the ministers of Edinburgh, in the name of “Charles, Prince Regent,” desiring them to preach next day (Sabbath) as usual; but many alarmed by the defeat of Cope, sought refuge in the country, and no public worship was performed within the city, save by a minister named Hog, at the Tron. It was otherwise, however, at St. Cuthbert’s, the incumbent of which was then the Rev. Neil M’Vicar, who preached to a crowded congregation, many of whom were armed Highlanders, before whom he prayed for George II. and also for Charles Edward in a fashion of his own, recorded thus by Ray, in his history of the time, and others :—“Bless the king. Thou knowest what king I mean. May the crown sit long on his head. As for that young man who has come among us to seek an earthly crown, we beseech Thee to take him to Thyself and give him a crown of glory.” It is said that when the Prince heard of M’Vicar’s prayer he laughed heartily and expressed himself quite satisfied.

On one occasion, in Fife, it was apparent to a minister, when he went down to the vestry after conducting service, that he had given great umbrage to the minister of the parish, who had been hearing

4 SCOTTISH LIFE AND CHARACTER.

him. At last the officiating minister asked his brother what it was in the sermon that had so annoyed him? "It was not your sermon, sir," was the reply, "it was your prayer. You prayed, sir, that I might be spared for many a year to come and go out and in amongst this people, and do you know I've seen seven years in this poor place already!"

A minister in a small country village, who was noted for his absent-mindedness, was once observed to stop excitedly in the midst of his sermon and heard to mutter—"I knew she would—I knew she would!" After the service was over some one asked the reason. "Dear me," said he, "did I? Well, you know, from the pulpit I can just see old Mrs Adam's garden, and this morning she was out pulling up a cabbage, and I thought to myself, 'Now, if that cabbage comes up suddenly she'll go over,' and just then up it came, and over she went."

A minister in Glasgow was annoyed by some of his hearers talking and giggling. He paused one Sabbath in his discourse, looked at the disturbers, and said, "Some years since, as I was preaching, a young man who sat before me was constantly laughing, talking, and making uncouth grimaces. I paused and administered a severe rebuke. After the close of the service, a gentleman said to me, 'Sir, you made a great mistake; that young man was an idiot.' Since then I have always been afraid to reprove those who misbehave themselves in church, lest I should repeat that mistake and reprove an-

other idiot." During the rest of the service there was good order.

He was a canny, every-day Scot who corrected the minister in a little mistake which happened one Sabbath in Oban. "For, are not two swallows sold for a farthing," said the minister, sharpening a sentence of his sermon with the quotation in question. The congregation would have been quite content to accept swallows; but unfortunately for himself, the speaker saw his mistake and repeated hastily, "For, are not two doves sold for a farthing." "Sparras," audibly prompted Dugald from the pews, to the silent mirth of the audience, and probably to the relief of the minister.

The Rev. William Porteous of Kilbuho was a pawky character. Like many other ministers he was troubled by his parishoners' want of punctuality in attending his ministrations. On one occasion he held a diet of examination, and among those who attended was Tammas Core, a customer weaver of Southside, who had a short time before been entrusted with the weaving of a plaid for the minister. Core did not arrive till the devotional part of the service was over, and on his appearance was greeted with the words—"Come awa', Tammas; ha'e ye no' gotten my plaid woven yet?—man, ye're lang about it."

The Rev. Dr. Young of Perth used to be annoyed by a couple coming to church, sitting in a corner in the gallery, and, as they talked in lovers' language

all through the service, making a "ssh-ssh" noise. At last he could stand it no longer, and one Sabbath he stopped in the middle of his sermon, looked up to the gallery, and said, "If that couple in the right-hand gallery there will come to me on Monday, I will marry them for nothing if they will stop that 'ssh-ssh!'"

Fortunately everybody does not look upon the church as a place for courtship, but many seem to imagine that if it is good for anything it is good as a place to sleep in, and many a time has a preacher's temper been tried by a drowsy member.

The minister of L——, in the north, who was one of those quietly-humorous characters of long ago, had a lot to contend with in this way. In his church, until a comparatively recent period, it was quite common for the beadle to rouse up, either by means of a ladle or his hand, and waken sleepers. On one occasion he had used his utmost art on an old woman who had long been innkeeper in the parish. Failing to rouse her, the minister said, "John, let her a'be; I'll wauken her masel"; then, striking the side of the pulpit firmly with his clenched fist, he called out, "Anither gill, here, Janet," whereupon she immediately replied, "Comin', sir, comin'."

Another preacher in the north once found his congregation going to sleep before he had fairly begun. On seeing this, he stopped and exclaimed, "Brethren, it's no' fair. Wait till I get a start, and then, if I'm no' worth listening to, gang to

sleep; but dinna nod your pows before I get commenced. Gi'e a buddy a chance."

Sleepers in Dr. K——'s church, Aberdeen, were often awakened with a start. One man had succumbed and was dozing quietly when he was hailed with—"You, sir, No. 3 in the second seat from the front in the top left? What are you asleep for? Put your thumb into him—his next neighbour." On one occasion his eye caught a man asleep whom he knew, and whose wife was seated beside him. The minister called to the latter, "Go home, Betty, and bring John's nightcap."

A farmer, who was a member of the Rev. Peter Glas's congregation, could not, on account of his arduous labours during the week, keep awake in church. He expressed a hope on one occasion that the minister would extend to him a little indulgence, adding that he would drive two cart-loads of coal to the manse. Mr Glas listened to the explanation, and promised to allow him to slumber undisturbed. The next Sabbath, however, not only did the worthy farmer slumber, but gave audible demonstration of the fact, whereupon Mr. Glas had him wakened. On having his nap disturbed, he promptly reminded the minister of their little arrangement, but this was met by Mr. Glas with the remark, "I micht ha'e winked at the sleepin', but I canna permit you to snore."

A minister had observed one of his flock asleep during sermon. He paused and called him to order.

"Jeems Robson, ye are sleepin' ; I insist on you being wauken when God's Word is preached to ye." "Weel, sir, you may look at your ain seat, an' you'll see a sleeper forbye me," answered Jeems, pointing to the minister's lady in the manse pew. "Then, Jeems," said the minister, "when you see my wife asleep again haud up your hand." By-and-bye the arm was stretched out, and sure enough the fair slumberer was caught in the act. Her husband, solemnly calling upon her to stand up and receive the censure due to her offence, thus addressed her—"Mrs. B——, a'body kens that when I got ye for my wife I got nae beauty, your freen's ken that I got nae siller ; and if I dinna get God's grace I shall ha'e a puir bargain indeed."

In another church a member was equally prone to snatch the proverbial "forty winks." One Sabbath dreams came in his sleep, and he somewhat astonished the worshippers by exclaiming, "No, no ; nae cheatin' noo. We've had three chapins o' ale, and three gless o' whusky, an' there's no' a farden o't peyed yet."

Although, as remarked at the outset, the minister was to some extent unapproachable, he was not free from criticism. Perhaps no man in the parish was watched with closer eyes than the spiritual adviser, and his sermon and everything else connected with himself, the church, and the manse came in for a searching scrutiny. "How did the minister get on the day?" an auld wife was asked, on her way home,

by one who had not been able to be at church that morning. "How did he get on? He just stood an' threw stanes at us, an' never missed wi' ane o' them. My certie, but yon was preaching."

Dr. Lawson, shortly after his settlement at Selkirk, was told by one of his hearers that the congregation were pleased with his sermons, but not with his texts. "Ah," replied the minister, "I could understand what you say had you told me that the congregation were dissatisfied with my sermons. But the texts! What is wrong with them?" "Oh, I don't know," was the reply, "but that's what they say, and I like to speak my mind." "Just so," said the divine; "then hear what Solomon says of you, and the like of you; he says that a fool uttereth all his mind, but a wise man keepeth it till afterwards"—a text which probably did that man more good than any of the sermons to which he afterwards had the privilege of listening.

Two men were talking about sermons. "Hoo did your minister get on last Sawbath?" asked the one. "Get on!" said the other; "he got on—juist like a taed among tar." What criticism could be more expressive of many a discourse than that?

The following conversation is related as having taken place between two severe old Covenanters after hearing a sermon of the old-fashioned kind. "What do you think o' that sermon, Jamie?" said Willie as they wended their way down the street. "Think o't," said Jamie, "Man, it was juist a

gran' sermon. I havena heard ane I likit better for mony a day. What do you think o't yersel'?" "Ae, man," said Willie, "it was an awfu' sermon, a fearfu' sermon. It fair gar'd my flesh a' grue. I'm shiverin' yet, an' I'm sure I canna tak' my denner." "What?" said Jamie, with a snort of indignation; "what do ye want? What wad ye ha'e, man? Do ye want the man to slide ye down to hell on a buttered plate?"

A country youth went to visit his friends in Glasgow, and, like the hospitable people Glaswegians are, they spared no pains to make him happy. On Sabbath they took him to hear one of St. Mungo's cleverest preachers, who happened to deliver an exceptionally pathetic discourse. Returning from church, he informed his friends that "It was a rare discourse! A' the fowk were greetin', and I was gey near't mysel', but I didna like to gi'e way, seein' he wasna my ain meenister."

A recently-inducted minister was attracting large audiences from other congregations by his eloquence, and Willie, the beadle, looked with dismay at the empty pews in his own church. When next he met his minister, he said, "Ye maun improve your sermons, sir, if ye want to retain your hearers." "Oh, new scissors always cut clean," answered the minister. "Ay, ay," was the unexpected retort, "that's a' richt, but auld anes are a' the better to get a bit shairp up!"

An old shepherd who was discussing the parable of

the ninety-and-nine sheep with his minister, said, with an eye to the practical side of things, "I've often thocht that the man that gaed efter the ae lost sheep maun ha'e ha'en a fine dowg. An' then the wilderness, I tak' it, that juist meant the hillside?" "Oh, no doubt," said the minister. "Humph!" replied the old shepherd with some suspicion, "an' a bonnie scatter he wad fin' when he came back for the ninety-and-nine."

An aged divine had occasionally to avail himself of the assistance of probationers. One Sabbath a young man very vain of his accomplishments as a preacher officiated, and on descending from the pulpit was met by the old gentleman with extended hands. Expecting high praise, he said—"No compliments, I pray." "Na, na, my young friend," said the auld minister, "nowadays I am glad o' anybody." That young man did not venture on questionable ground again in a hurry.

Another old divine, who did not quite regard himself as a paragon of pulpit perfection, addressing his assistant, remarked that it was singular how he felt more fatigue hearing him than in preaching himself. To this the assistant replied that he experienced a similar feeling when his reverend senior was in the pulpit. "Then," rejoined the minister, "I peety the folk that have to hear us baith!"

During a vacancy in a rural parish a "candidate" preached, whose stature was diminutive and whose person was very thin. Perhaps much "leet-preach-

ing" had emaciated him! As the church "skailed," a burly farmer was heard observing, "Yon man'll no' dae ava, no' dae ava! He doesna weigh six stane!"

A newly-placed minister was at dinner with one of his parishioners who had none of the polish of society about him, and spoke his mind bluntly. The minister came from the city, and was telling some of his experiences, when he observed—"But if I were to tell you some of my most remarkable adventures, I'm afraid you would doubt my words." "Nae fear o' that, sir," replied the farmer heartily; "we dinna ken ye weel eneuch for that yet."

In a village near Perth the minister, elders, and a local builder were talking over ways and means for repairing the church. "They tell me," said the minister, "that portions of the floor are greatly affected by dry rot, and that it will not only get worse and worse, but extend to other parts of the church." "Why, bless your heart, sir" said the builder, "the dry rot in the floor is nothing to the dry rot in the pulpit, and it's been getting worse ever since you came!"

Shortly after the Secession of 1843, an old woman was walking to church along with her family. The Auld Kirk minister rode past at a rapid rate, and the old lady said to her children—"Siccan a wey to be ridin', and this Sawbath day. Aweel, aweel, a gude man is mercifu' to his beast." Shortly afterwards her own minister rode past just as furiously, and the



LOOKING FOR A SAFE INVESTMENT.

BY

ERSKINE NICOL, R.S.A.

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worthy old wife cried—"Ah, there he goes. The Lord bless him. Puir man, his heart was in his wark, an' he eager to be at it."

A boy who had been indiscreet enough to put a sixpence in his mouth accidentally swallowed it. His mother, concerned both for her boy and the sixpence, tried every means for its recovery, consulted her neighbours, and finally in despair called in the doctor, but without result. As a last resort a woman present suggested that they should send for the Free Kirk "meenister." "The meenister?" chorused mother and neighbours. "Ay, the meenister," rejoined the dame. "Od's, if there's ony money in him he'll sune draw it oot o'm."

A minister in the upper part of Annandale complained that the influenza attacked him worst in the head, and an old farmer, who had been reading in an article that the disease attacked the weakest part, replied—"Juist exac'ly what was to be expectit; we a' ken brawly that's your weakest pairt."

An old divinity professor never ventured to alter a single word of the prayer with which he opened his class every morning. This circumstance was once pointed out to him by a student—"Would it not be better, sir, to occasionally alter your prayer, according to the wants of the times and the periods of the session?" "Na! na!" sharply answered the professor, "I've said that prayer every College day for forty years without ony change, an' it wad be nae-

thing sort o' sacrilege to alter't noo, to please your whims."

Of criticism passed on the minister and his work, perhaps the following was the kindest, most appropriate and most pointed that ever was passed upon one minister by another in circumstances akin to those which belong to the incident therein contained. It is told in Mr. Alison's "Anecdote of Glasgow," and refers to the Rev. James Lapslie, at one time minister of Campsie. "Over thirty years ago I was in the company of a gentleman who was then an old man—he was born, I think, towards the close of the seventies of the last century. We were at the time walking through the town of Rutherglen. He was full of anecdote and reminiscence, and I now regret that all he told me has vanished from my memory, excepting this one. As we were passing the old Parish Church, in the centre of the town, my old friend paused for a few minutes. 'I forget,' said he, 'the name of a minister who at one time filled the pulpit of that church. He was a man of somewhat dissipated habits, as most of the clergy of that day were. How it came about I do not now recollect; but he was found dead on the public road under circumstances that could only lead to one conclusion. A Mr. Lapslie, from Campsie, came to preach his funeral sermon. The church was crowded in expectation of what he would say in regard to the dead minister and the painful manner of his death. Mr. Lapslie gave out his text and exhausted it without

making the slightest reference to the deceased. Then he paused for a few minutes, and turning to the congregation, said—'As for our deceased brother, he had his faults, and so have you.' So saying, he closed the Bible and concluded the service."

Many of the old parishioners judged a minister by the amount of noise he made, and as partly illustrative of this method of judging the respective merits of preachers, we may cite the reply made by "the guidman" at a northern farm upon his wife's asking as to how the sermon had been delivered. It was a strange minister who had occupied the pulpit : —"Weel," answered Jeems, "I can tell ye ye lost a treat. There was never the marrow o' him i' the pulpit afore. Losh, hoo he hammer't on the Beuk an' yarkit till as feck's death we couldna see him for stour."

A minister was both annoyed and piqued at several of his congregation "lifting their lines" and crossing over to a church almost opposite. He thought for a while, but was unable to guess what might be the reason, and at last he called his beadle, an old and faithful servant. "Thomas," said he, "I wish you would stand near the church door next Sabbath when the service is over and listen if you can hear the people making remarks about the sermon." "Tammas" did as directed, and in due course appeared in the minister's presence. "Well, Thomas, did you hear any remarks about the sermon?" "No' a word sir. Ilka band as they gaed past were aye

makin' remarks about the denner—aye sayin', 'Cauld kail het again'; but the feint a word did I hear o' your sermon."

Rev. Peter Anton, of Kilsyth, tells an incident of which he was the central figure. He had been preaching in a provincial town in the West, and, after service, he was waited upon by two young men, who appeared to have something on their minds. With an effort one of the young fellows tentatively remarked that they had heard the sermon. "Oh," said Mr. Anton, anticipating an opportunity of clearing away some theological cobwebs, "what part of the sermon were you interested in?" "It wasna the sermon sir," said the youth, "it was your wecht! We had a difference aboot it, and we thocht we wad juist ask ye yoursel'."

A congregation in the south of Galloway were in the throes of a ministerial election. After each service, the candidate was subjected to a deal of criticism. "He was a fine preacher," said an auld woman, referring to a young Edinburgh student. "I dinda care for him," said her companion. "No, he was nae great preacher. The way he wrocht Lazarus oot and in among the cauld stanes was juist fair heartless." On the following Sabbath two old men of the parish fell to the work of comparison. "That was a guid man the day," said John, who was famed for his doctrinal learning. "Ay," said his friend who judged sermons by their length, "but the ane last Sabbath was better." "I wadna say that he



was," added John. "Ou, there's nae doot about it," persisted the other, "an' forbye, he gi'ed ye *mair o't!*"

A kirk had been rather unfortuate in its ministers, two of them having gone off in decline within twelve months of their appointment, and once again, after hearing a number of candidates for the vacancy, the members were looking forward with keen interest to the meeting at which the election was to take place. "Weel, Marget," asked one female parishioner of another, as they foregathered on the road one day, "wha are ye gaun to vote for?" "I'm juist thinkin' I'll vote for nane o' them. I'm no' muckle o' a judge, an' it'll be the safest plan," was Marget's sagacious reply. "Toots, woman," said the other, "if that's the wey o't vote wi' me." "An' hoo are ye gaun to vote?" enquired Marget. "I'm gaun to vote for the man I think has the soondest lungs," replied her friend, "an'll no' bother us deein' again in a hurry."

A probationer was fourth on a leet of candidates for a church. His trial sermon was delivered in a loud voice, and with rather animated action. At the close he waited in the vestry to interview the beadle as to his pulpit appearance. "I understand, James, that I am fourth on the leet." "Ou, ay, sir, ye are so." "Can you give me an idea of how the other three candidates did when they were here?" "Weel, sir," replied James, critically, and settling down to the work with apparent relish, "the first ane



cam' frae aboot Fife, he wasna worth muckle ava; the neist ane was frae Aiberdeen; he was a hantle better, he was a gey soun' preacher. Then the last ane, I dinna ken far he cam' frae, but he was very soun'." "And, James," enquired the preacher when he saw the beadle was not to criticise further, "what do you think of my attempt to-day; am I sound, do you think?" "Weel, sir," said James, with a twinkle in his eye, "I wad say ye was *soun'*; in fac', sir, I wad say' ye was a' *soun'* thegither."

A rich snuff story is told of the late Rev. John Murker, who for many years was Congregational minister of Banff, and who was an inveterate snuffer. He regaled himself with copious pinches during his discourse, had a most distinct aversion to smoking, and used frequently to allude in scathing terms to the habit, from the pulpit. To his great astonishment he discovered that a devout old woman of his congregation was addicted to the pipe, and accordingly he preached specially at her one Sabbath, and denounced the habit with the greatest severity. The old lady calmly heard all the tirade, and at the close of the service proceeded to the vestry to have it out with Mr. Murker. "Weel, Mary," said he, in his homely way, "what can I dae for ye?" "I wad juist like to put a few questions till ye, Maister Murker," was the uncompromising reply. Somewhat at a loss, the good man asked her what she wanted to know. "Can ye tell me," asked the old body in her Banffshire doric, "fit pairt o' the human

face the Awlmichty pits maist vaill'e on?" "I dinna ken," was Mr. Murker's cautious reply. "Weel, then," Mary proceeded, "seein' that the Awlmichty breathed the breath o' life intil oor nostrils, div ye nae think it wad be the nose?" "Weel, I daresay it might," said the minister, rather nonplussed by her line of argument. "An' div ye think He ga' ye your nose to mak' as aise-backet o'?" crushingly retorted Mary, who at once departed, leaving Mr. Murker to his own reflections.

A probationer who enquired of an old lady of the congregation what she thought of his sermon, received the not-too-satisfactory reply—"Ae, sir, I did enjoy't, ye had beautiful psaulms," and this recalls the remark of the old lady, who, in speaking of a worthy minister on Deeside, solemnly declared he was "nae great preacher, bit he had aye fine texts." In Aberdeenshire a canny Scot once enquired—"Fat kind o' a minister can he be fa needs a bookie fin' he's prayin'? Fat ees is he?"

"Well, Angus," remarked a worthy farmer to his Highland friend, "just getting home from church? Who had you preaching to-day?" "Ha, man," answered Angus, "we had Norman MacLeod. Faith, she's a clever lad that Norman. She was preach about the strongest man that ever was. Noo, the strongest man that ever I saw was a man doon at Oban; she would carry a coo oot the boat on her back; but this man, Tamson (Samson), that Norman was tell us aboot, took the gates o' Gaza fur her

shield, an' slew a thousan' Philistian giants wi' the jaw-bone o' a common cuddie!"

Tammas, who was a typical worshipper of the old school—enquiring and sarcastic—walked home with the minister after service one Sabbath, when the latter began complaining of exhaustion. "Tired out, eh?" said Tammas. "Yes," replied the reverend gentleman; "completely done up, mentally and physically. I actually strained my back in getting up this morning's sermon." "Oh!" said Tammas, in a tone tinged with sarcasm, "you must be gey near the bottom of the barrel."

A well-known angler, who was something like Tammas, was fishing at a trouting stream one Monday morning, when he was accosted by the minister, who asked him as to his success. The angler, after replying, enquired—"Dae ye no' try the rod yersel'?" "Oh, no," replied the minister, with pious awe and eyes upturned, "I'm a fisher of men." "Oh, indeed," replied Sandy, adding quietly, "I doot ye're nae great hand at it, for I lookit into your creel yesterday, and it was unco empty."

A young minister was once preaching in an Edinburgh church to a very sparse congregation, and during sermon a heavy shower of rain fell. A well-known doctor who chanced to be near, stepped in to the church to escape the shower, and sat down beside a very grave-looking individual. The preacher waxed emphatic, then pathetic, and lastly, as a final oratorical effort, burst into tears. "What's he crying

for?" asked the doctor of his grave companion. "Well," said the worshipper who had listened to the sermon, "you would perhaps cry yourself if you were up there and had as little to say."

A similar story is told of a lady who, while sojourning in Upper Deeside, entered the quaint old church of Crathie one Sabbath forenoon, and sat down in a roomy pew beside a burly farmer and his wife. No sooner had the minister commenced his sermon than the farmer handed along an enormous snuff-mull, which the lady politely declined. "Tak' the sneeshin', mem, tak' the sneeshin'," said the mull-holder in a hoarse whisper, "ye dinna ken oor minister; ye'll need it afore he's dune."

While it's true that there are always some discerning critics in the congregation, the minister was not infrequently "above" his hearers.

A servant girl, clever at her work, but of limited ideas, was in church one day, and when the minister said—"Think not, my hearers, to find enduring joys on earth; for, *alas!* there's no such thing as happiness unalloyed," her womanhood rebelled. "How did you like the sermon, Maggie?" her mistress asked. "Unco middlin', mem," she replied. "He may be a good man, the minister, but I canna say I think much o' his doctrine." "How?" "Weel, he said there was nae such thing as uncloyed happiness for a lass in this worl'; an' if it's true, it's no fair."

In a country village in the north a domestic

servant was returning from church when a friend accosted her with the words: "Hey, Peggy, ha'e ye been at the kirk? What div ye think o' the new meenister?" "Oh, I like him fine," said Peggy, "but I took the wrang book." "Did ye forget your Bible, Peggy?" "Na, I had my Bible, but I should ha' ha'en the dictionary."

Mr. Murker, the Banffshire divine, of whom we have already spoken, had a famous sermon which he loved to deliver occasionally—a sermon on the "White Horse"—and he had preached it in several places. An old body who had heard the sermon three times was rather annoyed one Sabbath to hear the familiar subject announced once more, and losing all control of herself, she exclaimed, "Mr. Murker, if ye dinna corn that horse weel, ye'll ride him to death."

A learned minister, famous for his skill in agriculture in addition to his vast learning, was visited by an English divine. The stranger, on his way to the manse, met a man-servant, and not being very sure that he was on the right road, he asked the rustic—"Is this the way to Dr. G——'s house?" "Ay, sir," replied the rustic. "Stop, my good fellow," said the English minister. "I want to know if he is the man I am seeking for. Is he a man who knows a great many foreign languages?" "Ay, that he does," returned the simple countryman. "He kens mair aboot Swedish turnips and French beans nor ony man in the kintra-side."

It is sometimes said that ministers are impecunious. "A half-crown for sweeping a chimney!" said a minister to a chimney-sweep. "Sir, your charge is exorbitant." "That may be," returned the sweep pawkily, "but, ye ken, us chaps wi' the black coats dinna care about doin' ower muckle for oor siller."

A country minister, while preaching, waxed Shakespearean, and in a burst of eloquence informed his hearers that every blade of grass was a sermon. The next day he was amusing himself by mowing his lawn, when a parishoner passing by remarked, "That's right, doctor; cut your sermons short."

The use of the paper was, as we have said, a grievous sin with many douce worshippers, and sometimes reference was made to the subject in parochial visitation.

A newly-appointed minister was calling upon one of his parishioners, and not having been long in the parish he was not absolutely certain where some of his hearers sat in the church. "John," he enquired, "where do you sit? I never see you in church." John had been seldom in church, but he parried the home-thrust very adroitly. "Nae wunner ye dinna see me," he replied. "You keep your een sae close on the paper that ye canna see me."

On a steamer in the Firth of Forth a habitual toper found himself face to face with his minister:—"You are a disgrace to the congregation," said the minister. "But this is the first time I have ever had too much," was the reply. "Then allow me," said the preacher

pompously, "to congratulate you on a marvellous success for a first attempt." "Yes, sir," added the toper; "if your first sermon had been as successful you would have been a professor by this time."

From what has been said it will be seen that the critic of the minister was to be found among all classes of men, and that it would be a mistake to imagine him as having been conspicuously a city-bred product with an intellect characterised, say, by some acquaintance with German theology, a smattering of Biblical criticism, and a hawk-like avidity for a plagiarism: "the Critic" sat in country pews, and had his own share of intellect, which he usually kept in good working order, and his own manner of expression also, which might lack polish, but rarely lacked pith. "Ay, ay," said a fine racy old inhabitant to a young minister, who was following out a course of sermons with some sequence in one of the Gospels, "I was lookin' forret wi' great interest last Sawbath to hearin' what ye wad have to say on the swine rinnin' doon a steep place into the sea an' gettin' droon'd, but ye just gaed by, an' ye never said 'pig.'"

The minister at home was as interesting a character as the minister in church. The parish minister of Ellon, a confirmed old bachelor, had been much annoyed with the midnight flirtations of his female domestics. Naturally he had little sympathy with the exigencies of love-making, and what rendered it all the more exasperating was the fact that the ser-

vants' window was just under his own, and on courting night his slumbers were much disturbed by the confabulations that went on below. One night, taking his seat at his own window, which he had raised to a convenient height, and having provided himself with a ewer of water, he waited further developments. Nor was his patience unduly tried. An amorous swain soon made his appearance, and the usual scene, interesting to all but the harassed master, was proceeding with its accustomed verve, when a liberal douche from the upper window changed the current of affairs and led to a hasty retreat. Next morning the worthy minister, doubtless chuckling over the success of his scheme, and wondering who among his young parishioners he had baptized anew, was walking past a cottage some distance from the manse, at the door of which stood the good woman of the house. "A fine morning, Jenny," he remarked. "It is that, sir," replied Jenny; "but it maun ha'e been an unco pour last nicht, for oor Jock cam' hame about eleven o'clock juist fair droukit."

One of his parishioners, John by name, called on the minister one day, telling him that he was going to be married to one of the servants on Lord——'s estate, and requesting his services on the occasion. The minister congratulated him, and added—"I hope you are getting a nice thrifty housewife, who will make you comfortable." John was quite sure he was getting that. "But," said the minister

“that’s not everything, John; I hope she is also a good woman.” “Oh, ay,” replied John, “she’s a great favourite with the Lord.” “That’s well,” said the minister, “but remember, John, the Lord puts up with a lot of people that you and I could not put up with.”

A worthy woman known as “Auld Janet,” finding herself quite penniless, called upon the minister. “Weel, sir,” she said, “I’ve just ca’d in to speir if ye wad say ower the Lord’s Prayer to me.” “Certainly, Janet. ‘Our Father——.’” “Bide a wee sir. Does that mean that He’s my Father as weel as your’s?” “Assuredly.” “Then you maun be my brither!” “We are all brothers and sisters to one another,” said the minister. “Then, if you’re my brother, hoo comes it that me, your sister, doesna ken whaur her next bite’s to come frae, while you ha’e plenty and to spare?” She went home a happier and a richer woman.

A story is told of an old minister who used to commit his confessions to a private diary. He had arranged for a brother minister to fill his pulpit on the approaching Fast-Day, and expecting a day of complete relief from pulpit work he went to church to welcome his friend and hear his discourse. But to his consternation his friend never turned up, having, as it transpired, met with an accident on the way. In a state of complete unpreparedness, he had therefore to ascend his own pulpit and do the best he could in the circumstances. He afterwards com-

mitted this entry to the diary :—"June 16th, Fast-Day in oor pairish. Expectit auld Andra Mucklewraith to preach for me. Didna come. Had to dae't masel'. Haivert awa'—sair forfouchen—wauchled throwe." That diary may never have been meant to reach the eyes of the world, how many preachers, given as much honesty as that old minister, could render a more creditable account?

After the minister at church and at home we come to the minister in his parish going out and in among his people, and giving wise counsel to those he chanced to meet.

A country minister was one day making a parochial visitation. On turning a corner of one of the roads he espied an object lying in a ditch by the wayside. He walked up to the object, and, to his great horror, discovered it was one of his own parishioners far gone in drunkenness, to whom he thus addressed himself :—"I am more than surprised, Thomas; I am deeply grieved to find you in such a state." Thomas, hearing himself thus addressed, half-opened his dazed eyes and hiccuped out—"Were ye ever fou', sir?" "No, Thomas, no," was the indignant reply, "never in all my life." "Eh, man," rejoined Thomas, "ye mun ha'e had a dowie life o't."

Here, however, is the other side. A minister of sporting proclivities, and not much esteemed by his congregation, was one day following the fox-hounds, when he was thrown from his horse into a ditch. One of his parishioners passing that way from his work

heard his cries for help, and perceiving who it was in the ditch, calmly said—"Ay, ye can lie there, my lad, for me, ye're no' needed till Sabbath." He may thank his stars that his parishoner was so kindly disposed as to allow him to lie. The usual way is to act the good Samaritan by taking the man home, and then act something else by spreading the story, and instituting a Presbyterial investigation.

But here, again, the minister is on the right side. He met one of his congregation the worse of drink one day, and expostulated with him. After some conversation he asked him to promise to take none the whole of next day. The man considered for a minute on his last attendance at church, and said—"I thought last Sabbath your text was, 'take no thought for the morrow.'"

An infidel jestingly said to the minister of the parish in which he lived—"I always spend my Sundays settling my accounts." The minister turned round and said, in an accent of deep solemnity and with no small degree of truth—"You may find, sir, that the day of judgment is to be spent in exactly the same manner."

The minister missed one of his congregation one Sabbath, and when he met him, this was the conversation—"Why weren't you at the kirk on Sabbath?" "I was at Mr. Dunlop's kirk." "I don't like you running away to strange kirks in that way. Not that I object to you hearing Mr. Dunlop, but I'm sure ye wadna like your ain sheep straying

away into strange pastures." "Weel, I wadna care a button, sir, if it was better grass."

There is a story told of certain members of the congregation of Cupar who, on their minister remarking that he would have to leave the ice to prepare a new sermon—he had been speaking on the sins of Judas for several Sabbaths—cried out, "Na na, Doctor, ye maunna gang awa' and leave us this way for the sake o' the sermon. Just gi'e Judas anither wallop wi' the tow."

The minister of a parish in Perthshire, whose eyes were always riveted on his MS. during sermon, went one day in a great hurry to the station, and asked the waggish porter when the first train for Edinburgh started. Jamie slowly produced a dirty and torn time-table from his pocket, and made-believe to scrutinise it. "Dear me, Jamie, can't you tell me without referring to the paper?" "'Deed, no, sir! The fac' o' the maitter is, there's no' mony o' us can dae onything withoot the paper noo-a-days." And if it came to dispensing with the paper the railway official would probably have the best of it.

Another auld minister, who was a member of the Broad Church party, met one of his congregation—and his match—one afternoon. The parishioner was making his devious way home, when the minister accosted him with the words—"John, I heard you had taken the pledge." "Sae I did, sir," answered John, "but it's ae thing to tak' the pledge an' anither thing

to keep it, as ye ken yersel', sir, wi' respect to the Confession o' Faith."

Visiting one day in his parish, Robertson of Irvine called at a farm house, and, on being shown into the parlour was delighted to see a copy of Milton's "Paradise Lost" on the table. In the course of the conversation with the farmer he remarked, "I see you have Milton here. Are you a great admirer of his poetry?" "Ou aye," answered the every day Scot, to whom Milton was no better than any other men, "but there's ane John Tamson o' Kilmarnock that has written some rale fine things too." On another occasion this same divine enquired of a parishioner how he could reconcile St. Matthew's version of our Lord's words, "Are not two sparrows sold for a farthing?" with Luke's version, "Are not five sparrows sold for two farthings?" and received the reply, "Because ye get them cheap if ye tak' a when." Another day Robertson called on an old woman who was much perplexed with a certain point, and who asked the divine—"What for had God nae beginnin'?" "What wad ye bother the minister wi' sic a question as that for?" said her brother, who was present, "it wad be mair like ye if ye wad gang to the kirk than tak' up your mind wi' sic nonsense as that." "It's nae nonsense," said the woman, "it's a question I'm sair troubled wi'. What for had God nae beginnin'? I can understand His havin' nae end, for I can think on, and on, and on, and no' stop. But that He had nae beginnin'—I canna get at that

ava'” “An awfu'-like question that!” exclaimed the brother, losing patience. “What for had God nae beginnin'? For a very guid reason. He had nae need o' ane. *He was there already.*”

Robertson introduced many changes in the order of worship during his ministry at Irvine, and one of these was the repetition of the ten commandments at communion. This innovation was resented in some quarters, and one day a lady ventured to remonstrate with the divine. “I hear,” she said, “you are introducing some dreadful innovations into your church service.” “Indeed,” he replied, “what innovations have we introduced?” “Oh,” she said, “I hear you repeat the commandments at communion.” “Is that all you have heard?” was the reply. “We have introduced a much greater innovation than that.” “Indeed,” exclaimed the lady in surprise, “and what is that?” “Oh,” said the divine, “we try to keep them.”

Robertson, in his visitation, once called on an old man who had something on his mind which he could not tell to any other than the minister. When they were alone the trouble was revealed. Some months before, being very weary, he had said his evening prayer without taking off his nightcap. The irreverent omission had weighed heavily on his conscience, and he had failed to find comfort. It would have been easy, of course, to make light of the scrupulousness which magnified so slight a fault. But Dr. Robertson was wise enough to see that this

expedient would not meet the case before him, and so he replied, "There are two ways of showing reverence. We in the west uncover our heads, but eastern nations uncover their feet, as Moses, you remember, was bidden take off his shoes, for the place whereon he stood was holy ground. Now, if your feet were bare there was no need that you should uncover your head, and I presume you had not on your shoes?" "No," said the old man rising up in bed, "*nor my stockings naither.*" "Ah, then," said the minister, "it is all right. "O, sir," was the reply, "I'm sae glad, but I was sure ye wad be able to put it richt ae wey or anither."

One of the servants on the farm of Robertson of Irvine's father had difficulty in connection with the enumeration of David's mighty men, where it is recorded of Benaiah, the son of Jehoiada, "who slew the two lion-like men of Moab," that "he went down also and slew a lion in the midst of a pit in time of snow." "I'm no' clear aboot that story ava, Maister Weelum," said the servant as he was driving Robertson of Irvine from Stirling. "It's ma opeenion that, as the grun' was a' covered wi' snaw, the puir brute wad be snook-snookin' about seekin' for a drink o' water, and wad gang doon into the pit thinkin' he wad maybe get some there, and the man wad juist gang doon ahint him, ye see, when he wasna lookin', and get the better o' him. I wus' that beast had fair play, Maister Weelum!"

Mr. Steedman, who was for many years minister of

a Dissenting congregation in Stirling, was on one occasion discussing the merits of John Robertson, the father of Robertson of Irvine, with Dr. Brown, the biographer of the latter Robertson, and wound up by saying in the Doric, which he could use so effectively, "D'ye no' think, Mr. Brown, that John Robertson is just as good a man as there's ony use for?"

A divine visited a poor woman who supposed herself to be at the point of death. He told her that she was not so ill as she imagined, and he strongly advised her to take a glass of toddy at night. Next day he found that she had followed his advice, and was much better. A few days afterwards, however, when he called upon her, she had relapsed into her old state, and was very low indeed. "Did you take your toddy last night?" he asked. "No, no," she replied; "I felt that I was deein', and I didna like to gang before my Maker wi' the smell o' drink upon me."

It was a different state of matters with the old farmer who lay dying. The minister frequently visited him; and the farm-house being a long distance from the manse, it was usual, especially in bad weather, for the minister to get a little refreshment in the shape of whisky and water. On account of his ailment, the farmer was not allowed any spirits, and this sorely grieved him, as he was wont to be second to none on market day. The minister was telling the farmer about the place for which he should be preparing. Inquisitive, the farmer asked about

what would be found there. These questions the minister answered as well as his knowledge allowed him. "An' will there be ony whisky there?" asked the old man, eagerly. "Oh! no, John, there will be no thought of whisky there. It won't be required. Men there can live without it altogether." "Ay, maybe," stuttered John; "need it or no need it, but I wud aye juist like to see'd on the table."

An old, bedridden fisherman at a fashionable watering-place was perplexed at things of this earth rather than of the earth beyond. He was frequently visited during his last illness by a kind-hearted minister who wore one of those close-fitting clerical vests, which button behind. The minister saw the near approach of death one day in the old man's face, and asked him if his mind was perfectly at ease. "Oo, ay, I'm a' richt," was the feeble reply. "You are sure there is nothing troubling you? Do not be afraid to tell me." The old man seemed to hesitate, and at length, with a faint return of animation, said—"Weel, there's just ae thing that troubles me, but I dinna like to speak o't." "Believe me, I am most anxious to comfort you," replied the clergyman; "tell me what it is that troubles and perplexes you." "Weel, sir, it's just this," said the old man, eagerly—"I canna for the life o' me mak' oot hoo ye manage to get into that waistcoat."

A newly-appointed minister paid a visit to an elderly female member of his flock. The guidwife was in the midst of spring cleaning, and the minister

met with a somewhat brusque reception. Finding her in no way gossipy, the reverend gentleman, before taking his leave, mildly offered to pray, when, to his consternation, he was sharply told, "very weel, minister; but ye maun cut it kin' o' short, as I ha'e ma whitenin' brush oot by the 'oor."

A minister who called to sympathise with a member of his flock on hearing the news of her husband's suicide, was somewhat surprised to hear her complaint—"Bless my heart! the first ane ran awa', the next ane drooned himsel', and noo Geordie's gaen and hanged himsel'! Guid only kens what the next ane'll get to dae!"

Nor is this apparent want of feeling confined to the gentler sex, for it was in quite a complacent tone that a northern farmer, after burying his third wife, and being called upon by a newly-arrived minister, who asked how the wife was, replied coolly—"Dod, minister! I'm oot o' wives the noo!"

Punning is not a Scottish characteristic, but the minister who perpetrated the following got as good as he gave. He was passing one of his flock on the road, who kindly bade him "Good morning!" remarking that it was very "cauld." "Ay, ay, Sandy," replied the minister, delighted with the opportunity of making a pun, "'Many are called, but few are chosen.'" "Aweel, minister," was the dry response, "if ye're no' chosen, I'm thinkin' ye'll no' be lang cauld."

A minister, while going through a village, was re-

quested to officiate at a marriage in the absence of the parish minister. Just as he had told the bridegroom to love and honour his wife, the man interjected the words "and obey." The clergyman, surprised, did not heed the proposed amendment. He was going on with the service when the groom interposed with emphasis—"Ay, and obey, sir; love, honour and obey, ye ken!" A few years afterwards the clergyman met the hero of the wedding incident. "D'ye mind, sir, yon day when ye married me, and when I wad insist upon vowing to obey my wife? Weel, you may noo see that I was in the richt. Whether ye wad or no, I have obeyed her; and, behold I am the only man that has a twa-storey house in the hale toon!" The Scot went even further than Franklin, who said, "The man who would thrive must ask his wife."

A minister and one of his elderly parishioners were walking home from church one frosty day, when the old gentleman slipped and fell on his back. The minister looked at him for a moment, and being assured that he was not much hurt, said to him humorously, "Friend, sinners stand on slippery places." The old gentleman looked up as if to assure himself of the fact, and said, "I see they do; but I canna."

While a country minister was visiting his parishioners he came to one named Sandy. After remarking on the healthy appearance of his children, he asked Sandy how many diets they got in the day.

"Just one, sir," replied Sandy. "When do they get it" asked the minister in surprise. "Weel, ye see, they begin whenever their een are open, an' never stop till they're in their beds again," was Sandy's answer.

The minister had to mix to some extent in the social customs he saw around him, and country ministers (especially Parish Church ministers) were generally curlers. A minister, an enthusiastic but poor curler, once chanced to be on the side skipped by the village mason. At a critical period of the game the reverend player put in a very bad shot, whereat the mason cried; "Anither awkward shot, sir!" "Well, Thomas, I'm only learning," exclaimed the minister, in an injured tone. "Learnin'! Ye tauld me that years syne! Logie, man, wi' a' your learnin' ye'll never be a curler in this world, an' I doot there'll be nae ice i' the next!"

One day a minister called on an old woman who never went to church. Unfortunately, the reverend visitor had forgot his Bible and asked the old lady if she had one. "Ou ay," said Nelly; "it wad be a funny hoose without a Bible, but really I'm nae just sure whaur it is." "When had you it last?" asked the minister. "O weel," replied she, hesitatingly, "I had it at the last flitting, for I put the receipt o' the last hoose rent in't." After a diligent search, she got the Bible and handed it to her visitor, who looked at the receipt, and then remarked—"It's a

good time since you flitted, for this receipt is dated twenty years back."

When the first United Presbyterian Church was in the course of erection in South Ronaldshay, and before the roof was on, a terrific storm arose, which blew down one of the gables of the building. When this news was communicated to Mr. Gerard, the minister whose memory is enshrined in many humorous incidents, he remarked—"Well, I used to think that the deil and me were pulling at opposite ends of the rope, but it seems that we were hauling together last night!"

A belief in supernatural influence lingered long ago, and perhaps to some extent even yet lingers in the public mind. Besides witchcraft, there was also an undefined form of spiritual manifestation which was generally called "ill." What was meant by "ill" may be illustrated by the following story. A devout Seceder, whose night's rest had been interrupted by a noise of some kind overhead, took counsel with his minister, who in his official capacity was supposed to be qualified to deal with the "Evil One," the undoubted cause of the disturbance. On being requested to try the effect which prayer would have as a means of dislodging the Satanic visitor, the minister, whose ideas were rather more advanced, remarked with some dignity—"Sir, do you suppose that the Prince of the Power of the Air has nothing else to do than to come and reeshle among a wheen auld sticks in your garret?"

A Kirkintilloch minister used to tell of a unique incident in the way of visiting. He went to visit a woman who had had some experiences of trial, and joined in prayer with her. When he concluded, he was surprised to find that the woman had gone, and there was no one in the room but himself. After a little time the woman re-entered the apartment on tiptoe. Seeing the minister had concluded "the exercise," she said in astonishment—"Deary me, are you done already? After I had gotten you set agaun, I thocht I would just gang out ower the door and hear the Kirkintilloch Brass Band for a moment; and I was sure I would be back before you were endit." Some sailors think that time is saved by asking a blessing over each barrel of beef as it is broken, and this woman was clearly of opinion that, after her minister had been "set agaun," her presence could readily be dispensed with. The distant sound of the band was too much for her, even in the solemn circumstances in which she was placed. But we must not be too hard on her, for we all know how worldly thoughts intrude on occasions when we would imagine it impossible for them to come. Such was the case with the dying toll-keeper. When his minister was praying by his bedside, he laid a lean hand on his arm and said, "Just bide a wee, sir. Christy 'oman—I think I hear a cairt!"

Some people are greatly "fashed" when the minister calls—they are washing or scrubbing. A minister entered a house one day and found the

woman busy scrubbing the floor. "Sorry I've disturbed you, Mrs. M'Callum; I'll come back some other day." "Nae! nae!—come awa' in," said the good woman frankly, at the same time setting a chair for her visitor. After a few words of conversation he suggested, like his Kirkintilloch brother, that he should pray and depart. When the minister rose from his knees Mrs. M'Callum was nowhere to be seen. He waited a few minutes, when, lo! *in she came with her Sunday gown on*, and explained that she "could now receive him decently."

A minister in Banffshire, more celebrated for his eloquence than discretion, officiated one Sabbath for a brother minister, who was indisposed. After the exercises of the day were ended, he indulged in a hearty repast, in order to recuperate his exhausted energies. Returning home at night in a condition that made it evident even to the casual observer that he had dined only too well, he met a gentleman of his acquaintance, who enquired how he was, and where he had been, to which he answered that he had "been spinning out a text." "Yes," said his friend, "and now you are reeling it home."

The minister has to sympathise with all his parishioners, and enter into their affairs as a friend. A widow called upon the minister, and seeming desirous to relieve her mind of something which oppressed her, the reverend gentleman, wishing to hurry matters, exclaimed, after he had listened to some rambling remarks—"My good woman, you see

I can be of no service to you till you tell me what it is that troubles you." "Weel, sir," said the widow, summoning courage, "I'm thinking of getting married again." "Oh, that is it? Let me see; that is pretty frequent too, surely. How many husbands have you had?" "Weel, sir," she replied, in a tone less of sorrow than of bitterness, "this is the fourth. I'm sure there never was a woman sae completely tormented wi' sic a set of deeing men as I've been, sir."

An Inverness farmer, who was dying, was visited by the parish minister, and conversed with as to the great change which was about to take place. After some serious discussion the reverend adviser remarked, "Well, Mr. MacDonald, I hope you have made it all right with your Saviour." "Oh," replied the farmer with apparent concern, "it's no' Him I'm feared for, it's *the other birkie*."

A member of the cloth going his rounds one day found a group of noisy young men by the roadside. In the centre of the group was a little dog. The language used was not the most refined, which caused the minister to stop and enquire, "What's this you are about?" "Oh! we're juist seein' wha'll tell the biggest lee, and the winner gets the dug." "Ah! men," said the divine earnestly, "that's a great evil; and a thing I never did' was to tell a lie." "Jock," said one of the crowd with a sarcastic smile, "haun' ower the dug."

Some parishioners had a higher opinion of their minister. Mr. Hutcheon, of Fetteresso, used to

have fowls sent to him every week for his Sabbath dinner. Once a country wife brought a cock to him—it was in the days of cock-fighting—but requested him not to kill it, because he was a “terrible divertin’ breet.” “Ye see, sir,” she said, “if ye were to set him down i’ the flear, he would fecht wi’ the leg o’ the table till he had scarcely a breath in’s body.”

“So, Sandy, you’re going to be married. What is the reason of this?” asked the minister. “Weel, ye see,” said Sandy, “the cauld months are coming in, and Kirsty had only ae blanket, and I had only ane, so we thocht we wad jine them, and it wad be warmer.”

When minister met minister there was occasionally a crossing of swords. Dr. Ritchie, of Edinburgh, was speaking on one occasion in the U.P. Synod, and was annoyed by the Rev. Mr. B——, a man with a conspicuously turned-up nose, who, sitting in full view of the gallery, was constantly interrupting the speaker with cries of “No, no!” “Moderator,” said Dr. Ritchie, pausing and turning his own eyes, and, of course, the eyes of the Synod, round on the offender, “am I to be put up down before Mr. B——’s noes?” There was a roar of laughter, and the nose disappeared.

In the heat of the old Voluntary controversy, the Rev. William M’Dougal, of Paisley, and a friend—both keen Voluntaries—were driving into Annan when their horse stumbled and fell on its knees

opposite the Parish Church. A waggish bookseller who had noticed the occurrence remarked to them as they entered his shop, "I see you were doing obeisance to the Auld Kirk!" "Oh," said M'Dougal, with a merry twinkle in his eye, "what could you expect of a brute?" And of course they preached peace on earth, goodwill to men.

The ministers of two adjoining parishes in Forfarshire (about the end of the last century) were both alike remarkable for an infinite fund of anecdote, as well as for a prodigious willingness or rather eagerness, to disclose it. When one of them happened to be present in any company, he generally monopolised, or rather prevented, all conversation; when both were present, there was a constant and keenly contested struggle for the first place. It fell out, on a certain morning, that they breakfasted together, without any other company; when the host having a kind of right of precedence in virtue of his place, commenced an excellent but very long-winded story, which his guest was compelled to listen to, though disposed, at the end of every sentence, to strike in with his parallel, and far more interesting tale. As the host proceeded with his story, he poured hot water into the tea-pot; and, so completely was he absorbed in the interest of what he was relating, or rather perhaps so intent was he to engage the attention of his listener that he took no note of what he was doing, but permitted the water first to overflow the vessel into which he was pouring it, then the

table, and finally the floor. The guest observed what was going on; but, being resolved for once to give his rival ample scope, never indicated by word, or look, or gesture, that he perceived it, till at last, as the speaker brought his voice to a cadence, for the purpose of finishing the tale, he quietly remarked, "Ay, ye may stop noo—it's running out at the door!"

There is a quaint story told of two ministers who were taking dinner together one summer day in a manse in the Highlands. It was a Sabbath day, the weather was beautiful, and the bubbling streams were full of trout, and the woods full of summer birds. One turned to the other and said, "Man, don't ye often feel tempted on these beautiful Sabbaths to go out fishing?" "Na, na," said the other, "I never feel tempted—I just gang."

A Border minister was comforting a woman who had a large family by saying that heaven sent bread when it sent the bairns. "Yes," replied the woman; "but whiles you wad think the bairns are sent to ae hoose and the bread to anither."

A country parish minister visiting Edinburgh met a servant girl who had left his congregation to go to a situation in the city. "Well, Maggie," said he kindly, "how do you like your new situation?" "Fine, sir; but I'm gey lonely among sae mony strange folk." "I was thinking so, Maggie," replied her minister. "But I'll call and see you before I leave town." "Oh, no, sir, ye mauna dae that," was Maggie's reply, "for our mistress allows nae



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followers; but," she said, brightening up, "if ye come to the back gate when it's dark, I'll try to let ye in at the wundy."

"Well, James, how are you feeling to-day," said the minister to one of his parishioners, an old man suffering from chronic rheumatism. "You are not looking so brisk as usual?" "Na, sir," replied the old fellow, sadly, "I've been gey unfortunate the day." "How, James?" "Weel, sir, I got a letter frae a Glasgow lawyer body this mornin' tellin' me that ma cousin Jack was deid, an' that he had left me twa hunner poun'." "Two hundred pounds!" repeated the minister. "And you call that hard luck? Why, it is quite a fortune for you, James." "Ay," said the old man, sorrowfully; "but the stiped lawyer body didna pit eneuch stamps on his letter, an' I had a hale saxpence to pey for extra postage."

It is told of George Lawson, D.D., Selkirk, that he went on one occasion to Stichel to meet Dr. Waugh, who had come down from London to pass a few weeks amid the beautiful and healthful scenery of his native county. By this time young Waugh had been long enough in the south to have his manners so far conformed to London fashions: As Dr. Lawson and he were walking up the village street, they met the minister of Stichel and his young wife. Dr. Lawson, in his plain way, kindly shook them by the hand; but his London brother at once resorted to the primitive mode of courtesy, and kissed the lady, on observing which, Dr. Lawson

smiled and said, "Oh, Mr. Waugh, Mr. Waugh, you remind me of the scribes of old, of whom it is written that they loved salutations in the market-place." In the laugh which this drew forth the blushing lady recovered her self-possession.

The Rev. Peter Brotherston, a former minister of Alloa, and author of a treatise on "Faith," once crossed the Forth in a ferry-boat, which was caught by a sudden squall. On his anxiously asking the skipper whether there was any danger, the latter quietly replied—"Maister Brotherston, keep your mind quite easy; ye'll be in heeven in half-an-oor." "God forbid!" was the minister's immediate reply.

With the days of the School Boards came the necessary elections, and sometimes to secure a vote the minister had to be more than usually affable. "Good morning, Sandy," said the Rev. Mr. B——, beaming most genially, and, gripping Sandy's brawny hand and shaking it significantly; "I hope you are well?" "Ou ay; thank ye, sir; I'm a' richt 'enoo!" "This is the election-day, ye ken," continued the minister, deferentially. "Ay, I ken that weel," said Sandy. "Are you going to plump for me again this time?" "Na, sir, I'll plump for naebody again; the last man I plumpit for went clean blin'." "How, Sandy?" asked the divine. "Hoo, I dinna ken," was the reply, "but he met me the next day efter the election and didna see me."

On one occasion a lady was staying at a manse, and, as she was hospitably entertained, she was in no

hurry to leave. One morning when at breakfast the minister asked her if she read her Bible, to which she replied that she did. "Did you ever read the 17th verse of the 25th chapter of Proverbs?" he further enquired. She answered that it was very likely she had, though she could not at that moment remember the words. He then told her to read it again, which she apparently did, for she took the hint.

Mr. Mackison, the multurer, was among the first in the parish of Kilmadock to grow turnips for feeding cattle on during winter to be sold fat in spring.

One year he made the sale of his stock on the same day as the Kilmadock fast. He would have been pretty severely dealt with had he not taken the wind out of the sails of his vengeful persecutors. He made a point to call on Dr. Murray on the day after the sale, exclaiming, "O Dr., I've made a great mistake. I'm ashamed an' reel sorry for what I've done. Do ye ken, Dr., I made my roup on the Kilmadock fast day, and me living in the parish." Dr. Murray was a farmer as well as a minister; and, completely taken aback with the frank confession, he said, "Weel, weel, laird, an' had ye a good sale?" "I had," replied the multurer, "a rael good sale." "Man, I'm glad to hear it. Come in to the manse and tak' a bite o' dinner wi's."

Mr. Gerard, our friend of other anecdotes, was of a most generous disposition. No beggar was ever turned away from his door, and it is told of him that

he was so ready in assisting his more needy neighbours that he often crippled himself. One day he met two strangers near his manse, and on ascertaining that they came from a neighbouring island, he said he was sure they were sadly in need of refreshment. He therefore invited them to his house to enjoy his hospitality. When the food was put on the table, Mr. Gerard thus addressed his guests :—
 “Now, my men, I know that you must be hungry after such a long journey, so you can be spreading the butter on your bread whilst I am asking the blessing, and that will save time !”

Long ago there were some people who considered that their attendance at *any* church conferred a favour on the parish, and that they lived for the church, and not the church for them. To this class belonged the beggar who, when soliciting alms at a Kilmarnock minister's house, received from the divine an old topcoat. After it had been rolled up and handed to the vagrant, that worthy looked at the minister, and then—perhaps in the voice of gratitude—remarked, “I'll ha'e to gi'e ye a day's hearin' for this na.” It is to be hoped that when Sabbath came the beggar, attired in the minister's coat, occupied a seat in the Auld Kirk.

A good story is told of a sister of the late Dr. C—. She kept house for a bachelor brother, a man of good position. He was marked by punctuality of the most rigorous and unbending kind. She, on the other hand, claimed and delighted in an easy

freedom, despising all regulations of the hours of rising, breakfasting, dining, and so forth. She was, however, rather in awe of her imperious brother. One morning she had indulged to an inordinate length in sleep. She rose hurriedly, dressed, and got down, to find her brother pacing the dining-room, and fuming at her delay. She seized the first word, saying to him, "Eh, man, John, what a dream I had last night." "Weel, wuman, you had time enough for it anyway; and what was't?" "Weel," said she, "John, I dreamt that ye were deid, and it was the day o' the funeral, and a' the mourners were gathered in the room, and the hour appointed was twal' o'clock. Tammas had na' come, so juist on the chap o' twal' I heard a knock frae the coffin. Says I then, 'That's Jock.' I gaed forrit and speired, 'Is that you, Jock?' 'Aye,' says you; 'dae ye no' ken it's high twal' and ye're no' lifted yet?'"

"How are you to-day?" asked a minister of one of his parishioners, on meeting him on the road. "Gey weel, sir; gey weel," replied John, cautiously, "gin it wasna for the rheumatism in my right leg." "Ah, weel, John, be thankfu'," said the minister, "for there is no mistake you are getting old like the rest of us, and old age doesn't come alone." "Auld age, sir!" returned John, "I won'er to hear ye! Auld age has naething to do wi't. Here's my ither leg juist as auld an' it's quite sound an' soople yet."

Dr. Wightman, of Kirkmahoe, Dumfriesshire, courted a girl and obtained her promise to marry

him on condition that her mother approved. "Weel, Doctor," said the gratified mother, ye're far ower guid for oor Janet." "Weel, weel," was the rejoinder, "ye ken best, say nae mair about it." He never did, and he lived unmarried, as also did the young woman.

"It's a grand game," said a minister, referring to golf. "Do you play well?" asked his friend. "Yes," said the divine. "Why do you ask?" "Because I asked your caddie the other day if he thought you would ever make a good golfer, but he said no." "Why, how could he think that?" "Well, he said—'Na, na, na, there's nae chance o' him ever being a guid golfer, for when he gets in a bunker or misses the ba' a' he can say is, 'Tut, tut!'"

The late Dr. Norman Macleod was enjoying a trip among the Western Isles with some friends, clerical and lay, among whom was a certain minister of the name of Honey. One morning this gentleman had been late in rising, and rushed into the saloon with indications of a hasty toilet upon him some time after the breakfast bell had rung. Dr. Macleod, looking up with a merry twinkle in his eyes, greeted his friend with the words—"Hillo, here comes Honey fresh from the comb."

Just before the Secession in 1843, an old college companion wrote asking Mr. Gerard, the minister of Orkney, who had some difficulty in getting a "call," if he intended leaving the National Church. "Do

you think," replied Mr. Gerard, "that I am such a stupid as to come out after all the trouble I had to get in?"

Two sons of a Free Church minister paid a visit to Mr. Gerard shortly after the Secession. Their father had been an intimate acquaintance of Mr. Gerard prior to 1843 so that they were very heartily entertained while they were residing at the South Ronaldshay Manse. When they were about to leave, they were very effusive in their thanks, but their host thought they were overdoing it. Getting them out of the door he said—"Gang awa' hame, ye perjured villains. Ye cam' here to get some fun oot o' old Gerard, but I'm thinkin' he has got ye ootside noo an' he'll keep ye there!"

"I hope you have made due preparation, and are in a fit state to have the sacrament of baptism administered to your child, John," said a minister to one of his parishioners, a ploughman, who had called at the manse in connection with a recent event in his domestic circle. "Weel," said the ploughman, "I hinna been ower extravagant in the way of preparation meybe. I'm a man o' sma' means, ye see, but I've gotten in a bottle o' whisky and the best hauf o' a kebbuck o' cheese. "Tuts! tuts!" interrupted the minister, "I do not mean preparation of the things that perish. Are your mind and heart in proper condition?" "Do ye mean that I'm no' soond in the head?" queried the ploughman. "No, I do not mean that at all," said the divine. "You

do not appear to have an intelligent idea of the matter which has brought you here;" then, after a minute's reflection, he continued—"How many Commandments are there, John?" "I culdna tell ye juist exactly on the spur o' the meenit," said John, scratching his head, "but there's an auld beuk lying i' the hoose yonder; gin I had it here I could sune answer your question."

Hawkie, the Glasgow worthy, was wont to tell the following story in one of his speeches. The wife of Joseph Edward, head miller at Partick Mills, had once three children at a birth. When the first was born, the nurse came and told Joseph "he had got a child." In a short time after, she came and told him of another, and, in a little while after, of a third. Joseph was perplexed. He began to be afraid he had not heard the end of it, so he got himself dressed in his Sabbath attire, and went to the minister, the Rev. Lawrence Hill of the Barony Church, Glasgow, to see about getting them baptised. Having knocked at the minister's door, and got admission, the rev. gentleman kindly asked for his welfare, when Joseph answering and scratching his head, said, "I have come, sir, to see if you would baptise a when weans to me." "A when what?" said the minister. "A when weans," replied Joseph. "How many have ye?" asked the minister. "Sir, said Joseph, "there were three when I cam' awa', but I dinna ken hoo mony mair there may be by this time."

Ludicrous incidents have occurred in the supreme

moment occupied by the ceremony of baptism, and when no one was very seriously to blame. In Paisley, on one occasion, the father of a child was from home at the time of its birth, and was not expected for two or three months. The mother, desiring that the baptism of the child should not be delayed so long, was consequently obliged to present the infant herself, the ordinance being administered in private. The officiating minister was an old man, who, when in the act of dispensing the sacrament, asked the name by which the child was to be called. The mother, who had a thickness in her speech, politely said, "Lucy, sir." "Lucifer!" exclaimed the old irritable divine, in exasperated horror; "I shall baptise no child by the name of the Prince of Darkness, madam. The child's name is John."

A country man from the Braes of Angus came to tell his minister that he wished him to christen his child. The minister enquired in a dignified tone whether the child was a male or a female. The humble son of the soil did not seem to apprehend the true import of his spiritual adviser's question, and replied, "It's neither, sir." "Neither!" exclaimed the minister, "what then is it?" "Ou, sir," said the parishioner, "it's just a bit queanie."

In wide and sparsely populated Highland districts it not infrequently happens that a parent is obliged to walk a distance of five or six miles with an infant for baptism. It is related of a minister of the north

that he agreed to accommodate a parishioner thus situated by meeting him at a stream mid-way between the parents' house and the manse, and there baptising the child at the running water. It so happened that by the time the parties came to opposite sides of the burn, heavy rains had swollen it into a rapid torrent, so that neither party could approach the other. Unwilling to turn back with the bairn unbaptised, the farmer proposed that the minister should splash the water across. Accordingly, the minister stepped down the stream, and endeavoured to throw handfuls of water on the farmer's baby. "Ha'e he got ony o' that?" he cried at each successive splash. "Deil a spairge," was the reply. At last a few of the splashes were communicated to the infant's visage, and the ceremony was then concluded in the usual form. Before retiring to their respective homes, the farmer took from his pocket a bottle of whisky, and crying across, "As I canna offer ye a gless owre the heid o' this, here's the bottle—kepp!" and he threw it across the stream. The bottle was caught, it is related, with a precision that betokened on the part of his reverence, if not considerable practice, at least commendable dexterity.

A minister on being asked by a fisherman to baptise his child, replied—"Well, John, I'll be most happy to do so, but I would require a sight of your lines first." "Weel-a-weel," replied the fisherman, misunderstanding the request, ye'll get that, though

II.—PSALM BOOK AND BIBLE.

A COLLEGE education, a high moral character, a license to preach the Gospel, and a patron, were necessary for the equipment of the minister. Still he was a man inferior to the beadle—in the beadle's estimation. To be minister's man was no easy matter—at least the man thought so, and no one seems to have cared to contradict him. It is recorded of a beadle who, having been requested to recommend somebody for a beadleship, thought for a few minutes, and then said—"No. Had it been a minister, I could ha'e dune something for ye, but a beadle's a different matter."

The minister's man, from long association with his master, and from being in all the secrets of manse and church, considered himself *the* man in the parish who knew how things were going, and *the* man in the parish who was required to keep things going right. Very often he was humoured by the minister, and silently obeyed by all those of the congregation with whom he came in contact; and between one thing and another, he was a character well-defined, apart, and distinctive from his fellow parishioners.

An amusing instance of the exaggerated ideas of his own importance is told of the beadle of the City Road Church in Brechin. The church used to be

called the Back Side Church by adherents of rival sects. The beadle was engaged one day sweeping out the church and dusting the seats. It happened that a young probationer, rather a tyro in pulpit oratory, had been engaged to preach on the morrow, and had stolen down quietly to have a look at the church and familiarise himself somewhat with the surroundings. The supercilious beadle watched him out of the corner of his eye for a few moments, taking a mental inventory of his appearance. Then, with all the conscious pride of office, and with a swelling sense of local importance, he addressed the timid, shrinking youth—"Are ye the chiel that's to preach the morn?" "Yes, I believe I am," answered the minister. "Aweel, then," answered the beadle, "see an' tak' care o' yoursel'. Ye ken *this* is Brechin."

A beadle, who had also an idea of his own importance, on being asked if he knew whether or not the minister was to be preaching on the approaching Sabbath, dryly replied, "It's ill for me to ken a' that the minister intends doin'. Come ye to the kirk, an' whether the minister's there or no', ye'll see me in the poopit as usual, at ony rate."

"Indeed, sir," said Robert Fairgrieve, the beadle of Ancrum, one day to the minister, "huz that are office-bearers should be ensamples to the flock."

In a church in Glasgow there was an aged beadle who was something of a character. Among the children he was familiarly known as "Robbie Roy, the beadle boy." "Well, Robert," said a friend shortly

after the settlement of a new minister, "how is the new minister going to do?" "Oh," was the cheery reply, "we're getting him into shape by degrees!"

The beadle seldom failed to indulge in a little bit of sarcasm at the expense of young sprigs of the ministry. A young minister, with rather an exalted opinion of his powers, said to the beadle—"I don't think I need put on the gown, John. It's only an encumbrance, though some folk seem to think it makes a preacher more impressive." John, who had a less exalted opinion of the preacher's powers, quietly replied,—“Ay, sir, that's juist it, sir. Pit it on for ony sake. It mak's ye mair impressive, and ye need it a', ye need it a'.”

But sarcasm was not always the predominating feature. They were kindly disposed at times. A young student, when about to deliver his "maiden" sermon in a village on the East Coast, felt a little discomfited at the sea of faces before him, and for the time being was at a loss how to begin. The old beadle, standing at the door, and taking in the situation at a glance, walked straight through the church, mounted the pulpit steps, and whispered in his ear—"Preach awa', my mannie, and dinna gi'e a damn for ony o' them!"

In a Parish Church near Glasgow, a baptism was to take place one Sabbath, but, owing to some street repairs, no water could be got for the font. "What shall we do, John?" said the minister. John, eager to assist in the difficulty, replied, "Juist

put your hand in the font an' lat on there's water in't, and I am sure the wean'll no ken ony odds."

A good story relative to shortness of supply—though of a different liquid—come from Kirkintilloch. In a village about three miles from that town an epidemic fever was raging, and, some of the victims being elders of a certain church, a number of the Kirkintilloch elders went to officiate at the Communion in place of the "departed" or "late" officials. While the service was proceeding, the beadle approached the minister and said: "Sir, the elements are done." "Which do you mean, John," enquired the minister, "the bread or the wine?" "The wine, sir," was the reply. "How can you account for that, since we have no more communicants than we had last year, and we ordered the same amount of wine?" pursued the divine. "Hoot awa', sir," retorted John, earnestly; "d'ye no' ken there's a when o' the Kirkintilloch anes ower, an' it's juist a 'clean pop-aff' wi' them!"

"Well, John," said the minister one Sabbath after a collection on behalf of the Jewish Mission, "what sort of help have the Jews got to-day?" "Ou weel," was the pawky beadle's cautious response "I'm thinkin' it'll maybe as weel for the Jews gin they ha'e something o' their ain to fa' back on."

If the beadle was not slow to criticise the collection, he was as quick to sit in judgment on the minister and his pulpit abilities.

An aged country minister, who had an old tailor

as his beadle for many years, was returning from church one Sabbath with the latter, when he thus addressed him—"Thomas, I cannot think how it is that our church should be getting thinner and thinner, for I am sure I preach as well as ever I did, and ought to have far more experience than I had when I first came amongst you." "Indeed," replied Thomas; "I'll tell you what; auld ministers, now-a-days, are just like auld tailors, for I am sure I sew as well as ever I did in my life, and the cloth the same; but it's the cut, sir; ah, it's the new cut."

A minister, who was preaching for a brother minister, was anxious to know what impression he had made, and asked the beadle—"Was my discourse pitched in too high a key? I hope I did not shoot over the heads of the people." "No, ye dinna dae that, sir." "Was it a suitable theme?" asked the preacher. "Yes, it was about right." "Was it too long?" "No, but it was just long enough." "I'm glad of that, for, to tell you the truth, the other day, as I was getting this sermon ready, my dog destroyed four or five pages, and that has made it much shorter." "Eh, man," said the beadle, "I just wish ye could let oor minister ha'e a pup o' that dog."

Another minister was preaching at a small fishing town, and after the service he asked "Weelum," the beadle, how he liked the sermon. "Oh!" quoth Weelum, eagerly, "I liked it rale weel, unco' weel, 'deed, sir, I did; but there was ae thing I didna like." "What was that?" queried the minister.

"It was you tellin' fouk to cast their anchor on the Rock o' Ages. Man," continued the beadle, pawkily, "there is nothing to hold to on a rock."

But if the beadle liked to criticise, he also was criticised, and that to some purpose.

A minister in the north asked his housekeeper what she thought of his new man. "A muckle feckless gomer!" she replied, "that's what I think o' him." "Well," said her master, "I am sorry to hear that, for I have good reason to think that he is very fond of you, and wishes to marry you. But of course from what you say you would not have him." "Oh, weel, I dinna ken," was the reply, "seekin' me wad mak' a difference."

Beadles were often practical men and always looked to the profitable side of things.

The election of a minister to the vacant parish of B—— was keenly contested. It was observed that the beadle took a very active interest in the success of one of the candidates, who, to that official's satisfaction, headed the poll on the voting day. The minister, after his ordination, was told how much he was indebted to the beadle for his good fortune. He felt that he ought to make himself agreeable to his supporter, and accordingly said to him one Sabbath morning—"Sandy, what was it in my sermon that led you to prefer me to Mr. W——?" "Nae-thin' in your sermon at a' man," answered the beadle; "you being juist aboot my ain size, an' Mester W—— sae wee, I thocht your auld claes wad

fit me better." Preaching ability is, therefore, not the only recommendation one may have.

A new minister succeeded in a rural parish a much-respected divine. A gentleman visiting the district shortly after the new settlement, got into conversation with the minister's man on the subject of the new preacher and how he was liked. "Oh! we like him rale weel, but nae sae weel as the auld ane." "Indeed, how's that?" said the visitor; "I hear he's a good preacher, etc." "Oh, ay, he's a guid preacher; but he's naething to the auld ane. Ye see oor last man was terrible weel acquaint wi' the deevil; an', to my mind, a kirk without a deevil is nae worth a doit!"

Ministers, like other folks, sometimes allow the pleasures of the week to enter into their Sabbath. A late reverend doctor, who was a devoted disciple of the rod and reel, had been looking forward to the coming Monday with great anticipation, having made all necessary preparations for an excursion into the country to gratify what with him had become an absorbing passion. Upon his entering the pulpit on Sabbath forenoon, and when John was in the act of turning round to descend the pulpit stair, the minister suddenly leant over, and in an anxious voice, loud enough to be heard by some of his hearers, inquired—"Are you sure, John, the worms are all right?" Appropriately enough, he thereafter preached an eloquent discourse from the

text, "They had toiled all night and caught nothing."

Here is the story of one beadle who was behind his fellows. In the days when the bell of the Old Church of Arbroath was rung by means of a rope which hung down into the lobby of the old spire, the beadle was one Monday forenoon busy at his work. It was a hot day, and to get the benefit of the cool breeze, he had stepped out on to the pavement, and was pulling away vigorously. "Ye're busy the day, Weelum," said a country friend who was passing on a cart. "Fat's adae that you're makin' sic a din?" "A meetin' o' the Guildry," said Weelum, after a specially vigorous pull. "The Guildry? and fa micht they be, na?" Weelum gave another vicious tug at the rope, and then remarked, "Oh, fa wid ken? Anither brak aff they Seceder buddies, I suppose."

The minister of a country parish was suddenly taken ill, and the beadle was deputed to find a substitute to preach on the morrow—Sabbath. The notice was very short, and he had great difficulty in getting someone to fill the pulpit. But finally he decided to call upon an ex-Moderator of the General Assembly, and request him to conduct the service. He did so, and his reverence at once complied. "I hope, sir," said the beadle, apologetically, "that you don't think it presumption, sir. A worse preacher would have done if I had only known where to find him." The speech was somewhat unfortunate, but

the ex-Moderator would doubtless see the point the beadle wished to emphasise.

Some fifty years ago a minister of Monikie had driven in winter to preach for a friend in a bleak upland parish. Drawing his plaid carefully around him, he remarked to his man, "John, this is a caulder pairt than ours." "'Deed is it, minister; it is a full flannel sark caulder nor Monikie."

A probationer was once sent to preach at a small out-of-the-way Highland church. He put up at the local hotel, and after preaching twice on Sabbath was handed the sum of one pound. "Oh, never mind," said the preacher, with an injured and grandiloquent manner. "Hoots, tak' it, laddie; it's fat they a' get," said the beadle, who had been entrusted with the payment. "It will scarcely cover my expenses, or little more; for between hotel and railway fare I'll be out something like seventeen and six." "Seventeen and sax," repeated the beadle musingly; "that wad mak' it one-and-three the sermon, an' dear at the money."

One Sabbath the minister of a small country parish had the misfortune to forget his sermon, and did not discover his loss till he reached the church. The congregation being already assembled, he was in a sorry plight. Suddenly an idea struck him. He sent for John, the beadle, and instructed him to give out the 119th Psalm, while he hurried home for his sermon. On his journey back to church, he saw the faithful beadle standing at the church door

waving his arms and shouting to him. On reaching the door, he exclaimed, "Are they always singing yet, John?" "Ay, sir," replied John, "they're at it yet, but they're cheepin' like sparries."

In a large north country church a fashionably dressed lady happened to go into one of the private pews. The beadle, who was a very stern old fellow, immediately bustled up to her and said, "I'm afraid, miss, you'll have to come out of that; this is a paid pew." "Sir," said the young lady turning sharply round, "do you know who I am? I'm one of the Fifes." "I dinna care," said the old man, "if you are the big drum, you'll ha'e to come out."

A parish church was being beautified by the insertion of a memorial stained-glass window. The old beadle, who was a confirmed grumbler, looked for some time at the operation of the glaziers while inserting the window. The minister, seeing John thus intently gazing, turned to him and said, "Well, John, what is your opinion of our new window?" "Weel, sir," was the reply, "it's maybe very bonny, but in my opinion they micht ha'e been content wi' the gless as God made it."

John Sloan was for a long time beadle to Dr. William Lindsay Alexander, and he and the Doctor got on capitally together. "There were never words atween me and the Doctor," said Sloan. "I did my wark, an' said straicht what cam' into my head, an' the Doctor liked it." Sloan seldom volunteered

advice, but when he did, it was always with good effect. On one occasion he found himself in the Deacons' vestry putting coals on the fire, when the subject under discussion was whether a service, at which a special collection was to be asked, should be held on Sabbath afternoon or evening. Dr. Alexander had just said that he would prefer the afternoon, when Sloan paused for a moment, coal-scuttle in hand, and facing round said, "The Doctor's richt. In the afternoon we'll ha'e oor ain fouk; at nicht there'll be a when Presbyterians—I reckon them at thruppence a dizzen!"

"Well, Saunders," said a country minister to his beadle one Monday morning, "how did you like that minister who was preaching for me yesterday?" "Oh, juist very middlin' ways. He was far ower plain and simple for me. I like a preacher that jummils the joodgment and confoonds the sense awee; and dod, sir, I never hear ony o' them that beat yoursel' at that."

A minister much given to lengthy sermons was preaching one Sabbath in his usual style, oblivious of the fact that the congregation was quietly dispersing. At last he was left alone with the beadle, who, after enduring the sermon for some time, stepped to the door, and, turning, looked at the minister and quietly remarked, "Ca' awa' man, an' fan ye're dune, juist turn the key in the door!"

A newly-placed minister was curious to know what impression his preaching was making upon the

congregation, and with a view to eliciting the information, inquired one day of the beadle—"Well, James, how do you think my preaching is pleasing the people?" "Weel, sir," replied James, "I dinna ken what the congregation may think aboot ye, but as for me, ye're a' richt, sir."

We have said that the beadle was sometimes self-important; he was occasionally vain of his personal appearance.

A young and newly-placed minister was annoyed to find that his beadle was in the habit of using a hair-brush and comb which lay in the vestry, and he even suspected him of utilising his tooth-brush as well. Having resolved to put a stop to this state of matters, he accused the beadle one day of using these articles. "Oo, ay," said Sandy; "I gi'e mysel' a bit touch up like yoursel' on the Sabbath mornin'. It's but richt, sir, that me and you, wha ha'e to stand in the poopit and face the people, should see to our personal appearance."

A minister of a Parish Church in Ayrshire was about to enter the pulpit one day when he found that the precentor had not arrived. In the emergency the beadle was instructed to ring the bell five minutes longer, but even at the end of this period it was found that the precentor had failed to make his appearance. "What's to be done, John?" said the minister to his beadle, in great perplexity. "Weel, sir, I see naething for it but for you to raise the singin' yoursel'." "I do not see how that can be,"

returned his reverence. "I have no voice, so, I think, John, you must try it." "Ah, no, sir;" said the beadle, conscious of ability in at least one thing, "I couldna dae that. I could mebbe at an antrin' time tak' the poopit, but I could never think o' tryin' the lattarn."

At a church meeting held about some alterations necessitatng the re-arrangement of the seats, the minister, at the conclusion of his remarks, turned to his beadle and said, "Now, James, don't you think the alterations I have suggested would be a great improvement?" James was not so clear upon this point, but giving his head a scratch, he said, "Weel, sir, I dinna ken. Div ye think it wad gar ye preach ony better?" "Well, I really believe it would." "Then" said James emphatically, "there can be nae doot about the improvement, and the suner it's dune the better."

Sometimes the worthy beadle had his faults, and went down before temptation. A church officer in the north systematically pilfered as much of the collection as would keep him in snuff. The elder habitually counted the money in presence of the minister, put it into the box, turned the key in the lock, and left it there, and as habitually was it discovered that small sums were being extracted. Suspicion fell on the beadle, and one Sabbath after the minister had seen the elder count over the day's drawings, and place the money in the box in the usual way, he returned to the session-house when the



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SPENCE SMITH

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Sabbath School was dismissed, and, counting the money again, noticed that the usual small amount was missing. The beadle was accordingly summoned. "David," said the minister "there is something wrong here. Some one has been abstracting money from the box; and you know that no one has access to it but you and me." "Weel, minister," said David in a quite matter-of-fact way, and without the least sign of conscious guilt, "if there is a deficiency, it's for you and me to mak' it up atween us, and say naething about it!"

The worthy functionary has sometimes other, if less heinous faults. A beadle in the west heated his church so effectually one winter day that the building took fire and was burned to the ground. The Deacon's Court held a meeting, which Jeems was called to, and at which he was admonished for his carelessness. Jeems listened for some time to the severe censures passed upon him by the minister, but at length broke in indignantly, exclaiming, "'Deed, sir, but you're makin' an awfu' fuss about it; man, it's the first kirk I ever burned i' ma life."

"I think our minister does weel," said one beadle to another, when their respective ministers were under discussion. "Man! hoo he gars the stour flee oot o' the cooshions!" "Stour oot o' the cooshions!" sneered the other. "If ye've a notion o' powerfu' preachin', come ower and gi'e us a day's hearin'. Wad ye believe it?—for a' the short time yon man o' ours has deliver'd the Word amang us, he has

knockit three poopits a' to shivers an' dung the guts out o' five Bibles!"

Sometimes the beadle shares his duties, and Will Spiers, a well-known half-wit, was accustomed to assist the beadle of the church of which he was a member. On one occasion a fight took place between two sturdy collies, in one of the aisles, and this interrupted the service for a time. Will rushed to the scene of the riot, and belabouring the belligerents with a stick, exclaimed—"If you would pay mair attention to what the minister's sayin' to you, it would be muckle better for you than tearing your tousie jackets at that gait. 'Tak' better care o' your claes, you blockheads, for there's na' a tailor in Beith can either mend thae, or mak' new anes to you when they're dune."

A village kirk door had been left open during service, and a lamb strayed into the church and began to disturb the congregation by its mournful bleating. The minister leaned over the pulpit, woke the beadle who sat below, and whispered to him in audible tones—"Sandy, remove the lamb." Sandy accordingly proceeded to catch the lamb, and after an exciting chase round the kirk, he got it down the aisle, calling to it in the gentlest tones all the way. "Come awa', my wee lambie, come awa'." The door was reached at last, and quietly shut, but those of the congregation who were near that end of the kirk heard a scuffle and a kick, and an angry voice say, "Get oot o' the hoose o' the Lord, ye brute."

A beadle not far from the parish of St. Andrews was in the habit of going to sleep during service. One Sabbath he took a stranger friend with him to his own seat. By the time the sermon began, John was serenely snoring in the arms of Morpheus, loud enough to cause considerable consternation among the good folks assembled. The minister stopped his discourse, and, addressing the friend of the unconscious beadle, said in a tone of evident irritation, "Would you waken John Campbell there?" With some difficulty his friend succeeded in wakening the somnolent official, who, turning to his visitor, said in a voice of deep vexation and disgust, "Man, he's aye waukenin' me;" and, turning his head, went peacefully to sleep again."

A minister, on being inducted to a very lucrative charge, resolved to secure the full favour of the congregation, and learning that the old beadle was a veritable wiseacre, he at once took him into confidence, by consulting him as to the surest way of attaining his object. "Flatter their supposed virtues," was the advice given by the worthy beadle, "an' wink at their fauts, an' ye'll succeed to perfection, sir."

A minister was one day catechising his flock. The beadle thought it best to keep a modest place near the door, in the hope of escaping the inquisition; but the minister observed him and called him forward. "John," said he, "what is baptism?" "Oh, sir," answered John, scratching his head, "ye ken it's

just saxpence to me and fifteenpence to the precentor."

An Aberdeen church officer was met one day with a bag of sticks on his back. "Far are ye gaen wi' the sticks, John?" said an acquaintance. "To the kirk Sandy, far ither?" "Ay, ay" said Sandy, "fouk need something to keep them warm; an it's nae religion that'll dee't." "Na," said John, dryly, "but the want o't'll keep some fouk I ken gey warm yet, I'm thinkin'."

Dr. William Lindsay Alexander told the following anecdote, which is identified with his first pulpit appearance in the congregation which had known him "man and boy," in a church meeting not very long before his death. "As well as I remember," he said, "I discharged the duty to the best of my ability. But, on coming down to the vestry, one of the worthy deacons came to me and said some very disparaging things about my sermon, saying plainly that this sort of thing would never do! Among other things he said it was too flowery. Saunders, the church-officer, who was in the vestry and was standing with his hand on the door turned round and said, 'F'loors! an' what for no'? What ails ye at floors?' After the deacon went out I went up to Saunders and thanked him for taking my part. 'Weel, Maister Weelum, I juist didna like to see him ower ill to ye; but atween oorsel's, he wisna far wrang, ye ken. *Yon'll no' dae!*'"

This defence of the minister was once undertaken

by Robertson of Irvine's beadle. Dr. Buchanan, the Free Church leader, was preaching at Irvine on one occasion, and his eye being arrested by some *bas reliefs* on the pulpit, he became desirous of some explanations, and called the beadle. The worthy beadle, however, imagined that the Free Church leader saw something Popish in the ornaments, and, fearing that he might expose his minister, would communicate nothing. Questions were asked, but John ventured no explanation. "I canna lay it aff to ye, sir," was all the beadle would say. "Ye'll ha'e to ask himsel'."

The late Rev. Mr. Niven, of Balfron, when he took possession of the manse, employed the servant man who had been with his predecessor for over thirty years. About twenty years after he had been settled Tom was still with him, but one day they had a quarrel, and the minister said—"Now, Tom, we must part at the Term." "Part," said Tom, with the calm determination that he was settled, "whaur are ye thinkin' o' gangin'? Ha'e ye gotten anither kirk?"

John Braedine, beadle in the parish church of Lochwinnoch, somewhat more than a century ago, was once examined by the Presbytery of Paisley as to whether the crime of bigamy was committed in the parish. John could not comprehend what was meant by the term, and when he requested explanation the moderator told him that "it meant a man having two wives at once." "Twa wives at ance!"

said the astonished beadle; "I ken naebody that ever did sic a foolish thing; but I can tell ye o' twa-three that wad like to get quat o' ane."

The worthy beadle of a village of Perthshire was well-known in the neighbourhood as being "drouthy," but at a curling match one winter he unwittingly gave himself away. He was well-nigh being left out of account with the customary dram, when a wag present remarked, "It's little maitter, I'm hearin' he's joined teetotal." "Teetotal!" repudiated John, "I'm the very opposite."

A minister of a Fife church, expostulated one day with his beadle, who was also a drouthy customer, on the evils of drink, said "Man, John, drink is your worst enemy." "Ay," said John thoughtfully, "but ye keep tellin's to love oor enemies." "Yes, John," retorted the minister, "but not to swallow them."

Besides his church duties the beadle almost invariably in country places at least, was gravedigger, and this office added to his emoluments.

"Thomas," said a country minister one day to his "man," "that Disestablishment cry is becoming a serious matter. A number of agitators are going to hold a meeting in our parish this week, and they'll not rest, I fear, until they get us all thrown out of kirk and manse together." "Dinna bother yoursel' about that," responded the beadle, "if the kirk continues to do her duty, the wicked winna prevail against her. As an example o' that, d'ye

mind yon five of the Dissenters that tried to put me out o' the gravediggin' twa years since? Aweel, then, I've happit doon four o' them noo!"

There is a story told of one who was very much addicted to inquiring after sick people. Some one told him old Brown was very ill. "Puir man!" ejaculated the gravedigger, with a feeling, "I am sorry to hear it, but I just houp he'll hover till ance the frost breaks."

On one occasion, when Robin Allison, who was beadle at Kilwinning, had carried some goods for a traveller visiting his customers, he was delighted with a dram over and above his pay. "Dod, that's rale gude o' ye, noo," said Robin; "but maybe I'll be able to dae ye a gude turn yet. Ye ken I'm the gravedigger. Dae—dae ye like your heid heich?" The answer is unknown, but doubtless it was a comforting question.

It is sometimes said that gravediggers never allow long accounts. A young minister was wont to remonstrate with his man for always demanding the burial fee so shortly after an interment had taken place. The beadle "tholed" for a time, but at last made to justify his action, "Eh, sirs, me! I see your reverence maun spend a when mair days amang the fouk here afore ye can understand their nature. The principle I ha'e aye found necessary to adopt in a' my business dealin's wi' them is ane I learnt frae my faither afore me. 'Aye tak' the mourner wi' the tear in's e'e'. As sure as death,

sir, gif I waited till the grass grew ower a new-made grave afore I asked for my siller, I may as weel expect the earth to open up an' deliver back its dead as to lippen on gettin' it!"

Shrewd as may be the foregoing "view," the following anecdote shows that another gravedigger was able to guard his own interests:—A vacancy having occurred in the office of gravedigger in a small country parish, one Pate Hardie made application for the appointment. The rate per burial having been duly fixed, the minister had almost closed the bargain, when Pate, with an eye to self-interest, said—"But am I to get onything like steady wark?" "Guid forbid, Pate!" answered the minister, "or ye'd buiry a' the parish in a fortnicht."

Even in his capacity of gravedigger the beadle was not devoid of humour.

In a parish near Inverurie the worthy master of obsequies was rather drouthy, and the minister took occasion once to rebuke him for his misconduct. John faithfully promised he would never get "fou" again. A few days afterwards, however, the minister, on entering the churchyard, found John digging a grave—"bleezin' fou." The minister remonstrated with him, saying, "You have told me a lie, John." John replied, "Ye tell lees yoursel', sir." "How can you make that out?" asked the minister. "Dod, ye tell lees oot o' the poopit. It's nae mony weeks sin ye said 'there was nae repent-

ance in the grave,' an' I've been repentin' here this twa hoors and canna' win oot o' this."

But all the tipping beadles did not seek to hide their faults in the grave. When one of the fraternity was hauled over the coals for his alcoholic propensities by his superior, who thus remonstrated with him, "Look at me, John, I can go through the whole parish without tasting a glass of whisky," he replied triumphantly, "Nae doot, sir, nae doot, but ye see, sir, ye maun understaun' ye're no' half sae *pop'lar* as me."

The gravedigger in a village in the north was much grieved at the death of an intimate crony. Indeed, he took the matter so sorely to heart that he would not speak to any one. On the day of the funeral, when the coffin was lowered, and the ceremony finished, he turned to one of the mourners a very woe-begone countenance, and, in a choking, husky voice, said, "Man, mony a dram we've had thegither."

Notwithstanding the foregoing anecdote, the callousness of gravediggers to grief is proverbial; the nature of their occupation, like that of the surgeon, seemingly dries up the emotional forces of their being. A cheery old man engaged in digging a grave was surprised by a visit from the minister, a young man lately ordained. "You'll have been a long time here, I dare say?" "Ay; I've been beadle and sexton for mair than thirty years," replied the old man, cheerily. "I suppose,



now, you must have buried one member or more out of every family in the parish in that time?" "Gey near't; a' but ane," was the cheery response. Then, in asort of complaining tone, he added, "But there's thae Kidds, noo; they havena sae muckle as broken grund yet."

After a funeral in the north, the son of the deceased handed the gravedigger 10s. 6d., saying, "I suppose that will do?" The official, pocketing the money, remarked rather drily, "I suppose I'll be daein' wi' it, but if your faither had buried you, he wad ha'e gi'en me a guinea."

There is on record a retort of a beadle which is almost equally moving. Saunders was a victim of chronic asthma, and one day, whilst in the act of opening a grave, was seized with a violent fit of coughing. The minister, towards whom Saunders bore little affection, came up to the old man as he was leaning over his spade wiping the tears from his eyes, and said, "That's a very bad cough you've got, Saunders." "Ay, it's no' very gude," was the dry response, "still, there's a hantle fowk lying round aboot ye there that wud be gey glad o' the like o't."

The beadle of Ancrum, when on his death-bed, was visited by the minister, who was a little surprised to find him in a somewhat restless and discontented humour. On inquiring into the cause of this uneasiness, he received the reply, "Weel, sir, I was just mindin' that I have buried 598 fowk

since I was made bedral of Ancrum, and I was anxious, gin it were His holy will, that I might be spared to mak' it the sax hunder."

A gravedigger of a Perthshire village met the minister's wife one evening, who remarked, "This is cauld an' unhealthy weather, Jeems." "Oh, it's gey cauld, mistress," returned James, "but I can see naething unhealthy about it." "What, James, do you admire this weather?" "No, but it's no' unhealthy. Losh, I ha'ena had ane come my way since auld Peggy Dunlop, an' *she was deein' at ony rate.*"

A gravedigger was remonstrated with for making a serious overcharge for digging a grave. "Weel, ye see, sir," said the old man in explanation, making a motion with his thumb towards the grave, "Him and me had a bit o' a tift twa-three years syne ower the head o' a watch I selt him, an' I've never been able to get the money oot o' him yet. 'Now,' says I to mysel', 'this is my last chance, an' I'll better tak' it.'"

John Prentice, of Carnwath, put his plaint in a pleasant form. "Hech, wow!" he would say, when told of the death of any person. "Ay, man, an' is So-and-So dead? Weel, I wad rather it had been anither twa!"

"Rin awa' hame, bairns," a Perthshire beadle was in the habit of saying to such children as curiosity or playfulness brought to the churchyard. "Awa'

wi' ye! an' dinna come back here again on your ain feet."

The gravedigger seems to have been so callous at times as to look forward to a victim. After an interment one day, as the mourners were retiring, one of the party gave a cough, which caused the sexton to look, and, glancing towards a friend who stood by, he enquired, "Wha ga'e yon howe hoast? He'll be my way gin March."

"I'm gettin' auld an' frail noo, Jamie," said a timorous old lady one day to this same functionary; "there's a saxpence to ye to buy snuff. An' if I sud be ta'en awa' afore I see ye again, ye'll mind an' lay me in oor wastmost lair." "A' richt," said Jamie. "but there may be ithers i' the family that wad like the wastmost lair as weel as you, so, to save disappointment, ye'd better just hurry up an' tak' possession."

But the beadle sometimes meets his match in so far as callous indifference and the practical side of the business are concerned. "What's to pey, John?" asked a farmer of the beadle of Kilwinning, as the finishing touches were being given to the sod on the grave of the farmer's wife. "Five shillin's" said John. "Five shillin's for that sma' job? It's oot o' a' reason. Ye're weel pey'd wi' hauf-a-croon." "She's doon seven feet," said John; "an' I've tell't ye my charge." "I dinna want to quarrel wi' ye here the day, John," said the farmer, very gruffly; "so there's four shillin's, but I winna gi'e ye a far-

din' mair!" "See here!" said John, holding the money on the palm of his left hand just as he had received it, whilst he seized the handle of the spade in a business-like way with the other, "doon wi' the ither shillin', or up she comes!"

In addition to being beadle and sexton and gravedigger, the "man" was occasionally engaged on the glebe at the manse. Mr. Forman, the minister of Kirkintilloch, shortly after his induction, was getting some work done in his garden by the beadle, who demanded payment. On Mr Forman stating that he had got such work done gratis in his former parish, he received the reply, "Na, na, that's no the way here; it's pay and *be paid*."

In the village of M—— an old man was appointed bellman in the parish kirk. This caused great delight to his wife, and one day when she was out talking to her neighbours, she enquired of them, "Did ye hear tell o' the grand job that oor John has got?" "No," said one, "what is it?" The ringing o' the kirk bell." "And what kind o' a wage does he get for that?" queried another. "Oh, he is weel paid. He gets £15 a year an' a *free grave*."

The gravedigger of C—— was much annoyed by a number of lads running over the graves which he had been at some trouble to trim, and on turning on them in indignation, he shouted at the pitch of his voice, "Ye young rascals, ye! if they were

your ain graves you wadna loup ower them sae briskly."

The gravedigger's business is associated to a large extent with fear, and the "city of the dead" after nightfall is a place to be shunned.

In an old-fashioned churchyard a pile of skulls and bones had been turned up in the process of gravedigging. The ploughman in a bothy near by offered a "loon" five shillings to go at night, and remove one. The lad agreed, and started in dark. As he lifted one skull, a hollow voice said, "That's mine!" "A' richt," said the lad, laying the thing down to lift another. Again came from the darkness a voice, "That's mine!" "Gae awa', ye haverin' idiot!" exclaimed the youth in a tone of perfect fearlessness. "Ye canna h'ae twa skulls!"

A gravedigger had occasion to go from home one day on business, and on his way back in the evening he met two fishermen belonging to the same place, whose company he joined. Various subjects were talked over, and about a mile from the village the fishermen bade Willie "goodnight," saying they would take the low road, as they were afraid to pass the kirkyard in the dark. "Oh," said Willie, "I would be more afraid of one living man than ten dead." "A' verra good for you," replied one of his companions, "you're acquaint wi' them."

A gravedigger in a rural district on the Borders became too feeble to perform his duties, and had

to get an assistant. The two did not agree well, but after a few months elapsed Sandy (the gravedigger) died, and Tammas, his assistant, had to perform the last services for his late partner. The minister, who was a wag in his way, strolled up to Tammas while he was giving the finishing touches to the grave, and remarked, "Have ye put Sandy weel doon, Tammas?" "I have done that sir," said Tammas decidedly. "Sandy *may* get up, but he'll be amang the hindmost."

A gravedigger was once asked if he considered himself at liberty to pray for his daily bread consistently with the commandment which enjoined him to wish no evil to his neighbours, and he replied, "Of course I can, sir; ye ken fowk maun be buried."

A gravedigger in the north was asked by his minister one day if he had called upon a certain rich lady to see how she was keeping. "Na, na, sir," was the reply, given with some asperity. "Div ye think I'm a fule? It wad be a rather delicate thing for me, seein' as I'm the gravedigger, to ask about the health of onybody that wasna weel."

In addition to his duties in the churchyard, the beadle was sometimes engaged in agricultural work in the parish.

A minister in the north had a servant man who was familiarly called Jamie. One afternoon the minister was visiting in his parish, and while doing so came up to Jamie, who was resting while the

horses were standing at the "heidrig" of a field which was being ploughed. "Man, Jamie," said the minister, blandly, "you might have had a scythe with you, and been cutting some of this grass on the ditch side while the horses were resting. "Ay, sir," answered Jamie, pawkily, "an' the next time ye're i' the poopit, micht tak' a tub o' tatties wi' ye, an' be parin' them the time the fouk are singin'. Na, na, sir; when fouks restin', they're restin'."

"Oh, Jamie," said the minister another day when they met, "your drills are not nearly straight at all—that is nothing like Willie's work over at the Mains." "Tuts," answered Jamie, pretty coolly, as he turned his team about, "Willie doesna ken his wark. Ye see, sir, when the drills are crookit, the sun gets in on a' sides, an'—an' ye get early taties in consequence!"

Jamie was not the only man who knew his business. A divine in Glenrinnnes engaged a new "minister's man," who hailed from the county of Moray. One morning about the middle of September he burst into the manse in a state of great excitement. "Ah, sir," he broke out, "it's been an awfu' nicht, an' the corn's clean frozen!" "Well, well, John," returned the minister, "it can't be helped; that's what comes of our being so great sinners." "Great sinners," retorted John, "great fiddlesticks! I've been twenty years in the Laich o' Moray, where there's is greater sinners than ever

there was in Glenrinnes, and the deil a pickle corn did ever I see frozen in't."

"Make the paling very high and strong, John," said a minister to his beadle and man-of-all-work, who was erecting a boundary paling in the garden, "for my Christianity can't stand the test of my neighbour's poultry grubbing up my plants." "I believe ye, sir," said the beadle; "because I ha'e aye noticed that there was an end to a' peace, guid-will, and religion whan there wasna a fence."

A minister's man was busily engaged digging one warm spring day when he was visited by the minister. After a few preliminary remarks as to the weather, etc., John dropped a hint that he would be none the worse for a dram, and the hint being taken the bottle was produced. "Dod, sir," said John, as he tasted the liquor, which was hardly of the strongest; "this drap drink brings me in mind o' a sermon ye preached short syne." "How so, John?" queried the minister. "Weel, sir, that day ye had for your subjeck the story o' the gairden and hoo the spirit was willin' but the flesh weak; but I'm thinkin' enoo it's direckly the contrar', for the flesh is willin' but, by my sang! the spirit's weak—ay, deevilish weak!"

Dr. Alexander one day told "Jimms," who, like others of his calling, had his own idea of things, and was somewhat self-willed, that he had planned a new approach to the house, and intended to set about and have it made at once. "Na, na, Doctor,

that'll no dae at a'," Jimms sturdily exclaimed, when explanations of the plan had been laid before him. "Well, but I have resolved to have it done," said the Doctor, reminding Jimms that he was there to carry out orders. "Nae doot, Doctor, in a certain sense that's true." was the reply. "Still I'm here to prevent ye frae spoilin' the property." But the alteration was carried out, and when accomplished Jimms took his full share of the credit. "Ou, ay," he used to say when any expression of approval was made, "nane o' your landscape gardeners here. Me an' the Doctor, we manage it a'."

Sometimes we meet the minister and his man in other circumstances. The story goes that when a certain University sold her honours, a minister, who deemed that his ministrations would be more acceptable and more useful if he possessed a doctorate, put £15 in his purse, and went to that university to purchase for himself a degree. His man-servant accompanied him, and was present when his master was formally admitted to the long-desired honour. On his return, "the Doctor" addressed his servant somewhat as follows, "Noo, Saunders, ye'll aye be sure to ca' me the Doctor; and gin onybody spiers at you aboot me, ye'll be aye sure to say, 'the Doctor's in his study,' or 'the Doctor's engaged,' or, 'the Doctor will see you in a crack.'" "That a' depends," was the reply, "on whether you ca' me the Doctor, too." The Reverend Doctor stared. "Ay, it's juist so," con-

tinued the beadle, "for when I fand that it cost sae little, I e'en got a diploma mysel'. Sae ye'll juist be guid eneuch to say 'Doctor, put on some coals,' or 'Doctor, bring the whisky and hot water;' and gin onybody spiers at ye about me, ye'll be sure to say, 'the Doctor's in the pantry,' or 'the Doctor's diggin' potatoes,' as the case may be."

We have spoken of the "man" indulging sometimes, but he was not alone. The minister was occasionally in the same boat. A former Clerk of the Assembly long presided over a country parish, where his social qualities caused him to be in great request. His man could not always be considered the most perfect example of sobriety, but his shrewd, quaint replies generally contrived to evade the point of the reproof administered to him by his master. On one occasion the minister had been dining with a heritor, and on leaving had enveloped himself in another guest's great-coat without becoming aware of the exchange till he was pursued and the garment reclaimed. Within the week the minister's man was overtaken in his accustomed fault, and on the following morning was called to account, and received a severe reprimand. He took it meekly enough, but just as he was about to retire, and with his hand opening the study door, he delivered himself of this Parthian shot, "Weel, sir, I'll no' say I didna deserve your rebuke; I maybe wisna juist mysel' last night, but there's ae thing I can say, I never was sae bad as no' to ken ma ain claes!"

A minister and his beadle were returning from a real old-fashioned marriage. "We had better gang in by the back, the nicht," said the minister, on arriving near the manse. "What wey?" queried Sandy. "Aweel, there's been a deal o' whisky gaein', and I think it wad be better." "Na, na, straucht forrit, straucht forrit," persisted Sandy. "Very weel, then, but, at ony rate, I'll walk on in front a meenit, and you'll tell's how I'm daein'." This was agreed to, and the minister having walked on a few yards, called back, "How am I daein', then Sandy?" "Brawly, sir, brawly," said the beadle, "but *wha's that wi' ye?*"

Danny Cooper, a beadle at Kirkintilloch, was very fond of whisky, and could drink an inordinate quantity. He was being treated one day, and after swallowing three glasses was asked by the host, "How do you like *that* whisky, Danny?" "'Deed," replied Danny, "I haena fand the taste o't yet!"

Sometimes the beadle is of service to the minister on election and other similar occasions. "Weel, Janet," said Jeems Broom, the beadle, canvassing on behalf of his reverence, "are ye gaun to plump for Mr. P—— at the School Board election? I'm sure ye're ane o' the kindliest, kirk-gaun folk in this parish." "'Deed, no," replied Janet, paying little heed to the latter compliment, "for gif the meenister peys nae mair attention to the weans than he does to their parents, they'll never miss him oot o' the Brod!"

A beadle had repeated cause to complain to his minister of the interference with his duties on the part of his superannuated predecessor. Coming up to the minister one day, he exclaimed, "John's been interferin' again, an' I've come to see what's to be dune?" "Well, I'm sorry to hear it," said the minister, "but, as I have told you before, David, John's a silly body, and you should try, I think, other means of getting rid of his annoyance than by openly resisting him. Why not follow the Scriptural injunction given for our guidance in such cases, and so heap coals of fire on your enemy's head." "Dod, sir, that's the very thing," cried David, taking the minister literally, and grinning with glee at the prospect of an effectual settlement of the difficulty. "Capital, minister; that'll sort him, dod, ay—heap lowin' coals on his head, and burn the wratch."

An old minister, who was for the third time a widower, got into conversation with his beadle, to whom he mentioned his intention of marrying for the fourth time. "Ay, John," said his reverence, "this will be my fourth ane noo." "Juist sae," said John, slowly but moodily. "I would like to have another, just to close my eyes when I'm leaving this world, you know," said the minister. "What do you think of it, John?" "Weel," said John, humorously, "I've only had *twa*, but I can tell ye they've opened my eyes!"

Tammas Smith, the beadle of S—, went home

to his wife, Betty, complaining of being unwell. "An' what's like the matter wi' ye?" asked Betty. "I think it's indigestion," quoth Tammas. "An' hoo ha'e ye got indigestion?" "Aweel," explained Tammas, "I brocht a box frae the train the day to the manse, an' the minister gi'ed me my dinner." "An' what was wrang wi' the dinner?" queried his goodwife. "Oh, the soup was guid, an' the mutton was guid, but it was the prunes did it, for I didna ken what to do wi' the stanes." "An' what did ye do?" "I just swallowed every ane."

We have met the beadle in many circumstances, and we sometimes meet him at the close of his days. The beadle, too, must die.

A story is told of old John Aitken, who officiated for nearly a life-time as beadle of Albion Chapel, City Wall, London. As his end approached, he called his son to his bedside. "Noo, John," he said, "I'm deein'. I've been beadle o' Albion Chapel fifty-twa years, John, an' when I'm gane, they may ca' on you to tak' my place. Noo, my son, I have only ae bit o' advice to gi'e ye." Then, in most solemn and impressive accents, he said, "*Resist a' impruvments!*"

And so, old friend, good-bye.

III.—DESK AND TUNING FORK.

THE auld precentor occupied in parochial life a position of no small importance. Together with the beadle and the minister, he was a person of coveted dignity; not because of his personal estate—he might be the poorest in the parish—but because he too, like them, held office in the kirk. He was observed with a feeling of reverential distinction—a token of respect which, in course of time, he came to regard as his lawful right rather than as a voluntary homage. Clad in his black gown, and seated behind his letteran, which was placed immediately below the pulpit, the leader of psalmody was, in his own estimation, equal to the beadle. The precentor of pre-Reformation days has thus been sketched by honest Allan Ramsay :—

“The lettergae of holy rhyme
Sat up at the boord head,
And a’ he said was thocht a crime
To contradict indeed.”

One of the most remunerative appointments in connection with the Auld Kirk was the precentorship of Dunfermline Abbey Church. As a natural consequence there were many candidates for the office whenever a vacancy occurred. From these candidates a leet of perhaps half-a-dozen songsters was chosen, each appearing in his turn before the

congregation with a view to appointment. The choice was made after the present-day fashion of selecting a clergyman, and, if there were such persons as "stickit ministers," there were also "stickit precentors." This being put on probation was the trying point in the precentor's life. In *Guy Mannering*, Sir Walter Scott tells us that Dominie Sampson's first appearance in the pulpit was his last; and in like manner has the precentor entered the letteran at once for the first and last time. At the close of last century one of the candidates selected to appear before Dunfermline Abbey Church congregation was a young man well-known in the parish. The appointed Sabbath came and found him in the coveted desk. All went well during the assembling of the congregation, but when he rose to commence the first psalm he was overcome by seeing so many familiar faces directed towards him, and, laying aside the book, he darted from the desk down the aisle, and out of the church. Who led the singing on that Sabbath is not on record but the "stickit precentor" disappeared from the parish, leaving no trace behind him. All attempts at discovery proved futile, and gradually the incident lapsed into silence. However, at the distance of fifty years, a gentleman from abroad took up his abode near Dunfermline in a mansion he had erected, and in course of time owned himself the subject of the narrative.

Although elected to the post, these parochial

musicians were, as we have said, in many cases devoid of musical qualifications.

Not far from Peebles there was a precentor who had little music, but much sense. He was the amusement of the youths by his dramatic whisper to the tenor at his side as he was about to set a tune, "Am I heich or laich or just about richt?"

"Dear me," said a stranger to her niece, "what kind o' singin' dae ye ca' that?" "Oh," replied the niece, "that's juist oor precentor's ordinary." "Weel, weel," was the stranger's remark, "if the Almichty's pleased wi' *that*, He's easy pleased, and maun he's nae lug for music."

The limited powers of the precentor were once illustrated by a request made by the musician himself. A minister from the south, while on a visit to Ballachulish, was asked and agreed to preach in the district church. Prior to the service he received a visit from the precentor, who addressed him with the words, "Plaise, your reverence, I can only sing twa tunes, sae ye mauna gi'e me three psalms."

In connection with the precentor's inability for the post of leading the praise, an anecdote is told of the functionary who fulfilled the duties of the desk to Dr. Chalmers at times. Some years before the Secession the great theologian was in the habit of preaching occasionally to a small gathering of the common people in the village of Water of Leith. The place of meeting was a store-room in the tannery

premises of Messrs. Legget. Mrs. Legget adjusted his bands for him very neatly before he left the house, but had little credit for her care, except from the Doctor himself, for the bands were round at the back of his neck before he got far into his sermon. Dr. Chalmers was greatly pleased with his precentor on these occasions, perhaps, says the narrator, because he knew even less about music than the precentor himself. "Tammass" was a stalwart old man who had graduated in psalmody in some anti-Burgher congregation, and had a perfect mastery of the science of variations, grace notes, slurs and cadences *ad libitum*, which are now heard only on the hillside at a Highland communion. Dr. Chalmers never failed to compliment the old man at the close of the service on his admirable singing, which, he told him, he enjoyed so much the more because he never heard anything like it in these modern days. One night Tammass modestly disclaimed the usual compliment because he had "gane aff the tune." "Nonsense," said Chalmers, "you sang as well as I ever heard you." "Ay, but it's true, Doctor; I gaed aff the tune at thegither. I began wi' *Irish*, an' I lost it in the second line. But I caught the *French* in the third line." "Weel done, Tammass," returned the preacher, clapping him on the back, "you should have been at Waterloo."

A young precentor once stuck with a tune, and several times tackled the line—"Teach me, O Lord, the perfect way." An old farmer listening patiently

to his several attempts, remarked, "Od, laddie, I'm thinkin' the Lord has muckle need to teach ye."

A minister in a northern church once gave out a psalm of somewhat awkward metre. The precentor, who seemed to be like his Ballachulish brother, made half-a-dozen ineffectual attempts to fit a tune to it, the congregation assisting. There was unfortunately nothing in stock of the proper size; all the measures were a size too large or too small, and the indignant precentor was at last compelled to remonstrate. Looking up at the pulpit, he said, in solemn indignation—"Look here, meenister—if ye be to gi'e oot psalms o' that kind, ye'll ha'e to sing them yoursel', Gi'e us the 'Auld Hunder!'"

The precentor, like the minister, was human, and age often rendered him unable for the post. Like the clergyman, however, he was slow to give up his position, maintaining that he was quite capable, despite his years, of conducting the praise. An aged Doctor of the National Church, who had an aged precentor, was often waited upon and requested to urge the musician to resign. The minister, reluctant to part with a servant so long in office, put off for some time, but at last determined to convey the message to the musician, or, at least, to throw out a hint that his resignation was desired. Meeting the worthy functionary one day, the minister entered into conversation with him, and in the course of the talk said, "By the way, John, some o' the folks were remarking that you were scarcely so able

for the singing now, and were suggesting——” Without allowing the minister to proceed further, John broke in, “Ay, ay, sir, that’s just what some o’ them ha’e been sayin’ to me about yersel’.” “If that be so,” returned his reverence, “they must put up with both of us a little longer.”

A minister, while on a visit to England, noticed that when the pastor stopped praying the choir sang “Amen,” and pleased with this order of things, he resolved to make the innovation in his own service. The first Sabbath after his arrival home he arranged with the precentor that at the end of the prayers he would drop a pea on his head as a signal for him to sing “Amen.” At the end of his first prayer, the precentor felt a shower of peas fall on his head, and began singing “Amen! Amen! Amen!” as fast as he could, when the minister, leaning over the pulpit, whispered, “Wheesht, wheesht, Jock; *the poke’s burst!*”

Innovations in the service of praise were strongly resented by the precentor, and in his opposition he was not infrequently backed by the congregation.

In 1746 the General Assembly recommended that in private worship the Psalms should be sung without the intermission of reading each line, and when, some years later, this change was adopted in public service it was the cause of much annoyance. Mr. Barrie tells us of a certain Mistress M’Quhatty who nearly split the Auld Licht Kirk over this “run line,” as it was called. “This innovation,” says

the author of "Auld Licht Idylls," "was introduced by Mr. Dishart, the minister, when he was young and audacious. The old, reverent custom in the kirk was for the precentor to read out the psalm a line at a time. Having then sung that line he read out the next one, led the singing of it, and so worked his way on to line three. Where run line holds, however, the psalm is read out first, and forthwith sung. This is not only a flighty way of doing things, which may lead to greater scandals, but has its practical disadvantages, for the precentor always starts singing in advance of the congregation and, increasing the distance with every line, leaves them hopelessly behind at the finish. Mistress M'Quhatty protested against this change, as meeting the devil half-way, but the minister carried his point, and ever after that she rushed ostentatiously from the church the moment a psalm was given out, and remained behind the door until the singing was finished, when she returned, with a rustle, to her seat. Run line," adds Barrie, "had on her the effect of the reading of the Riot Act."

Some time after the introduction of "run line" another important change was made in connection with the Auld Psalmody. The precentor, who had hitherto led the singing himself, was to be associated with a band of singers, known as "the choir." A strong prejudice was entertained by some of the auld ministers against this innovation, and amongst these was the worthy Dr. J—— M——, of G——.

This gentleman was once officiating in a church where the new fashion prevailed, and in rendering the first psalm the choir had, in the Doctor's opinion, monopolised the music, thus preventing the congregation from joining in the service. At the close of the singing he rose and read another psalm, which, he said, was intended for the congregation, *not* for the band.

During the precentor's term of office many humorous incidents occurred. Reading the lines—

Like pelican in wilderness,
Forsaken I have been.

a worthy precentor amused the congregation by reciting—

Like paitriks in a wild bird's nest,
For sure I've never seen.

An eccentric character, by name M'Minn, who resided in the parish of Crail, was schoolmaster, precentor, and session-clerk. He held the latter office under the ministerial administration of the Rev. Patrick Glas. This clergyman, having heard his precentor charged with drunkenness, resolved to administer to that functionary the privileges of a pulpit rebuke. When Sabbath came, the reverend gentleman took as his theme "Temperance," and in the course of his sermon said, "For you who are sailors, and are ignorant persons, there may be some excuse when ye fall into the temptation; but I'm

grieved to learn that no further back than last week, my own schoolmaster, Mr. M'Minn, was seen the worse of drink on the public street." At this unlooked for assault, the wondering precentor rose from his seat, and, looking in the direction of the pulpit, exclaimed, "It's a great lee ye say, sir." This interruption was resented by Mr. Glas, who commanded the beadle to remove Mr. M'Minn from the letteran. After the precentor had been ejected the service was continued. On the following day the worthy schoolmaster threatened the minister with legal proceedings for defamation of character. This turn of affairs led to an inquiry, when it was found that the charge was baseless and was the result of animosity. The clergyman at once offered reparation, and Mr. M'Minn agreed to accept an apology, if publicly given forth from the pulpit. Accordingly, on the succeeding Sabbath, Mr. Glas, previous to commencing the service, expressed his regret for having charged Mr. M'Minn with a crime of which he was innocent; and, "in token of his innocence," he added, "I now call on the church officer to replace him in the letteran." The beadle at once proceeded with his order, and reinstated the precentor—a vindicated man.

If Mr. M'Minn was zealous for his good name, the following precentor was as anxious that his musical abilities should be known. A minister preaching for a neighbour took occasion at the close of the service to compliment the precentor on the

excellence of his work. The musician listened with great dignity to the favourable criticism, and replied, "Weel, minister, it has just ta'en me twenty years to be perfect."

The gift of song was not the only talent which the old precentor thought he possessed, and here is a story of a precentor who prayed for his minister, not that he might be made perfect for the pulpit, but that he might be kept right. "Willum" had an exquisite tenor voice; but, strange to say, prided himself, not on his musical abilities, but on his gift of prayer. His prayers were very quaint, and there is preserved the fragment of one given on one occasion. The minister was away on a holiday, and "Willum" evidently thought that he needed to be carefully looked after. "O, Lord!" he prayed, "ye ken whaur oor minister is, although he's oot o' oor sicht a'thegither, sae juist keep your e'e on him, an' guide him into the straucht road."

In the Parish Church of Fettercairn, the custom of the precentor reading each single line before it was sung by the congregation gave rise to an unlucky introduction of a line from the first psalm. In most churches in Scotland the communion tables are placed in the centre of the church. After the sermon and prayer, the seats round these tables are occupied by the communicants while a psalm is being sung. One communion Sabbath, the precentor noticed the noble family of Eglinton approaching the tables, and likely to be kept out by those



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pressing in before them. Being very zealous for their accommodation, he called out to an individual whom he considered to be the principal obstacle in clearing the passage, "Come back, Jock, and let in the noble family of Eglinton;" and then, turning to his psalm-book, took up his duty, and went on to read the line, "Nor stand in sinners' way!"

A similar humorous incident occurred at Blackford during the incumbency of the Rev. Sir Henry Moncrieff, Bart. The minister intimated that a portion of the 71st Psalm would be sung, whereupon the precentor rose and pronounced the line, "To many I a wonder am." At this a titter ran through the congregation, when the official, thinking that he had made a mistake, proceeded to repeat the line. This repetition seemed to increase the merriment, and many had to conceal their faces under the bookboards, or bury them in their handkerchiefs. This attracted the attention of the minister, who, rising in the pulpit, and looking down on the wondering precentor, exclaimed, "So you are a wonder, John; turn your wig." The strange spectacle presented by the musician with his misplaced headgear, viewed in connection with his recitation of the first line of the psalm, had produced the ill-timed laughter.

There is a story told of an amusing incident of a minister's belief in the bewitching influence a precentor could exercise over a preacher. The incident happened in the parish of Ballingry, Fife-

shire. In the church there the duties of the precentor's desk, about the middle of last century, were discharged by the parochial schoolmaster, who was a person of superior intelligence and education. The minister was of weak intellect, and a little superstitious. He attributed his inferior pulpit appearances to the influence of the precentor, who, he alleged, somehow bewitched him. On one occasion, he made a pause in his discourse, and proceeded to declare that so long as the schoolmaster occupied the letteran he must remain silent. The schoolmaster was proceeding to retire, when Sir John Malcolm, Bart. of Lochore, the principal heritor, descended from his seat in the gallery, and insisted that the desk should not be vacated. An unbecoming disturbance ensued which led to a permanent retirement of the leading inhabitants from the parish church, and to the erection of a place of worship in connection with the Secession, in the neighbouring village of Lochgelly.

An Aberdeen minister was preaching on one occasion on the tie that binds the congregation to the preacher, and with a view to emphasis, said, "My brethren, supposin' me to be the shepherd, and you to be the sheep, and Tammas Sangster to be the sheep-dog"—Tammas, who was the precentor, at once rose and exclaimed, "I'll be no man's sheep-dog, minister." The preacher, hoping to soothe the ruffled temper, said, "I was only speaking mystically, Tammas." "Na, na," replied the

angered precentor, "I ken fin' ye was speakin' maliciously, so as to gar the folk lauch at me when we get oot."

The precentor, we have said, considered himself equal to the minister. While Dr. Blair was incumbent of the High Church of Edinburgh, the leader of the psalmody was one of these all-important personages. One Sabbath the rev. doctor had been absent from the pulpit, and meeting his precentor on the following day he enquired how matters got on in church during his absence. "'Deed, no vera weel, I daur say," was the reply; "I wisna there, Doctor, ony mair than yoursel'."

"It's aye the way, Doctor," remarked an old-fashioned precentor, "it's aye the way; when folk ken ye are to preach, and I'm to present, there's a fu' kirk to listen to baith psalm and sermon."

We have spoken of timidity on the occasion of the precentor's probation, and this timidity often makes its appearance after the precentor has been appointed to office. A young and bashful ploughman was once elected to the post in a country parish, but, conscious of this weakness, repaired to his predecessor (who had vacated the situation owing to age) for some advice. "Man, Jeems," said the young musician, "I'm awfu' nervish when I stand up to sing, and I wish ye could gi'e me a cure for't." "I can do that brawly, Willie," returned the veteran master of the song, beaming with the gathered experience of fifty years in the desk; "just

tak' some coppers in your pouch, and when it's near singing time, jingle them up wi' your hand, It gi'es ye a fine feelin' o' independence, an' acts wonderfu' in calmin' the nerves."

A minister was unintentionally as hard on the precentor on one occasion. He announced the 45th Paraphrase thus, "At the third verse, 'Dost thou not know, self-blinded man!' The tune is *Kilmarnock*."

In olden days it was the custom in the kirk to sit while singing and to stand during prayer. When this order of things was reversed there were some of the very orthodox ministers who looked upon the change as an immediate step to Romanism, and who would on no account tolerate it. One of these ministers, officiating in a church to which a precentor was appointed, was somewhat surprised to find that the leader of the psalmody kept his seat during the singing along with the congregation. This the clergyman was opposed to. It had been the custom for the precentor to stand, and his reverence approved of the old rule, although he would not fall in with the new order in regard to the congregation. For some Sabbaths the worthy official kept his seat, but at length the minister, remonstrating with him, suggested that it would be better for him to stand when leading the praise. "Na, na, sir," replied the musician in a tone of authority; "if it's wrang for the lave to stand, it's wrang for me, sae I'll juist sit."

It is told of a precentor who, considering his office to be of some meaning, prayed on one occasion thus, "Whaur twa or three are gathered in Thy name, we ken that You're in the midst o' them; an' may we provide Ye the nicht wi' gweed enterteenment."

The congregation was not pleased when it had not a precentor, and sometimes it was not pleased when it had one. Before the days of choirs and organs, it was no uncommon thing for the enemies of the precentor to show their ill-feeling towards him by trying to "sing him doon." One strong-lunged individual who had set himself this task became such a general nuisance that strong measures had to be adopted. On Sabbath when he had become specially outrageous, the beadle, acting by instructions, went and snatched the book from his hand, and carried it off in triumph. Continuing just as if nothing had happened, the irrepressible singer trolled forth to the exultant strains of "Scarborough"—

"I'm independent o' a beuk
While psalms are bein' sung
There's nae a psalm atween the brods
But I hae on my tongue."

In some churches where there is no instrumental music, and where the time-honoured custom of taking the collection by means of ladles is still adhered to, the choir sometimes sings an anthem or hymn to drown the noisy clink of the coppers.

In such a church in Banffshire recently a candidate for a vacant pulpit had finished a prosy discourse, when on the taking of the collection, the choir stood up and sang the all-too-suggestive hymn, "Return, O wanderer, to thy home."

It was the custom in some places for the precentor to receive the proceeds of an annual collection for his services. One Sabbath, after sermon and prayer, the minister said in one breath, "Let us conclude the public worship of God at this time by singing part of the fortieth paraphrase. Before singing this paraphrase I have to intimate that the usual collection will be taken next Sabbath for the precentor :—

The wretched prodigal behold,
In misery lying low,
Whom vice had sunk from high estate,
And plunged in want and woe.

And so on to the end of the fifth verse."

The old repeating tunes, which are now almost unknown, led to some absurdities when practised. It is related that a certain church in connection with one of the smaller sects cherished a desire to sing these repeating tunes, and was wont to amuse itself by singing a hymn with a somewhat ludicrous repetition. It was—

And catch the flee——
And catch the flee——
And catch the fleeting hours.

Here is a story of another kind relative to psalm

tunes. Dr. Rogers, the author of several volumes illustrative of Scottish life and custom, used to relate many pithy stories. One night at a party he was asked to sing a song. "Me sing?" he replied; "I never sang but once in my life. It was when a boy at the manse of Dunino, in Fife; my father was parish minister there. I, at that time, took a great fancy to learn psalm tunes, so one Sabbath morning I went up to the garret to practise, and I was singing away, and thinking I was doing grandly, when my father came to the bottom of the stair and cried up, 'Come down, you rascal; sawing sticks on the morning of the Lord's day!'"

In the Secession church near Glasgow some sixty years ago, the precentor fell asleep during service. On this being observed by the beadle from his seat at the foot of the pulpit stair, he got up and whispered to some members of the choir, "Is that Paterson sleepin'?" and being answered in the affirmative, stepped forward and administered a sound shaking to the delinquent precentor. But the humorous part of the proceedings followed when the preacher gave out the opening lines of Paraphrase xii.,

"Ye indolent and slothful! rise,
View the ant's labours and be wise."

A precentor, named Tam, was fond of the bottle, and this caused him often to be late, and repeatedly

nearly suspended. It came at last, however. One morning, after "soda" and other things had been used, he went to the kirk. He started the first psalm and the second, but when the third came he was fast asleep. On one trying to wake him he announced his return from dreamland with the words, "I'll juist tak' ae glass mair, Wull." He resigned on the Monday.

The use of tuning-forks horrified many douce worshippers. "See what things are comin' to," exclaimed an old woman, when she saw the new instrument. "See what that craiter's daein'—ackwally usin' *cauld steel* in the service of God."

The tuning-fork was of much service to the precentor, but even some of those who did use forks, and could read music a little, were not always sure of taking the keynote correctly. An individual of this description went to try for a country church, accompanied by an old precentor who was to act as guide, philosopher, and friend. During the reading of the first psalm, the young fellow kept continually sounding his fork and taking his keynote, until the patience of his companion became exhausted, when the musical probationer was met with the query, put in a louder voice probably than was intended, "Fat are bum, bummin' at, ye gype! canna ye be quate till the minnestir has deen readin'?"

Willie, a precentor and a lover of instrumental music who lived in a northern parish, dared to play

his organ on Sabbath, and for this reason was not liked by many in the village. He delighted to tell how, once when he was playing, a man, coming up to the door, stopped, and then began to "curse and swear at me 'cause I played on the Sabbath."

Once when practising a tune, one of the bass singers, referring to a certain note in his part asked, "Fat d'ye mak' o' this chappie wi' the thingie like a window aside 'im?" "Oh, that's a sharp," was the reply, "but tak' nae notice o't; it's only pitten there to bamboozle simple folk."

In speaking of the precentor it is necessary to say a little regarding his book.

In the kirk there was but one book of songs in use, and that was the Psalter. One of the fundamental principles of Presbyterianism was that nothing should be introduced into the worship of God unless sanctioned by the Almighty; and, acting on this principle, it employed, in the services of the sanctuary, the Psalms of David. These, it held, were inspired compositions, and it used them in the kirk to the exclusion of all others. Of course, there was one thing inseparable from the Psalter, and that was the auld music. To this our pious forefathers tendered no objection, and so the psalms, wedded to their fine old tunes, have continued almost the same for centuries.

In proof of the auld psalmody being purely national, Dean Ramsay tells us he was informed that many of the tunes were composed by artizans,

such as builders, joiners, and blacksmiths. Robert Burns, in his immortal picture of an auld custom, describes the different characters of some of the airs. In his "Cottar's Saturday Night," he says :—

" They chant their artless notes in simple guise ;
 They tune their hearts, by far the noblest aim ;
 Perhaps *Dundee's* wild-warbling measures rise,
 Or plaintive *Martyrs*, worthy of the name,
 Or noble *Elgin* beats the heavenward flame,
 The sweetest far of Scotia's holy lays :
 Compared wi' these, Italian trills are tame,
 The tickled ears no heartfelt raptures raise ;
 Nae unison ha'e they wi' our Creator's praise."

The auld minister was passionately attached to the auld psalms, and this was seen—we might say *painfully*—when the General Assembly recommended the introduction of the metrical translations which are now known as the Paraphrases. That edition of the psalter which was published in 1649 was amended and completed in 1708, and some forty years later a committee was commissioned to prepare the collection of verses of sacred poetry entitled, "Translations and Paraphrases of several passages of Scripture." This addition to the psalmody was in due time laid before the public and appeased their appetite for novelty until 1775, when another revision and extension was made.

This volume of "human hymns" was, as we have said, the cause of much discord. The auld minister would on no account adopt them; for he

was as decided as the auld matron who declared that she would have none but the "Psalms of Dauvid." They maintained that no other aid in worship was required, and, in their own parishes at least, the resolution to reject the new collection died only when the minister's reign was ended.

The Rev. Colin Campbell of Renfrew was especially antagonistic to their use, and would on no consideration admit them to a place in his psalmody. On the evening of a communion Sabbath, the clerical brother who had been assisting at the dispensation of the Lord's Supper, opened the service by giving out one of the lately authorised translations. Before the precentor could begin, Mr. Campbell started to his feet and exclaimed, "Let us sing a part of the 72nd Psalm, the 8th verse—

'His large and great dominion shall
From sea to sea extend.'

Then, turning to his reverend assistant, he added, "Wi' a' your hymn-hymnin' is there ony hymn like that?" History tells the psalm was sung.

In one of the opposition churches, a plan was adopted whereby no minister, stranger or other, might indulge in a divergence from the songs of the "sweet Psalmist of Israel." In this instance the leaves of the Bible, at the Paraphrases, were firmly glued together. On one occasion, when a probationer was to fill a pulpit in the border land, he thought some of the new translations might be

more appropriate to his sermon. The probationer tells the story himself. He says—As I sat in the vestry a man cam' in that I took to be the precentor, so I gi'ed him what I usually gi'e to toun kirks, a psalm, a paraphrase, and two hymns. He took them, put on his glasses, and lookit at my writin' gey scornfu' like. "Hymns," said he. "Na! we sing nae hymns here, an' we're nane sae carin' for the paraphrases neither." "Oh," I said, "I could easily find psalms to suit my subject." "Ay, and I think they micht ha'e served ye too," says he. The story is told by S. R. Crockett, in "The Stickit Minister," and in a letter to the present writer he says, "It may interest you to know that the story is quite true, and happened to myself."

In a remote parish in the West Highlands the Rev. D. M'L— had been found fault with for introducing hymns into the church service. The minister was indignant at the fault-finding, and at the close of the service he expostulated with his opponents after the following manner, "My frients, her nainsel will be no singer; she'll pe like a great many more, wantin' the vice; but she'll like the godly hymns tat tae Lawland have, and she'll like the psaulms tat David sung too. Bit she'll no care an she'll no peety tae ignorance on tae pairt o' this congregation whateffer. Ye'll plaw tae pipes an' ye'll skirl the cronachs a' tae week moroffer, and tat's nae sin; pit when ye'll hear tae hymns o' God sung on tae Sabbath, ye're like tae good men

of old, tae goodness forsakes ye evermore. Weel, my frients, tae Presbytery has ordert tae hymns to be sung, an' tae will be sung, an' her nainsel' wull like to hear them sung, ay, wi' a squal far louder nor the pipes could evver be made ta skirl. May God pless ye all, an' may ta music pe glad to ta ears whateffer. Amen."

The pulpit has often been occupied by ministers who claimed among their talents that of writing poetry, and many of these poets came to the front when it was proposed to introduce the Paraphrases. Here was a grand opportunity for some of these pulpiteers' compositions winding down the stream of time to the sea of immortality, and many of the clerical bards tendered metrical versions of the Scriptures for acceptance. One of these, coming from Caithness, might have hailed M'Gonagall as its author. The piece itself has found a resting-place in the tomb of forgotten literature, but the concluding stanza survives to bear witness to the "genius" of its author. It runs as follows:—

"Satan shall rive them all in rags,
That wicked are and vain;
But if they're good and do repent,
They shall be sewed again."

Some years ago it was proposed in the supreme court of one of the churches to revise the existing edition of the Psalms. On this occasion the poetic talent possessed by the pulpit was again drawn

forth. One reverend gentleman, who was an earnest supporter of the proposal, laid an *amended* version of the 23rd Psalm before his brethren for approval. The proposal, it may be said, was never given effect to, and possibly it was this incident that led to the failure of the project. The last couplet will suffice to show what was intended to supersede the existing composition. It runs :—

"Surely goodness and mercy all days of my life
Shall follow me, follow me, follow me, rife."

The comparison of the two paraphrases shows how the sublime and the ridiculous can claim the one origin. What the feelings of the "sweet Psalmist of Israel" would have been if he had been privileged to hear a congregation join in this doggerel outburst it is difficult to imagine. But, after all, the clergyman's labours may not have been in vain. Who knows but that it was his amended version of the 23rd Psalm that aroused the Jacobite songster to pen the immortal lay, "Wha wadna follow thee, bonnie Prince Charlie?"

In later years much was done towards the extension of the psalmody in its several branches. Every sect provided its own peculiar hymnal, sung its own peculiar hymns, and accepted, if it so pleased, the additional aid of instrumental music. As might be expected, the further introduction of "human hymns" was a cause of much discord, and this was also the case in regard to including the "kist o' whistles" as a means of worshipping the

Divinity. In the parish of Kennethcrook, when the introduction of hymns was made, the opposition was fierce in some quarters. John, the beadle, was discussing the matter with a friend. "We care naething at a' for hymns," said John, "naething at a'; sae lang we get the Psaulms of Dauvid and the Paraphrases we manage fine." "Ay," said John's opponent, "that's a' richt enough, but ye ken your Bible as weel's me, an' ye maun ken that it speaks about praising God wi' psalms and hymns and speeritual sangs; and forby, it says that there's to be harps in heaven." "Juist so," returned the worthy beadle, "juist so; the folk in heaven can dae what they like on thae points, but we'll no' ha'e it here on ony accoont."

An attempt was made some time ago to arrive at more uniformity of worship by doing away with the hymn books peculiar to the various sects and instituting a joint hymnal. The proposal was heartily entertained, and after some years of labour the Joint Hymnal Committee laid its production before the various ecclesiastical courts. The work was subjected to a searching criticism, and by the National Church was rejected as inferior to the collection which they already possessed. Of course, while this was a formal judgment, there were many informal criticisms passed on the hymnal. One minister of the kirk, who was very displeased with the new book, suggested an alteration on a verse in one of the compositions. The verse was

from "Onward, Christian Soldiers," and will be easily identified in the suggested emendation, which ran—

"We are sair divided,
Awfu' bodies we.
Little hope of doctrine
Less o' charity."

The Kirk of Scotland rejected the hymnal entire, but at the end of a year reconsidered its decision and sanctioned what has since been published as "The Church Hymnary." In the year that elapsed, however, the suggested alteration by one of its ministers was lost sight of.

The precentor himself has had to a large extent to remove to make room for the organist. A country precentor, finding himself in Glasgow one Sabbath, went with a friend to the service in the Cathedral, which is famed for its finely-trained choir and the organ-playing of the accomplished conductor. The anthem sung on the occasion had a somewhat lengthy instrumental introduction. On being asked after the service what he thought of the singing, the countryman replied, "Oh! nae that ill ava, but I'll tell you what: the conductor, puir fellow, had an awful job to get the keynote for the anthem. He wad be better to use a tunin' fork like masel'."

"James, what's keeping you?" said the minister to his man one day shortly after the introduction of instrumental music into a rural parish. "There's nae hurry the day," returned the beadle. "That

new organist is a volunteer. Wait a wee till he's ower wi' his volunteerin'."

If the elaborate preliminary on the organ was too much for the precentor, it would also seem that that old-world character had little sympathy with some kinds of classical music. The waltz movement in Mozart's Twelfth Mass was peculiarly distasteful to him, and he used to exclaim, "It's ondacent, forbye bein' onchristian: an' it aye brings me in mind o' cleek your pairtner, han's across, an' doon the middle!"

In a country church a number of ministers were assembled to perform a ceremonial function. The organist getting tired of the sacred pieces, broke into some operatic selections. By-and-bye one of the "white ties" of the old school approached, and said to the performer, "May I speir what that is you're playing?" "It is an oratorio called *Patience*," replied the organist. "Ay, I thocht it must ha'e been frae some fine sacred piece, an' I was juist remarkin' to my reverend brithers that it breathed resignation in every note!"

A valuable organ had just been erected in a country church. "Weel, Betty," said an old lady, "what dae ye think o' a' this ongaun noo?" "Oh!" was the reply, "I can pit up wi' onything gin I get a kin' o' guid sermon."

The musical service in other churches has sometimes given amusement. A story is told of Jenny Bayle, who resided in Blairgowrie. Jenny was

said to be defective about the upper storey, but nevertheless she had a very sarcastic tongue. On the Episcopal Church being completed, a great many of the people went to see what kind of service the "Piskies" had, and to hear their grand organ, it being the first adopted in the district in connection with church service. Some said it "was awfu'," others that "it was a perfect dancin' wey-o'-daein', jumping up and doon a' the time." Jenny, happening to hear the fag-end of some of these expressions, resolved that she would attend and see for herself. Accordingly on Sabbath she donned her sowback mutch and Sabbath gown and took her way churchwards. The neighbours were astonished, as Jenny had not been known to go to a church before. On entering Jenny found the service had commenced. The congregation were repeating the responses, "Lord, have mercy upon us," etc. Jenny, thinking they were referring to her, cried out, "Lord, ha'e mercy on us, did ye never see a gown made oot o' an auld cloak afore?" As no notice was taken of this remark Jenny quietly dropped into a pew belonging to one of the upper class, who put in an appearance almost immediately after. At this moment the chant was given out for the Te Deum, the people rising to their feet and the organ pealing forth the opening notes. Jenny was politely asked to leave the pew and enter another. "Ah, na," replied Jenny, who misunderstood what was wanted, "I never could dance a' ma days, an' I'm

ower auld noo to begin sic daftlike capers." "Come away, come away, my good woman," urged the pew-opener, "the people are waiting." "Weel, if I maun come oot, I wull come oot," replied Jenny shaking out the flounces of her gown; "play's up the 'Birks o' Aberfeldy.'"

It was a laconic admonition which was administered by the organist of an Episcopal Chapel in Buchan on one occasion. The organ-blower—who was also the organist's wife—had allowed the contemplation of a neighbour's bonnet to interfere with the proper discharge of her duty. Craning his neck in the direction of his absent-minded spouse, the angry husband, forgetful alike of the sanctity of the place and the respect due to the wife of his bosom, electrified the congregation by exclaiming, "Blaw, ye jaud!" a command which it is needless to say had the desired effect.

Thus far and no farther. We have said a little of our friend who is fast passing away. His successor we have merely mentioned, for he has yet to be tried. With all his imperfections, the precentor had some redeeming features, and was generally a favourite in the parish. In the march of ritualism—a march which some affirm is the approaching to a higher ideal of worship—much that was sacredly associated with the auld Kirk is being swept away, and whether the claims of ritual be right or wrong, it is with many misgivings that we bid farewell to our friend of the desk and tuning-fork—the auld precentor.

IV.—PLATE AND LADLE.

OF the elder comparatively little has been said. He joins with the minister in his work, assists him with affairs of the church, visits the parishioners in his district occasionally, but seems to go about his business on tip-toe, leaving little record of his doings. His principal duty is to stand at the plate. A trying job, no doubt, on the first occasion, but custom lends austerity, and soon he becomes his position. We have all seen the elder, as with silk hat carefully brushed, and black clothes completely free from dust, his face fixed with a stare of stern solidity, his hands clasped firmly upon his umbrella, he waits out the ringing of the bell, jingles his collection into the bag, and then, having handed it to the beadle, makes his way during the first prayer alike with ease and noise to his seat. That is the elder on Sabbath as he is known to many of us, but he has other duties than that of standing at the plate. During a vacancy the pillar o' the kirk has some importance. A young minister went one Sabbath to preach as a candidate for a church near Aberdeen. The rain poured heavily all morning; and before he got to the kirk he was wet to the skin. There were few hearers there to

meet him, and his chance of success was, on that account, gone. After the service the elder gave him a somewhat left-handed compliment. "Guid day to ye, then," he said, "if ye havena got the kirk, ye've at least got the steepin'."

Elders seem to be often in the rain. A Free Church elder having met the village Socialist and Freethinker—Dauvit Anderson by name—said to him. "I was rael gled to see ye at the kirk last Sawbath, Dauvit." "Weel, the fac' is," returned Dauvit, "I only droppit in oot o' the rain." "O Dauvit!" said the worthy elder, "ye'll never be onything if ye dinna gang to the kirk." "Aweel," responded the Socialist, "if I canna get on withoot makin' a cloak o' religion, I'll juist bide as I am." "But ye maun mind, Dauvit," added the elder with much emphasis, "that if ye dinna mak' a *cloak* o't ye've ta'en to makin' an *umbrella* o't, an' that's juist as bad."

An old seceder, who rode every Sabbath morning from Gargunock to Buchlyvie to attend the Burgher Kirk, was accosted one very wet day as he rode past the Parish Church of Kippen by the elder at the plate, with the words, "I'm sure, John, it's no' like the thing to see you ridin' in sic a doonpour o' rain sae far by to thae seceders. Ye ken the mercifu' man is mercifu' to his beast. Could ye no' step in by?" "Weel," replied John, "I wadna care sae muckle aboot stablin' my beast inside, but

it's anither thing masel' gain' in." John was evidently quite prepared "to mak' a stable o't."

Here is an instance of merited reproof administered by a pillar o' the kirk. A gentleman of means and atheistical tendencies had erected for himself a handsome mausoleum in the parish churchyard. It was a massive piece of masonry, and presented an aspect of considerable strength. One day, while going to view it, he met one of the elders of the parish church just leaving the churchyard. "Weel, ye've been up seeing that erection of mine?" observed the owner of the mausoleum. "'Deed, have I," replied the elder. "It's a gey strong place that," said the atheist; "it'll tak' a man a' his time to rise oot o' yon at the day of judgment." "My man," returned the elder, "gi'e yoursel' nae trouble aboot that; when that day comes they'll tak' the bottom oot o't, an' lat ye doon."

When Robertson of Irvine received a call for the second time from a Glasgow congregation the meeting of Presbytery held on the occasion was memorable. The Irvine commissioners put forth all their strength, and one of them, a plain, homely elder, made a speech at which all who heard it wondered for its spiritual insight and ability of tone. A member of Presbytery enquiring of Robertson who the man was, received the reply, "He's a man who lives in communion with God and mak's *shoon*."

An Argyllshire elder, on being asked how the

kirk of which he was a "pillar" got along, replied, "Aweel, we had 400 members. Then we had a division, and there were only 200 left; then a disruption, and only ten of us left. Then we had a heresy trial; and now there's only me and my brither Duncan left, and I ha'e great doots of Duncan's orthodoxy."

In a village in the south an elder was one day reproving an old woman, who was rather the worse of liquor, by saying, "Sarah, don't you know that you should fly from the tempter?" "Flee yourself," replied Sarah, not too well pleased at the interference. "O Sarah," said the elder, "I have flown." "Aweel, I think ye'll be nane the waur o' anither flutter," was Sarah's parting words.

Among the elders of a church near B— there was one who was seriously impressed with the solemnity of his office. Especially was this the case on Sacrament Sabbath, when the solemn duties of the Lord's Supper had to be performed. On one occasion a daughter of the elder was enquiring of a lady friend the nature of a certain function which the friend had been witnessing. "Oh," said the friend, "it was very solemn; I dinna ken what I could liken it to. . . . Ay, it was as solemn as your faither's saicrament face."

If anything went wrong, the elder, after the minister, was the man who was appealed to. Mr. Gerard was asked on one occasion to preach at Orphir at a sacramental preparatory service, but

when crossing from South Ronaldshay his boat got becalmed, so that it was past the hour of meeting before he reached his destination. That no time might be lost, the office-bearers resolved to proceed with the introductory services themselves, so that the preacher might be able to commence his sermon immediately he came up from the beach. Even when the prayer, praise, and reading lesson were over, however, Mr. Gerard had not put in an appearance, and two of the elders were sent out to ascertain the cause of delay. As they proceeded along the burn which runs down past the church towards the sea, they saw a man, stripped to the trousers, plunging out and in the water in the most ludicrous fashion; and on getting nearer they made the discovery that he was the missing preacher. They explained with some spirit that the congregation had been kept waiting his arrival for over an hour. "Oh, it's all right," was Mr. Gerard's reply. "I found a brood of wild ducks in the burn, and I thought it would be a pity to let them escape. I have seven of them in my hat, but there is one little deevil here yet which I must catch before I go to the church!" And he did it before he could be prevailed upon to go and preach his sermon.

When the pillars of the kirk found the minister in search of the wild ducks, they were relieved from some responsibilities, but occasionally the elder was called upon to conduct service. Shortly after the

Secession of 1843, a Gaelic congregation in a lowland town found that no minister had arrived on Sabbath morning to take the service. Before the close a messenger brought word of an accident that had happened to him on the road. The service was taken by one of the elders, who in his thanksgiving prayer offered up the petition, "We thank Thee, O Lord, that though Thou hast coupit the coach the minister is safe."

An elder presiding at a prayer meeting intimated that the 37th Paraphrase would be sung. He was, however, more familiar with the earthly courts of civil justiciary than the seraphic assemblies of heaven, and in reading the hymn caused his listeners to wonder as he proclaimed—

"Thus spake the Sheriff, and forthwith
Appeared a shining throng."

It is said that an elder, conducting service, once prayed—"Lord, keep our minister humble, and we will keep him poor." That elder may have had a wide vocabulary, but his choice of words was not the happiest.

Nearly two generations ago the question of having their church building insured against fire was discussed by the kirk session of a country town. The economies of fire insurance might be sound enough as applied to their own personal property, but they took a different view of the matter where a sacred building was concerned. The climax of

debate was reached, and with it the finding of the meeting, as one of the worthy elders, with the faith of a Peter, said, "If God is not able to keep His own building, it is time to roup the business."

Dr. Norman MacLeod began his ministry in the Ayrshire parish of Loudoun. Among his parishioners were some rather notable freethinkers, whose views the young divine, with the energy and earnestness characteristic of him, thought it proper to assail and denounce. Naturally this caused a good deal of commotion and excitement in what had hitherto been a somewhat sleepy parish. One of his elders, who thought his minister's zeal outran his discretion, one day enquired of him "Mr. Macleod, hoo is it that we ne'er heard o' unbelievers hereabout till ye cam' among us?" "John," said the ready minister, "saw ye ever a wasp's bike?" "Hoot ay, aften," replied the elder. "Weel, lat them be, and they'll lat you be; but put your stick through the heart of it, and it'll be anither story."

The elder's chief duty was with the collection. The "pontifical" or bridge-making functions of Presbyteries and Kirk Sessions were exercised in the most literal way. The bridge across the Tromie was built in 1728 by the exertions of the Presbytery of Abernethy, and the cost was "defrayed out of the 'vacant stipends' of Kingussie." It was customary for Kirk Sessions all over the country to assist in work of this kind. The Kirk Session of Alvie, on May 1st, 1720, generously gave "a sixpence for

repairing the Bridge of Nairn, the inhabitants there petitioning for a general collection in the bounds of the Synod of Moray." There is an entry in the Kirk Session records, under date December 24th, 1730, to the effect that the Kirk Session of Kingussie record that thirteen pounds seven shillings Scots of bad halfpennies had been put into the church box. A tolerably good collection of bad money. The Session are silent as to buttons and peppermints.

There are come fine touches of kindly humanity connected with the collection. Donald MacPherson was sorrowfully constrained in his declining years to depend on others for his livelihood. And yet he made a point of saving a mite, week after week, for the missionary work of the church. Shortly before his death Donald sent the sum of 2s. 2d. carefully wrapped up in paper. The minister had great hesitation in taking the money from him, but he insisted. On being asked why he had made his contribution such an odd sum as 2s 2d. he replied, "Well, you see, I just counted up what a halfpenny for every Sabbath of the year would come to, saved one from week to week, and there's the money!"

The Kirk Session of Kingussie record a collection of counterfeit money. Every Kirk Session could not do so, at least, that is, if they had elders as vigilant as the one who did duty at Hawick. He was standing at his post one Sabbath morning when a lady gaudily dressed dropped her offering into the plate. The elder waited until she had reached her

seat, and then going up with a bad halfpenny between his fingers exclaimed in a voice loud enough to be heard by all, "Here, my wuman, tak' back your bad halfpenny; how daur ye offer the blin' and the lame to the Lord?"

An elder at Old Monkland was once disgusted to see a wealthy landowner throw a penny in the plate. "Come back, laird," he cried, "I'll no' tak' it aff your hand. Ye maun dae better than that."

It was a lady on another occasion, but she was equally meagre in her offering, and accordingly sailed into church, followed by the remark, "Gi'e us less o' your mainners and mair o' your siller."

A Fife laird put a crown into the plate by mistake, and, on discovering the error, proceeded to the elder to get back the money. "Na, na," said the worthy pillar of the kirk; "ye may put in what ye like, but ye maun tak' naething oot." "Aweel, aweel," said the laird, "I'll get credit in heaven for the crown." "Deil a bit," replied the elder, "ye'll juist get credit for the penny."

The elder was not always pleased with the size of the collection. A farmer, who chanced to be at dinner with a young minister, turned the conversation to the collections taken in the church of which he was an elder, and in the course of talk delivered himself thus, "When ye get a kirk o' your ain, dinna expeck big collections. Ye see, I was twal years an elder and had to stand at the plate. I mind fine the first Sabbath after the Disruption,

though our twa worthy ministers didna' gang oot, and the strange feelin' about me as I took my place at ane o' the doors o' Saint Andrew's Parish Kirk in Edinburgh. Noo, how muckle dae ye think I got that day?" "Oh, well, I know the church nicely—seated for at least two thousand—you might get two pounds." "Wad ye believe't? I only got five bawbees, stannin' i' the draucht for twenty minutes, too! If I had kent I wad raither ha'e put in the collection mysel' and covered up the plate. Mind, dinna expeck big collections."

Another elder ventured to give another minister a word of counsel, though on a different matter. A minister who used to do duty in Perth was wont to preach metaphysics and to draw his text from somewhat uninteresting portions of the sacred volume. One of the elders bore patiently for some time, but at last ventured to speak disapproval. Meeting the minister one day, he said to him, "Man, Mr. —, if ye wanna gie's evangelical sermons, ye nicht at least gi'e us evangelical texts."

But the elder's work sometimes became exaction. "Ay, man, John," said a Free Church minister, some time after the 1843 dispute, "an ye've left us? What, na, was your reason for that? Did ye think we were gaun an ill road?" "Oh, I daursay the road was guid enough," returned John, "but od, man, the tolls were unco high."

At a church social a gentleman incidentally mentioned that at the kirk he was brought up in, the

"plate" stood outside, while the elders watched it from the sentry boxes. One day a stranger had the curiosity to ask one of the elders how they did when, on a windy day, a pound note was placed in the "plate," and he was shocked to hear the saintly man exclaim, "We keep it doon wi' a causey, but it's mighty seldom we get the chance o' using ane!"

To be a Christian in the old days meant, to at least one good lady, putting silver in the plate, for, when asked about the religious convictions of a Dollar man, she replied, "Him a Christian! Na, na, he's no' that, for he never puts silver in the plate."

Douglas Stewart was known as very tight in money matters. What he gave at the door was always a disputed point among the elders. He settled their disputes by saying one morning, "I'm gaun to gi'e sax times my usual th' day." He put in a threepenny piece. "But it'll ha'e to dae for five weeks to come!" he added.

Two elderly ladies, who set out to attend service in the Auld Kirk, and discovered on the way thither that they had left home without the usual subscription for the "plate." They resolved not to return for the money, but to ask a loan of the necessary amount from a friend whose door they would pass on the way. The friend, delighted to be able to oblige them, produced a number of coins—half-pennies, pennies, threepenny and sixpenny pieces. The two ladies immediately selected a halfpenny

each. Later in the day they appeared to their friend again, and said they had come to repay the loan. "Toots, havers," exclaimed old Janet, "ye needna ha'e been in sic a hurry wi' the bits o' coppers; I could ha'e gotten them frae ye ony time." "Ou, but," said thrifty pair, in confidential tones, "it was nae trouble ava', for there was naebody at the plate, and we juist slippit in without onything."

The church of a village in Banffshire still possesses one of the old-fashioned square pews, which belongs to the laird. On one occasion the beadle was ill, and the minister brought in his stableman to collect the offertory. The man did not know his way about the church, and at first missed the square pew. Going back, he returned with the occupant's half-crown, but could not make the minister understand where he had got it, till at last, pointing with his thumb over his shoulder, he whispered, "From the gentleman in the loose-box, sir."

"My friends," said the minister to his congregation, "I wish to remove a little misapprehension under which the majority of you are apparently labouring. When I asked you to give largely to the collection last Sabbath I did not refer so much to the size of the coin as to its monetary value. I mention this, as I noticed that the majority of the coins in the plate were pennies."

An elder who had just been promoted to official honours, took his son with him to assist in superin-

tending the duties. The boy, wishing to make himself as useful as possible, noticed some passing into the church without putting anything into the treasury, and cried out, "Faither, thae fock are gaun bye the *bred* without paying."

A missionary from Africa was in a northern village conducting a series of meetings. A young couple had been to hear him, and were so struck with what they heard that the next night they went back they resolved to give a shilling to the collection. Every time Dougal looked at the shilling, he thought it grew less and less, until he thought shame that they should give so small a sum for so grand a work. Dougal slipped out before the meeting was ended and went home and took £5 out of a box that Janet always guarded very jealously. He came back to the meeting and gave the money to the missionary, but what a noise Janet made when she found out where he got the money! "Never you fear, Janet," said Dougal, "the Lord'll be nae man's debtor; we'll get it a' back some day." Scarcely three months afterwards an old aunt of Janet's died, and left her a hundred pounds. "Eh, Dougal, man," said Janet when the news arrived, "what a pity ye didna gi'e £10."

Two brothers went up from a small village to see the sights of London, and when Sabbath came round they entered an Episcopal Church some time in advance of the hour of service. Taking up a prayer-book which lay in the pew the elder brother

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examined it page after page with evident curiosity. At last he laid down the book, and shaking his head, said, "Come awa' oot, Sandy, man; the service is just collect, collect, collect, frae end to end. It's no' the kirk for puir bodies like oorsel's."

It is not only the "puir body" who is meagre in his contribution. A gentleman on entering one of the Lochgilphead churches took from his pocket a threepenny piece and asked the elder in charge for change in halfpennies. The elder handed him six, and dropping one into the plate, the gentleman went into the church to enjoy the sermon!

Elders sometimes showed themselves to be keen business men.

A story is told of a Stirling elder who was much interested in the poultry business. In an English fanciers' paper he had seen an advertisement of eggs of an extra special brand, which he had heard recommended. The price was exceedingly high, but he determined to be the first in the district to have those fowls with the fine names—Wyomings, or Himalayas, or something to that effect. He did get the eggs, and the "set" came out very successfully. The birds were universally admired, and as they had the reputation of good layers, all the neighbours bespoke settings when the elder's young fowls began the egg manufacture. This in due time they did, and he had fancy eggs on the market. He charged for them, though, and if the neighbours protested, he instanced his enormous first outlay,

and the risk of total loss, and the eggs went off very well for a time. Then there was a falling-off in the demand. So the elder, finding that they would not go at fancy prices, and being already paid pretty well, resolved to let them go to his usual merchant simply as eggs. This got abroad, and the merchant was besieged for those eggs; for the experts believed they could tell the fancy ones from ordinary eggs. The merchant had a fine trade for three weeks. A day or two after that he met the elder, and said, "A lot o' folk got your eggs frae me and set them. They say they're a' bad. They'll no' come out." "Umph! they should come to me for their settin' eggs! Wha ever heard o' buyin' settin' eggs in a grocer's shop?" Then, in a burst of confidence, "I juiſt dippit the end o' them in boilin' water, ye ken—killed the germ. Od, if they want settin' eggs they should come to me honest-like."

A newly elected elder of a somewhat diffident disposition was hastily summoned to the death-bed of a parishioner. While getting ready for the occasion, he expressed his great anxiety to his wife lest he should break down in offering up a prayer. At length he was persuaded by his wife, and started on his errand. When he returned, his wife greeted him with the query, "Weel, William, hoo did ye get on?" The elder's face beamed with joy as he answered, "Oh, grand, Maggie, grand; he was deid."

A worthy old elder, who had no sympathy with new ideas of service, was wont to remark, "When I see folk sittin' i' their seats an' singin' wi' a' their heart, I feel it's praisin' God, but when they stand up wi' a bookie afore them, I think they're juist singin' a tune!"

A poacher in the north was a bit of a character. He seldom went to church, and when he did he was subjected to a good deal of notice. One morning the elder at the plate spied John at the kirk door, and thinking to joke at his expense, remarked, "Well, John, what's daein' wi' ye the day? it's no' often we see you here." "Oh," was the reply, "I had a bit errand, ye see;" and then, in a half undertone to some of the kirk members passing at the time, "Will ony o' you billies buy a gun?"

"Ah, David," said a minister to one of his parishioners whom he had met on the road enjoying his evening pipe, "I'm astonished at a man of your sense clinging to such a filthy habit as smoking—you who are an elder, and looked on as a pillar of the kirk. Do you expect to go to heaven when you die, David, with such a vile habit?" "I'll no' seek to tak' my pipe wi' me when my time comes," calmly replied the reprovèd elder. "But you know, David, that nothing unclean can enter heaven, and there is nothing so unclean as the breath of a smoker." "Ay, ay," was the reply, "but I expect that my last breath'll be my last smoke, so that

baith pipe and breath will be left ahint at the hinder en'."

A rev. gentleman who would never submit to the ruling of a Session, represented and discharged all the duties of minister and elder in his own person. On a certain occasion he was riding from home, and was unwittingly followed by a bull stirk, which kept close to the heels of his horse. A countryman, noticing the circumstance, slyly observed, as the minister was passing him, "I'm thinking ye'll be gaun to the Presbytery to-day, sir?" "What makes you think that?" queried the doctor. "Just because ye ha'e got your ruling elder ahint ye."

"Well, John," said a minister to one of his elders, "how did you spend the New Year?" "Oh just the same that ye spent it yersel'," replied John. "And what way was that?" queried the divine. "Weel," answered the elder, "I just took a bit dander roon' an' saw my folk, an' by that time I was weel enough."

At first Dr. M'Donald's flock found his services very acceptable, but by-and-bye questions and doubts began to arise. At last an elder called on him. After a little preliminary talk this gentleman remarked that he had come to announce that the congregation would be obliged to reduce the young minister's stipend. Dr. M'Donald owned that he was rather taken aback, since the stipend was an exceedingly small one already. But the thought which occurred to him was that no congregation

could possibly pay more than it could afford; so he cheerfully replied that he would be willing to take whatever the people could pay. It was the elder, in turn, who was taken aback. He looked reproachfully at the minister. "Sir," he said, "we thoct ye would have taken oor hint!"

One day a minister on going home from a meeting met one of his elders "very fou." "Dear me, John," he exclaimed, "how did you get in this state?" "Oh, minister," replied John, "it's a' due to thae Communion cards." "What!" cried the minister; "you don't mean to say you have been delivering your cards in that state?" "Oh, no," said John; "but the folks were a' that kind in offering me a drop that I was dune for afore I kent where I was." "But surely everyone did not offer you drink," continued the preacher. "Are there no teetotallers in your district?" "Oh, ay," answered the elder, "plenty of them; but I send theirs by post!"

An angling pic-nic was held on the Bervie water some time ago. The company were seated at lunch, with the minister in the midst of them. When the whisky was sent round Elder Grant remarked, "Gin the minister wasna here I'd taste ye," as he looked at the bottle. The minister, taking in the situation at a glance, replied, "Ca' awa', Jeems; I'm no' lookin'," suiting the expression by wheeling round and gazing skywards.

A young man from Edinburgh was addressing a prayer meeting in the north, and after the address

was over he said he would give out a hymn. "Na," said an old elder, "we maun ha'e a psalm." "No," replied the young man, "I'll give out a hymn; I can't get a psalm to meet my case." "What's he speakin' about?" asked an old wife who was sitting near. "Oh!" answered the elder, "this lad says he canna get a psalm to meet his case." "Weel, weel," said she, "I doot the lad hasna a case at a' if he canna find it in the psalms."

On a Fast Day a Free Kirk elder journeyed to a neighbouring town, where he met an old friend. "Hallo! Sandy," exclaimed his friend, "I thought this was your Fast?" "So it is, Jock," was the reply. "Weel, how are ye no' at the kirk, an' what dae ye want doon here?" further queried the friend. "Och, I juist cam' doon to get a whistle," was the worthy elder's reply.

An uninitiated elder was deputed from Strathaven Session to attend a meeting of the Hamilton Presbytery along with the minister. A young man came before them, and delivered a trial discourse on a subject that had been prescribed to him, and the reverend incumbent from Strathaven was the first to offer remarks upon it. "The discourse that we have just heard," he said, addressing the Moderator, "does credit to our young friend for his proficiency in the English language, but it occurs to me that he has, in his illustrations, entirely missed the scope of the Apostle's meaning." The elder thought it not only his incumbent duty to give his

opinion, but also to coincide with his minister, and accordingly followed immediately, lest he should forget exactly what his minister had said, "I perfectly agree wi' my minister in what he has said anent the young man's discourse, that it had been weel eneuch putten thegither, but that he has missed the scope of the Apostle." Some of his neighbours, who knew that John was ready on the slightest occasion to "throw bye his beuk and speak about beasts," questioned him about his opinion, after the meeting had been dissolved. "We're glad to see you sae learned amang the ministers; but how did you ken that the lad had missed the scope o' his text?" "Was I no' richt to side wi' my minister? he couldna be wrang—I aye gang along wi' him, and I ne'er found mysel' wrang yet." "But suppose the Moderator had asked ye what ye understood by the scope o' the Apostle?" "Ay, but he didna do't, and gin he had, I wad sune ha'e scop'it mysel' out at the door."

The Rev. Dr. Gillan of Inchinnan was a ready wit, of whom numbers of capital stories are told. One day a young elder, making his first appearance in the Glasgow Presbytery, modestly sat down on the very edge of a bench near the door. By-and-bye the minister, who had been sitting on the other end rose, and the elder was just falling off when the door opened, and Dr. Gillan entered, who, catching him in his arms, with his usual readiness ex-

claimed, "Sir, when you come to this place you must try and stick to the *forms* of the church."

In a riverside resort not far from Glasgow, great indignation was caused amongst the old fogeys and "Holy Willies" anent Sabbath sailings of pleasure steamers. A meeting was called for a Monday evening to protest and take steps to stop the terrible sin. An old and well-known elder, who was asked to open the meeting with prayer, began in the following manner, "Oh, Lord, ye ken what's brocht us here the nicht. Ye wad see in this morning's paper hoo your day wis desecrated yesterday."

A certain Auld Kirk Border minister employed a local character named Tammas to cover the top of the wall surrounding his garden with lime and broken glass. Running short of glass, Tammas inquired for the minister and asked him if he had any empty bottles about the house he could spare to break up to put on the wall. "No," said the minister seriously, "we've none just now; but there's to be a meeting of the elders the morn i' the manse, and if ye come round efter they're awa' there'll be plenty."

Jock Bowie was a notorious poacher who flourished up till recently in a certain district of Scotland. A bit of a wag, as well as a bit of a ne'er-do-weel, Jock kept Sabbath and Saturday alike despite the remonstrances of his neighbours. An old farmer, an elder of the kirk and a strict Sabbatarian, was especially severe upon Jock for his shortcom-

ings, and that worthy, who had his doubts as to the elder's godliness, determined to get even with him upon the first opportunity. Jock was as skilful an angler as he was a poacher, and upon one occasion, having captured an extra large basket of trout, he resolved to present a portion of the catch to the elder. The gift having been duly accepted, the wily Jock remarked casually, "But, elder, I clean forgot to tell ye—the fish were caught yesterday (Sabbath)." "Weel, John," returned the elder, gazing steadily at the contents of the basket, "I dinna see that that was the fau't o' the troot."

An authenticated story comes from a village near Glasgow. The minister, during a course of lectures on the Commandments, frequently made use of the expression "rob and steal," as illustrative of the swiftness with which that crime is generally detected and punished. On emerging from the church one day an old woman addressed an elder, "But wha is this Robin Steel the minister's aye speakin' o'?" The elder was quick to appreciate the joke. "Oh," said he, "it's somebody the minister's haen words wi' afore he cam' here. Ne'er fash yoursel' about it."

Although it may be that he was 'cute, the elder, with all his faults, was honest.

A retired gentleman recently revisited the scenes of his early days, and called on a farmer whom he had known when living in that district. After the usual greeting and several inquiries the



visitor remarked, "I saw by the papers some time ago that you had been made an elder. I was pleased to see that you were sae muckle respeckit." "Oh, ay, man," said the farmer, "but I had to gi'e it up." "Oh!" exclaimed the visitor, "naething wrang, I houp?" "Na, na," said the farmer emphatically. "But you see my father afore me an' me, we've aye been in the wey o' trokin' a bit horse at the Muir Market, an' *the twa things dinna gang weel thegither.*" The selling of a horse was the reason given; he said nothing about selling a man.

Two tourists staying at Loch Ness resolved one fine Sabbath morning to go for a row on the loch. They met the boatman leaving his house, dressed in a suit of glossy black, and carrying a big Bible under his arm. "We want to go for a row," said one of the tourists. "Dae ye no' ken that it's Sabbath?" was the reply; "ye'll no' get a boat frae me the day; forbye, I'll ha'e ye to know that I'm an elder o' the kirk." The tourists thought that even an elder might be tempted, and they offered him good money. "No," said he, after hearing their price, "I'll no' let ye the boat, but I'll tell ye what I'll do for ye. Dae ye see yon green boatie doon among the rushes?" "Yes," they said. "Weel, she's ready, with the oars inside. Juist row oot to the middle, an' I'll come doon to the bank an' swear at ye. But never mind, juist row on, an' I'll ca' for the money on Monday."

An elder, who was somewhat "thrawn," was con-

stantly at war with the minister in meetings of session. The moderator stood this opposition for a long time, but at last endeavoured to bring the elder to his senses. The argument had been sustained for over an hour, when the minister said, "I doot, John, ye are no' open to conviction." "Ay, meenister," said John emphatically, "I am open to conviction, but show me the man that'll *convict* me!" He failed to *apprehend* the difference in the meaning of the words.

If the elder sometimes outwitted a customer, he occasionally disagreed with his brother in office. Two elders, members of the same Kirk Session, had made themselves notorious by their quarrelling. Their mutual friends represented to them that their conduct was very unseemly, and a meeting was arranged to reconcile them. After they had shaken hands and professed mutual esteem, the first elder said, "It's a Christian duty to gi'e in." "Ay," replied the other, "we should gi'e in to ane anither." "Yes," exclaimed the first imperatively, "but it's you that maun gi'e in, because I canna." And so we leave them to settle their difference.

The following story about the late Duke of Hamilton and his Arran tenants illustrates a common enough phase of sectarianism. During the races at Hamilton one year his Grace invited a number of tenant farmers to Hamilton Palace to witness the sport. Among those who came were two elders in the Parish Kirk, and one who held a

similar office in the Free Kirk. Just before leaving the Duke asked the Free Churchman how he had enjoyed himself. "Grand, your Grace—grand! And I've won some bits o' bawbees too; but dinna let on aboot it to onybody, for I'm an elder." "Tuts, never mind that!" said the Duke. "So-and-so and So-and-so have been betting too, and they also are elders." "Oh, ay, they are elders, nae doot; but they are Auld Kirk elders, and they're no' nearly so strict aboot their duties as us Free Kirk folk!"

The minister and elder of a church in the Highlands went out one day to visit the members of the congregation. After making one or two calls, they began to feel hungry, so the minister went up to the first house they came to and asked if they could have something to eat, as they had been out visiting all afternoon. "Certainly," said the old woman, who cordially invited them to come in. The table was brought forward, and a nice jug of milk, plate of cakes, and print of fresh butter were set down. The minister took one end of the table, and the elder the other. They were not long started when the old woman, noticing they were cutting the fresh butter on different sides, remarked, "Ye micht baith cut the butter on one side, and leave it dacent for ither folk coming." "Oh, never mind," said the minister, "it will be all one which side it's cut on *when we're finished*."

A Stirling minister going on holiday was made

the subject of a quiet sarcasm from one of his elders. Owing to the dampness of the session-house he kept his pulpit robes at home, but as the manse was to be shut up during his absence, and the "gown" would be required for his substitute, the question was raised as to where it should be kept during the week. Various places were suggested, but the problem was settled by the pawky suggestion, "Ye canna dae better than keep it i' the poopit; it's the driest spot i' the kirk."

What may be regarded as a branch of the eldership is the deaconate—an order which was revived some years ago, and which is observed in some of the Presbyterian Kirks.

A cautious deacon, in offering prayer at a meeting of a somewhat strict denomination, thanked God, in a moment of forgetfulness, for the salvation of all men, but he immediately qualified this sweeping admission with a touch of genuine casuistry, by adding, "Which, O Lord, as Thou knowest, is true in one sense and not in another."

An old woman, who had a chronic habit of sleeping in church, called at seat-letting time upon the treasurer of the congregation. "I have come to pay my seat," she said, laying down her money. "Your seat?" returned the treasurer, who was a bit of a wag. "Losh, I think, Janet, you mean your bed."

"Is William at home, Mrs. Brown?" asked the minister, as he was going the rounds of a mining

village. "No, sir; he's awa' to the toun the day," replied the guidwife. "I'm sorry for that," said his reverence, "because I wanted to tell him that he had been appointed a deacon." "A deacon! sir," exclaimed Mrs. Brown, "I'm rale gled to hear o't, for to tell ye the truth, onything's better than a collier noo-a-days."



V.—WIG AND GOWN.

WHEREAS it has been suggested that if the law profession ever desire a patron saint they should endeavour to canonise Ananias; AND WHEREAS it would appear that on such an occasion the Devil's advocate would render this very difficult; AND WHEREAS, notwithstanding this prospective circumstance, it is not known why the profession which aims at setting all things right should be identified with dishonesty of speech to any extent; AND WHEREAS the same must ever remain one of those vagaries of human nature for which there is no accounting; AND WHEREAS, notwithstanding the unfavourable traditions which have gained credence, the law profession, as it exists in anecdote and story, affords some interesting illustrations of life and character; THEREFORE in the whole circumstances we prefer to leave off for consideration at present the truthfulness or otherwise of the stigma which lies upon the profession, and turn our attention to the profession in the light of wit and humour; IN WITNESS WHEREOF,

An under-grieve on the estate of the laird of Logan, happening to get involved in an action of damages, took legal counsel how he could extricate

himself. His adviser told him that in his opinion he had no resource left but to make a humble apology, or be assessed in a serious sum, which he had little doubt would be the result of the action. His proud spirit could ill brook the humbling condition of an apologist, and the latter alternative would have been ruinous to him, so he went on scratching his head for a considerable time, without saying which alternative he should adopt. The lawyer, getting impatient, demanded an answer to his proposal in a very angry and decisive tone of voice. "Toots, Mr. M——," said the Laird, who was present at the interview, "dinna be sae flighty—it's a puzzling case; the lad, you see, is thrang consulting the crown lawyers on the matter—you might gi'e him a wee time. Clawawa', Jock."

A man from the country applied to a writer for legal advice. After detailing the circumstances of the case, he was asked if he had stated the facts exactly as they occurred. "Ou, ay, sir," rejoined the applicant, "I thought it best to tell you the plain truth; you can put the lees till't yoursel'."

One sometimes hears about the exorbitant fees which are made at the law, but these did not seem to appeal to the auld laird, who, when engaged in selecting a liberal profession for his son, thus delivered his thoughts upon the subject—"When I gang through the New Toon o' Edinburgh, I see this ane *Vriter*, and that ane *Vriter*—amaist every house has a *Vriter* leevin' in't. Fient ha'e me, but

I think I'll ha'e to mak' oor Jock a Writer too; no' that I think the callant likely ever to mak' onything by it; but juist it may aiblins keep the lave aff him."

When death is likely to take place the writer is called to set things in order. Robbie Davidson lived, or rather subsisted, on a small croft for sixty years. A writer from a neighbouring town, thinking he was worth money, advised him on various occasions to make his will, and at last he reluctantly gave his consent. Seating himself at the table and adjusting his spectacles, the writer proceeded to note down details. "I wad like," explained Robbie, "to leave twa hunder to ma auldest laddie, and say a hunder to the piece o' the ither bairns, and maybe the hoose and plenishin' and onything that's ower to the wife." "Dear me," exclaimed the writer, looking up in astonishment, "I had no idea you had so much as that!" "Me," replied the crofter with a chuckle, "I havena a rap. I'm juist tellin' ye what I wad like to dae."

The "Faculty" in the south are fond of relating the story of the Lochmaben writer, who, after a stirring address to the jury, managed to get a particularly bad character acquitted of a charge of stealing a pair of trousers. When the verdict was announced the prisoner refused to quit the dock. "Ye can leave noo," said the writer. "Man, I daurna," was the reply in a stage whisper, "I've got the breeks on!" Something like this happened in

the same district at a later date. A tramp, named Peter Jackson, was brought before the Kirkcudbright Sheriff, charged with stealing a gold chain and other articles from Ravenshall, where he had been provided with a night's lodgings in an out-house. Sheriff Lyell asked Peter whether he wanted an "agent" to defend him. "No, my Lord," was the reply, "I am only wishing to speak the truth." "Very well," said his Lordship, "there is a saying to the effect that a man who is his own lawyer has a fool for a client." With a magnificent contempt for proverbial philosophy, Peter conducted his own case with great ability, and so far convinced the jury of innocence that they returned a verdict of "Not proven," and he left the Court with flying colours. As soon as the prisoner was liberated Mrs. Cliff-M'Culloch, of Ravenshall, entered into negotiations with him for the return of the watch chain, which she valued very much, and in exchange for a new suit of clothes and ten shillings, Peter sent back not only the chain but other stolen articles which were not specified in the indictment.

Some amusing incidents come out in evidence. A writer, accusing a witness of not having any opinions on any subject, received the reply, "'Deed ay, sir! I havena tried to ha'e ony openions o' my ain for a wheen years." "For how many years?" asked the writer. "I canna rightly say," answered

the witness in a tone of dejection, "but it's sin I was mairrit."

An action was brought before Sheriff G—, Glasgow, to recover the value of two barrels of herrings furnished many years before. "Why such long delay?" asked his Lordship. "Why," said the pursuer, "I again and again, whenever I could find him, asked for payment, until at last he told me to go to the devil; upon which I thought it was high time for me to come to your Lordship."

A notorious poacher was brought before the Sheriff Court at Jedburgh for engaging in the practice of illegally killing salmon. He was found guilty, and fined 30s., with the option of ten days' imprisonment. The culprit pled inability to pay the fine, and the Sheriff asked him how long he would require to make it up. "Weel, my Lord," returned the prisoner, scratching his head, "that a' depends on hoo the fish come up the water."

A couple who had contracted an irregular marriage came before the Sheriff to have the union duly confirmed. The Sheriff, in an absent-minded manner, when the parties came before him, called upon the defender and pursuer to step to the front, whereupon the bride bridled up in indignation, and exclaimed, "There's nae pursuer in the case, your Lordship. We have just come here to be lawfully married."

A farmer was sued by a gamekeeper for damages for assault, and the pursuer's agent endeavouring

to show that the farmer was of a quarrelsome disposition, asked him if he did not fight with every gamekeeper he came across? "No me," said the farmer, "I never fecht wi' onybody." "Do you mean to say that you did not fight with George Lawson last month?" pursued the agent. "Hoots," said the defender, "I see what ye're drivin' at noo. Geordie and me had a bit argument ae day. He ca'd me a leear, so I juist flung him ower the dyke. But there was nae fechtin' about it."

At a jury trial in Lanark, where three labourers were charged with a serious assault on two Highlandmen, the Fiscal, as usual, put several questions to the complainers, to show to the Court the justness of the charge, and to all these questions the Highlanders answered most readily, always anticipating the legal querist with such as "Ou yes, sir, your honour, it was as you'll spoke, all that and more too, as Donald my friend will told you." "Yes, it is," replied Donald, "it's all true, and moreover, more nor that besides, but she didna want to say no more against the poor lads down there, to make an anger against them—'deed is't." The Fiscal having stated the case, the counsel for the defence commenced a searching cross-examination, when the Donalds got fairly entangled, and fearing the case was to go against them, the elder of the two at length addressed the judge with the words, "Och, sir, would you let the tither man

spoke?" pointing to the Fiscal; "I like him far better."

During the examination of the principal witness in a trial for housebreaking, one of the counsel was rather "taken down" by the witness's reply. "What time of night was it when you saw the prisoner in your room?" enquired the lawyer. "About three o'clock, sir." "Was there any light in the room at the time?" "No, sir, it was quite dark." "Could you see your husband at your side?" "No, sir." "Then," said the lawyer triumphantly, "please explain to the Court, madam, how you could see the prisoner, and yet could not see your husband." "My husband was out of town, sir!" was the unexpected reply.

A village carpenter "processed" a farmer for a long-standing debt which he was unable to collect. On being asked by the Sheriff to give details of how the amount had accumulated, he replied, "Weel, I've made him cairts, an' I've made him barrows; I've made him lethers, and guid kens what I ha'ena made him. I've made him coffin efter coffin, an' I've never seen the colour o' his siller!"

A young man from a country district had the misfortune to appear before the Sheriff of a northern county on a charge of alleged misdemeanour. It was his first offence, and being acquitted, he was eagerly questioned by his comrades as to the court-house. "Weel," said he, "'twas a gey dowie-lookin' placie, wi' a decent lang-haired carl i' the

poopit, but a set o' richt impident deevils i' the choir."

Jock and Tam, two worthies in the East of Scotland, were discussing a case which Tam had before the Sheriff. "An' hoo did ye get on wi' the Shirra, then, Tam?" queried Jock. "Oh," said Tam, "the Shirra took the case to avizandum. "Avizandum?" enquired Jock. "Where in the world's that, Tam?" "'Od, I'm no very sure about it," returned Tam, "but I think it's about twa mile oot frae Kirrie."

"Whaur are ye gaun the day, Donal'?" queried a rustic of a friend whom he saw dressed in his Sabbath suit. "Oh, I am juist gaun to the Sheriff," was Donald's answer. "The Sheriff!" said his friend. "What have ye been daein' that ye're gaun to the Sheriff?" "I havena been daein' naething, but I'll juist tell ye hoo it was," and Donald settled down to an explanation. "My wife's fond o' crab aiples, an' my sister's awfu' fond o' crab aiples, an' we have a freen in Glesca that's awfu' fond o' crab aiples. Weel, ye ken, there's a crab aiple tree at the fit o' oor gairden. So ae day I gaed awa' doon to get some crab aiples, for ye ken they're a' sae fond o' crab aiples. And I took a lang stick, wi' a cleek at the end o't, to pu' doon the brenches, ye ken; an' was juist plouterin' awa' in the watter wi' the cleek—juist ploutrin' awa'—an' a sawmon cam' up an' gruppit the cleek, an' I pu'ed, an' the sawmon pu'ed, an' I got angry, an' the sawmon got

angry, an' wi' that a muckle chiel cam' by, an' he said I was poachin'. So that's the wye I'm gaun to the Sheriff."

It is amazing how women will endeavour to save their husband from goal—and that even when the husbands are on trial for wife-beating. A poor-looking woman endeavoured in Glasgow Sheriff Court to make as much of the provocation as possible, and maintained that she was very much under the influence of liquor all that day, and had pawned her husband's boots without his knowing. Sheriff Balfour, recognising an attempt to screen the enormity of the husband's offence, said to the woman in cautioning tones, "But didn't your boy get his dinner that day?" "Yes," said the witness. "And who cooked it?" queried the Sheriff. "Me," was the reply. "What was it?" continued the judge. "Mince collops," answered the witness. "You cannot have been drunk when you cooked a dinner," concluded the Sheriff. "Oh yes, I was drunk, maintained the woman. "No, no," added his Lordship, smiling, "a drunk woman does not cook a dinner."

A Coupar-Angus man was sued for debt at Perth, and on the day of the trial was met by a friend on the High Street of the Fair City. "By-the-bye," said the friend, "ye've a case in the coort the day." "Hoch! it's owre an oor syne," was the reply. "an' hoo cam' ye on?" inquired the friend. "I wan," replied the litigant. "Ye wan!" exclaimed

the surprised interrogator, who knew that the debt was a just enough one. — “Hoo did ye manage to win?” “Daugon’d!” exclaimed the defender, “I couldna but win; the thing was left to my ain oath.” This anecdote illustrates the common enough belief that the oath is merely a thing of expediency, and on one occasion a number of witnesses “swore” a young man so clearly out of an alleged assault that a spectator, who was subsequently to be called on a similar charge, was heard whispering to a friend—“Lord, Tam, I wad gi’e a pound for half-an-oor o’ thae witnesses.”

In olden times it seems to have been the habit openly to bribe the jurymen by allowing each of them half a guinea if their verdict was for the Crown counsel, but nothing if the prisoner was allowed to get off. On one occasion in Glasgow, when a merchant was under trial, the Crown counsel, at the close of his speech for the prosecution, reminded the jury that their receipt of the half guinea depended on their verdict. This gross injustice at once roused the accused to call out to the jury “Gentlemen, if ye fin’ for me, I’ll gi’e ye a guinea a-piece.” The judge, however, rebuked him severely for attempting to bribe the jury, but he promptly replied, “That fellow there began it, and I’ll double it wi’ him ony day.”

In the hearing of a poaching case the gamekeeper from the estate from which the game had been taken was examined. He was speaking vigorously

to the great size of the bag containing the rabbits, and the judge asked if he was sure there was nothing but rabbits in the bag. "Naething, your honour, but a lot o' d——d rabbits!" the excited gamekeeper blurted out, when the judge interjected in a quiet, dignified way, "No adjectives, no adjectives!" "No, your honour," replied the witness, misunderstanding the words, "naething but rabbits, naething but rabbits!"

The name of Sheriff Comrie Thomson, the well-known Q.C., is connected with one or two interesting stories. A merchant tailor who lived in Kirriemuir ordered from a book agent a complete set of an Encyclopædia, which was being published in monthly parts. All went well till the delivery of the last volume, which proved to be about one-half larger than any of the others. Delivery was refused on the ground that the book was not according to sample and broke the uniformity of the set, and the disputing parties ultimately agreed to submit their difference to the Sheriff. The book-agent stated his case, and Mr. Thomson advised the tailor to take delivery, adding, "Now, Mr. —, don't be foolish; if the book is larger they don't propose to charge you anything extra; and you ought to consider you are having a bargain." "Well," pleaded the knight of the needle, "I'm a tailor, and if your Lordship were to order a coat from me, and I quoted a price, and afterwards delivered the coat a half bigger than you wanted it, you would, I have no

doubt, refuse delivery. And then I might say, 'Don't be foolish, Sheriff; the coat, it's true, is much larger than you want, but the cloth is the same, and I won't make any extra charge. You ought to consider you are having a bargain.'" Verdict for the tailor with costs.

A Highlander, who spoke English imperfectly, was a very unwilling witness, and his evidence could only be wormed out by the most particular inquiry. At last, however, counsel addressed to him the crucial question he had been leading up to, upon which the witness turned to the Sheriff with an imploring look, and said, "Your worship, if this gentleman be going to ask me any more questions, he'll have to ask them in Gaelic, for my English has run done."

Sandy Gibb, master blacksmith in a Lanarkshire town, was cited as a witness in a case between two of his workmen. The Sheriff, after hearing the testimony, asked Sandy why he did not advise them to settle, seeing the costs had already amounted to three times the disputed claim. "Weel, Shirra," replied Sandy, "I did advise the fules to settle, an' I tell't baith o' them that the Shirra-officer wad tak' their coats, the lawyers their sarks, an' gif they cam' into your worship's haun's ye'd tear the skin aff them."

The manner in which evidence is given is sometimes a great source of annoyance. A rural witness, after relating how the defender struck him, ex-

plained, "So, your Lordship, I juist up and gi'ed him a wipe. Juist then his dog cam' alang, and I hit him again." "Hit the dog?" queried the Sheriff. "No, your Lordship, hit M'Lure. And then I up wi' a stane an' hit him a whack, and he rolled ower an' ower." "Threw a stone at M'Lure?" asked the judge. "At the dog, your Lordship. Weel, he got up an' hit me again." "The *dog*?" interrogated the Sheriff. "No; M'Lure. An' wi' that he stuck his tail atween his legs an' went aff." "M'Lure?" queried the judge. "No; the dog. An' when he cam' back at me he pounded me." "The *dog* came back at you?" asked the Sheriff. "No; M'Lure, your Lordship. An' he isna hurt a bit." "Who isn't hurt?" asked the judge in a state of perplexity. "The dog, your Lordship."

A young girl was charged at the Glasgow Circuit Court with having inflicted a serious wound on an aged female, and it was suspected that the whole affair was got up with a view to ruin the culprit. The witnesses were subjected to a searching cross-examination. "Well," said counsel to the person who had been hurt, "you say it was the prisoner who inflicted the wound?" "Yes." "You're sure of the cow." "Did you not make a noise?" "Oh, yes, "Did anybody see her do it?" "My own dochter Mary heard the loudest noise, and she micht have seen it, but she was away to the barn for strae to the cow. "Did you not make a noise?" "Oh, yes, made a noise as loud as I'll cried, but nobody was

hearing me." "Was there no dog in the house to protect you?—in the farmhouse you usually have dogs." "Oh, yes, there was a tog, and a very good tog he was too; but he was an English tog, and didna understand the language."

Lord Y—— was trying a case by jury one day, when a grocer, who had been summoned as a jurymen, came running into Court saying, "Excuse me, my Lord, but I am in an awful predicament. In fact, I don't know whether my wife or daughter will die first." He was at once excused. A few days later a friend, who had been in court, inquired of him about his wife and daughter's health. "Oh! they are all right," replied the grocer; "but wasna yon a good trick to get off? I'm sure naebody does ken whether my wife or daughter will die first; in fact, I dinna ken myself."

A counsel who had defended a murderer without success went to the cell to condole with the convict. "What can I do for you, Macfarlane?" asked the counsel. "Weel, sir, if you get my Sawbath clothes I should be muckle obleeged." "What do you want them for, Macfarlane?" queried the advocate. "Weel, sir," replied the condemned man, "I wad like to wear them on the occasion, just to show respect for the deceased."

An amusing incident occurred some years ago at a Circuit Court, in presence of a judge whose peculiarities of temper were more than compensated by his many excellent qualities. Their lordships and

suite had just met, and were proceeding to investigate a rather interesting case, when their deliberations were interrupted by a continued knocking at the outer court-door. Again and again the shrill-tongued officer ejaculated, "Silence! silence there!" to little or no purpose. At length the judge exclaimed, "What's the meaning of all that noise? Officers, what are you all about, that you don't put an end to that constant shuffle-shuffling?" "It's a man, my lord," replied the officer. "A man! what man, sir? who, where is he, and what does he want?" "He's at the outside, please your lordship, and wants to get in." "Well, keep him *out*; keep him out, I say, sir" The officer bowed or nodded assent, and the business of the court proceeded. By-and-bye, however, an individual possessing the right of entrance walked into the hall of justice, and the man, watching his opportunity, slipped in at the same time. With a levity and restlessness, however, by no means uncommon, he had not been well inside ere he wished to get out again, and began to jostle everybody near him, a proceeding which, as it created a hubbub, necessarily drew forth a fresh rebuke from the president of the court. "What's all this now? enquired the judge "Even if my ears were as sharp as those of Dionysius, and the room in which I sit as well contrived as the celebrated vault in which he kept his prisoners, it would be impossible for me to hear one word that the witness is saying." "It's *the man*,

my lord." "What! the same man?" "The verra same." "Well, what does he want?" "He wants to get out, please your worship." "Then keep him *in*; keep him in, I say, sir." The obedient officer did as he was directed; but the persevering "man" was not to be so easily driven from his purpose. Watching an opportunity, and elbowing his way to an open window, he attempted to mount the sill, and appeared, contrary to all rule, to be meditating his escape in that direction; but the vigilant officer again caught the delinquent, and a fresh tumult ensued. His lordship appeared angry, as well he might, and a third time exclaimed, "What's the matter now? Is there to be no end to this?" "It's *the man*, my lord." "What! the same man again! Show me the fellow, and I'll *man* him." The officer here pointed to a respectable enough looking individual, who, as he said, wanted to get up. "Well, keep him *down*." There was silence for a minute or two, but the disturber of the court contrived to effect his purpose, and it was not long till he began to testify as much dissatisfaction with his elevation as he had done in all his former situations. The business was once more interrupted, and the judge demanded what was the matter. The officer informed him that "the *man* had *cruppen* up on the window-sole, and wanted to get down again." "Up on the window-sole! Well, keep him *up*; keep him up, I say, sir, if it should be to the day of judgment!"

“What is golf?” was a question which the innocence of the bench once raised, and a learned advocate thus irreverently defined the game for the benefit of the judge, “I believe, my Lord, that the game of golf is played in irregular fields or waste grounds with a small ball which the player tries to hit with a stick. If he succeeds in hitting the ball, he spends the rest of the day in looking for it.”

A judge who talked in an inflated and pompous manner, told a legal friend that his brother in the country had fallen from a stile and sprained his foot. “It was fortunate for your brother,” remarked the friend, “that it was not from your *style* he fell, or he had certainly broken his neck.”

Many attempts are made to evade the law, but these nearly always meet with the success they deserve. A dealer hired a horse to a lawyer, who, either through bad usage or by accident, killed the animal, and the hirer insisted on payment of its value. As it was not convenient to pay the costs, he agreed to accept a bill, and the horse-dealer was so obliging as to allow the lawyer to fix his own time, upon which the writer wrote out a promissory note payable at the day of judgment. An action ensued, and in defence, the lawyer asked the judge to look at the bill. “The bill is perfectly good, sir,” said the judge, observing the attempt to defeat justice; “and, as this is the day of judgment, I decree that you pay to-morrow.”

Lord Kames, like other judges, could be coarse

upon occasion. Matthew Hay, with whom he had often played chess, was tried before him for murder at Ayr in 1780, and when the jury brought in a verdict of guilty, his lordship unfeelingly exclaimed, "That's checkmate to you, Matthew!"

Lord Dun, when Lord Ordinary, was distinguished for his piety. When any difficult case came before him he used to say, "O Lord, what am I to do? Eh, sirs, I wish ye wad go an' mak' it up!"

James Ferguson, an eloquent advocate, when debating a case before Lord Polkemmet, repeatedly and vigorously thumped the table to emphasize his pleadings, till at length his lordship exclaimed, "Maister Jamie, dinna dunt—ye may think ye're duntin' it *intill* me, but ye're juist duntin' it *oot o'* me, man!"

Lord Cockburn when at the bar defended a prisoner, who, notwithstanding his impassioned eloquence, was sentenced to be hanged on the 17th of the following month. After sentence had been pronounced the condemned man reproached his counsel with having failed to get justice done him. "Never mind that," said Cockburn somewhat sharply, and with apparent reference to his guilt, "have a little patience, and justice will be done you on the 17th."

In his "Circuit Journeys," Cockburn tells of a shepherd at New Galloway with whom he had a "crack," being much offended at the slight put upon his river by asking him if it was the "Tarf?"



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"Tarf! de'il a drap o' 'Tarf's in't. That's the Black Water o' Dee!—the *auuncientest water in Scotland.*"

Lord Braxfield was perhaps the coarsest judge who ever donned the ermine. On his butler giving him notice to leave, his lordship demanded the reason. "Because," said the man, "her ladyship is aye flytin' me." "Hech!" said the judge, "is that a'? Ye've little to complain o', Sandy. I tell ye, ye may be thankfu' ye're no' married to her!"

A prisoner was once brought before him on a capital charge. The accused pleaded his own case with singular ingenuity, but the judge drily observed, "Ye're a vera clever chiel, man, but ye wad be nane the waur o' a hangin'."

In a political case which came before him, it was pled in defence that "Christianity was an innovation, and that all great men had been reformers, even our Saviour Himself." "Muckle He made o' that," chuckled Braxfield, in an under voice, "He was hangit."

Two drouthy lawyers were one morning pleading before Lord Braxfield, and as it was evident that they were suffering from the effects of their respective debauches of the previous night, he thus unceremoniously addressed them, "Gentlemen, ye may juist pack up your papers and gang hame. The tane o' ye's riftin' punch, and the ither's belching claret, and there'll be nae good got oot o' ye the day."

When Erskine succeeded Dundas as Lord-Advo-

cate, the latter offered to lend him his official robes, playfully assuring him that it was not worth while having them made, as he would not require them long. "No, thank you," retorted Erskine, "I will not assume the abandoned habits of my predecessors."

Sir James Colquhoun, Bart., of Luss, Principal Clerk of Session, was one of the odd characters of his time, and was much teased by the wags of Parliament House. Henry Erskine, when at the Inner House during the advising of an important case, amused himself by making faces at Sir James, who was sitting at the Clerk's table, beneath the judges. Annoyed at the strange conduct of the tormenting lawyer, the Principal Clerk disturbed the gravity of the Court by exclaiming, "My Lord, my Lord, I wish you would speak to Harry, he's aye making faces at me!" Erskine, however, was now as grave as a judge, and the advising went on, when Sir James looking towards the bar, witnessed a new grimace from his tormentor, and convulsed the bench, bar, and audience by roaring out, "There, my Lord, he's at it again!"

Erskine was as remarkable for his ready wit as he was indifferent to the rules of pronunciation, and in pleading before a learned senator he spoke of a *curator bonis*. "Allow me to correct you," said his Lordship, "the word is *curaator*." "Thank you, my Lord," said Erskine. "I doubt not your Lord-

ship is right, since you are so learned a senator, and so eloquent an orator."

Eskgrove succeeded Braxfield as head of the Criminal Court. When addressing a jury, if a name could be pronounced in more ways than one he gave them all. Syllable he invariably called *sylla-bill*, and the letter "g," when the final letter in any word, was pronounced, and strongly so. He was fond of employing unnecessary adjectives, and the article "a" was generally made into *one*. He described a good man as "one excellent, and worthy, and amiable, and agreeable, and very good man." Condemning a tailor to death for murdering a soldier by stabbing him, he addressed him with the words, "And not only did you murder him, whereby he was bereaved of his life, but you did thrust, or push, or pierce, or project, or propell the lethal weapon through the belly-band of his regimental breeches, which were his Majesty's!"

In addressing a jury he frequently proceeded to direct their judgment with the words, "And so, gentlemen, having shown you that the pannel's argument is utterly impossible, I shall now proceed to show you that it is extremely improbable."

Lord Hermand was another well-known legal luminary. As an advocate he was eminently successful, and when it was known he was to speak the Court was filled. His eagerness made him froth and splutter, and a story is told to the effect that, when he was pleading in the House of Lords, the

Duke of Gloucester, who was about fifty feet from the bar, and always attended when "Mr. George Fergusson, the Scotch counsel," was to speak, rose and said, with pretended gravity, "I shall be much obliged to the learned gentleman if he will be so good as to refrain from spitting in my face."

The austerity of the Court does not prevent a joke being made, and tricks were sometimes played on the judges. In a provincial Court somebody put a musical snuffbox under one of the cushions, and it soon began to play "Jack's Alive." Lord Hermand, who was the presiding judge, was struck with horror and indignation, and cried out, "Macer, what is that? What can it be?" The macer was as much puzzled as his lordship; but a person in the audience answered, "It's 'Jack's Alive,' my Lord." "Alive or dead, put him out this minute!" exclaimed the angry judge. The culprit, however, could not be found; and, to the relief of everybody, the music suddenly ceased. But a short time afterwards it recommenced, and produced another explosion on the part of the irate judge. "Ah! He's there again, is he? But he shall not escape this time. Bar the doors of the Court, and let no man leave, living or dead, at your peril!" Search proved fruitless; the disorderly intruder remained invisible; and the perplexed Judge was at length constrained to admit that the thing had been "*a deceptio auris*—a delusion of the Evil One himself."

Hermand showed great contempt for statute law,

and frequently exclaimed, "A statute! What's a statute? Words—mere words! And am *I* to be tied down by words? No, my Laards. I go by the law of *right reason*, my Laards. I *feel* my law—*here*, my Laards"—striking his heart. It must have been the recollection of this anecdote that prompted a young solicitor before the Stirling Sheriff Court to explain, when a number of cases were cited bearing on the point at issue, that he was there to get *justice*, not law."

Drinking, in Hermand's estimation, was a virtue; and this was shewn when he was engaged in a case where a man was charged with stabbing another to death in the course of a night's carousal. "They had been carousing the whole night," exclaimed Hermand, "and yet he stabbed him! After drinking a whole bottle of rum with him! Good God, my Laards, if he will do this when he's drunk, what will he not do when he's sober?"

Hermand was very intimate with Lord Eldon, and they were counsel together in Eldon's first important entail case in the House of Lords. Eldon wrote out his intended speech, and getting Hermand to dine with him, took out the document, read it, enquired Hermand's opinion of it, and asked him if it would do. "Do, sir?" exclaimed Hermand, "it is delightful—absolutely delightful! I could listen to it for ever! It is so beautifully written and so beautifully read! But, sir, it is the greatest non-

sense! It may do very well for an English Chancellor; but it would disgrace a clerk with us."

John Clerk, after pleading a case before Lord Hermand, resumed his seat to await judgment. Hermand took up the case rather warmly, and in the excited, and, as Clerk thought, party views which the bench took, the saliva from the judge's lips was spurted on the face of the sarcastic advocate, who remarked, "I ha'e often heard o' the dew's of Hermon, but never felt them afore this nicht."

Although a very distinguished advocate, and afterwards Lord Eldin, Clerk never got away from the vernacular, and his speech betrayed his nationality to the last. In an appeal case before the House of Lords, he concluded his argument with, "That's the hail thing in plain English, ma lorrds." "Plain Scotch you mean, Mr. Clerk," said Lord Eldon. "Nae maitter," returned the advocate, "in plain commonsense, ma lorrds, an' that's the same in a' languages, we ken weel eneuch."

The judges are men who never scruple to make merry at the expense of all with whom they come in contact. They have also the quality of being able to relish a pleasantry directed against themselves—if it is not too severe. When on one occasion they decided against a young lawyer, he exclaimed, with some heat, that "he was astonished at such a decision." The Court, scandalised at this impertinence, threatened to commit the rash junior to the Tolbooth for contempt. John Clerk, however,

arose, and instantly restored good humour. "My lords," he said, "if my young friend had known your lordships as long as I have, he would long since have ceased to be astonished at any decision of your lordships."

Certain localities are in bad odour with the bench for their habitual litigiousness, and the numerous cases of doubtful character that are brought from them by appeal from the lower courts. A country practitioner, who had a case under debate before Lord Eldin, in the Court of Session, frequently interrupted the course of the debate by thrusting himself forward, and making suggestions to his counsel. At length the repeated intrusion became intolerable, and his Lordship in his usual pawky manner addressed the country writer with the query, "Gin I may speir, my man, whar do ye belang to?" "My Lord, I practise in Beith." "Ay, and whar were ye brought up?" "I served my time, my Lord, in Kilwinning." "Ou ay, and sin' ye ha'e been sae free, ye'll maybe tell us whar ye were born?" "'Deed, my Lord, I was born in Kilmaurs." "Born in Kilmaurs, bred in Kilwinning, and practising in Beith. It's my opinion, lad, ye would stand a gude chance if ye would put up as a candidate for procurator to the deevil!"

While Meadowbank was yet an advocate, but had prospects of being raised to the bench, he asked Clerk to suggest a title. "Lord Preserve Us!" said Clerk, and moved off. After Mr. M'Conachie be-

came Lord Meadowbank, he had a case brought before him in which Clerk was counsel, and his Lordship took occasion to suggest to Clerk that in a number of process he might have varied the frequently used expression "also," by "likewise." "I beg your pardon, my Lord," said Clerk, "but the terms are not always synonymous." "In every case," retorted Meadowbank, gruffly. Clerk still dissented. "Then cite an instance," demanded the Judge. "Well," remarked Clerk, "your Lordship's father was a Judge of Session. You are a Judge of Session *also*, but not *like-wise*."

Clerk was waited on by one of the civic dignitaries of Hawick for advice about the rights of the burgh, which were attempted to be infringed on by a selfish lord of the soil in the neighbourhood. The Magistrate, in explaining his case, stated it exactly as "Dandie Dinmont" did to "Pleydell;" in other words, took the most favourable points, and in effect just pled his own case, and tried the patience of the sarcastic counsel by his prosy harangue. Mr. Clerk heard him to the end with as much patience as he could command, and changed the subject by remarking, "You'll be grand breeders o' nowt about Hawick, nae doubt?"

Witnesses are often the source of much amusement. Cockburn was exceedingly happy in the management of witnesses who hailed from country places, and one case in which Jeffrey and he were engaged as counsel is memorable. The principal

question concerned the sanity of one of the parties. "Is the defender, in your opinion, perfectly sane?" said Jeffrey, examining a plain, simple-looking country man. The witness gazed in bewilderment, and gave no answer. "Do you think," said Jeffrey repeating the question, "the defender is perfectly capable of managing his own affairs?" Still there was no response. "I ask you, do you consider the man is perfectly rational?" said the counsel for the third time, but again without success. "Let me tackle him," said Cockburn. Assuming his broadest tone and accent, Cockburn turned to the witness, and asked, "Ha'e ye your mull wi' ye?" "Ou ay!" said the countryman, and drawing forth his snuff-horn he handed it to the witty counsel. "Noo, hoo lang ha'e ye kent John Sampson?" inquired Cockburn, tapping the mull and taking a pinch. "Ever since he was that heicht," was the ready reply, the witness indicating with his hand the alleged altitude, "An' d'ye really think noo," continued the advocate, seeing he had got on the right track, "atween you an' me, that there's onything ava intill the creatur'?" "I wadna lippen him wi' a bull-stirk," was the instant rejoinder.

Jeffrey once poured out a flood of abuse upon an unfortunate witness at such breathless speed that the reporters toiled after him in vain, and when he had finished his harangue, the victim remarked, with an air of the utmost indifference, "Weel, that's

wonnerfu' ! He has spoken the hale English language three times ower in twa hours !”

Although there is much to interest spectators in the conducting of criminal causes, it stands to reason that the “address to the jury” must in many cases be a time of weariness to disengaged counsel.

At a trial in Jedburgh, in which Moncrieff, Jeffrey, and Cockburn were engaged as counsel, while the former was addressing the jury, Jeffrey, with a view to passing time, handed a slip of paper to Cockburn, with the following case for his Opinion :—“A legacy was lately left by an old lady to the *Peer* of Aberdeen. As the will was written by the Dowager herself, and by no means distinguished for correctness of orthography or expression, a dispute has arisen as to the intent of the testator ; and the following claimants have appeared for the legacy—1st, the Earl of Aberdeen ; 2nd, the Commissioners for erecting the pier at Aberdeen ; and, 3rd, the Manager of the Charity Workhouse, who grounds his right on the fact that the old lady was in the habit, *more majorum*, of pronouncing poor *Peer*. To which of the parties does the money belong ?” Without much consideration Cockburn penned his Opinion. It was in the following amusing terms :—“To none of the three ; but to the Horticultural Society of Scotland for the purpose of promoting the culture of a sort of fruit called, or to be called, *the Pear of Aberdeen*.”

Jeffrey, in addressing a jury, had occasion to

speaking freely of a military officer who was a witness, and having frequently described him as "this soldier," the witness, resenting such reference as undignified, at last called out, "Don't call me a soldier, sir; I am an officer!" "Well, gentlemen of the jury," proceeded Jeffrey, "this officer, who, according to his own statement, is no soldier," etc.

Scotch canniness is often seen in the verdict which is so frequently given in the civil court, and which is fast becoming as proverbial and famous as the historic "Jeddart justice." The verdict, "not proven," is in many cases nothing more than a defeating of the ends of justice. The *Sketch*, writing of the famous Ardlamont case, commented strongly on the verdict returned by the "intelligent jury." The case, although uneventful (said the *Sketch*), had a certain fascination, because all the time one was expecting something to happen. The verdict will probably cause some derision in foreign countries; even in England a few people are saying that it is so very Scotch, so drily humorous to have the fifteen men listening all those weary hours to the evidence—to evidence reported by the *Scotsman* in 346,000 words—and in the end making up their minds that they could not make them up at all.

Bench and Bar do not seem now to be the arena of wit and humour they once were. Recently in an action a learned judge, emulating a distinguished predecessor, took great pains to make clear to the "gentlemen of the jury" the various terms which

had been used in the evidence. The epithet "Johnny" had been employed, and his Lordship explained that a "Johnny" seemed to be a man who owed more to his tailor than to Nature. The definition satisfied the Court, and it was left for the press to add point to the observation. A writer in the *Scotsman* pointed out that the legal definition was probably a good one, but that it should also be borne in mind that a "Johnny" was a man who owed more to his tailor than he was ever likely to pay.

Apart from the Courts, the doings of "Wig and Gown" are chronicled in many stories. Lord Forglen was very eccentric in his ways, and his piety was quite as remarkable as his learning. Charles Forbes and Betty Kinloch—who afterwards became Lady Milton—formed part of his household, and every Sabbath evening family worship was regularly held. At the usual time his lordship would observe, "Betty, ye ha'e a sweet voice, raise ye the psalm. Charlie, ye ha'e a strong voice, read ye the chapter. Davie, my man, see that ye fire the plate!" The plate contained some excellent burnt brandy for the use of the company. Whenever David, the serving man, blew out the flame the worship ceased, and the family brought the day's proceedings to a close by participating in a modest nightcap.

The dignity of the ermine could not always restrain Lord Forglen's vivacity. Once walking along the river side with Lord Newhall, a judge dis-

tinguished for his solemnity of character, Lord Forglen shocked him by remarking, "Noo, my lord, this is a fine walk. If ye want to pray to God, can there be a better place? An' if ye want to kiss a bonny lass, can there be a better place?"

Sir Walter Scott, while making a tour of the Western Highlands, wrote to the innkeeper of Arrochar to have rooms prepared for him. On the appointed day it rained ceaselessly. As Scott approached the inn, he was met on the hill near the house by the landlord, who, with bared head, and backing every yard as Scott advanced, thus addressed him, "Gude guide us, Sir Walter! This is just awfu'! Sick a downpour! Was ever the like? I really beg your pardon! I'm sure it's no fault of mine. I canna think how it should happen to rain this way, just as you, o' a' men of the warld, should come to see us. It looks amaist personal! I can only say, for my part, I'm just ashamed o' the weather!"

It was once customary for the judges to give a dinner at the Circuit towns to all the legal training which followed them. Lord Kames, while in Perth, being of a parsimonious disposition, defrauded the company then dining with him of their usual allowance of claret. The conversation having turned on Sir Charles Hardy's fleet, which was then blockaded by the French, one of the company asked what had become of the British fleet. Mr. Henry Erskine, who was present, replied, with some point and hu-

mour, "They are like us, sir; they are confined to port."

Lord Kellie, presiding at a convivial party in Edinburgh, requested a gentleman present to do something to amuse the company. The gentleman begged to be excused. Lord Kellie insisted that he should either sing a song, crack a joke, or tell a story, whereupon the gentleman thus pressed began, "One day," said he, "a thief, in the course of his rounds, saw the door of a church open. He walked in, and laid his hands upon all he considered worthy of lifting; but on returning to the door he found it, to his consternation, shut. As the only means of escape left, he resolved to let himself down by the bell-rope. The bell, of course, rang, the people were alarmed, and the thief was taken just as he reached the ground. When they were dragging him away, he looked up and addressed the bell as I now address your lordship, 'Had it not been,' he said, 'for your lang tongue and your empty head, I had made my escape.'"

A self-important Sheriff was one day walking through a field, when he saw a bull making at him full speed. Taking to his heels he made for the fence, and clambering over just as the bull reached him, he found its owner on the other side calmly surveying the situation, and indulging in a fit of laughter at his discomfiture. "What do you mean, sir," asked the irate Sheriff, "by having a bull like that roaming at large in the fields?" "Well," said

the farmer, "I think he has some right in the field, which is more than you have." "Right! right," said the incensed man of law. "Do you know who you are speaking to? I am Sheriff So-and-so." "Then," replied the farmer, "why the deil did ye no' tell the bull that."

The game of curling, like death, levels all class distinction. Jack is as good as his master at a curling match. A noted poacher in the south was as famous as a curler as he was notorious as a poacher. At a curling match he was playing on the same side as the Sheriff of the county, who had more than once sentenced Archie, as the poacher was called, to various terms of imprisonment. It was the Sheriff's turn to play, and Archie was standing at the "tee" in the greatest excitement. "Noo, Shirra," cried Archie, "div you see that stan?" pointing to one belonging to the opposite side, lying close to the "tee." "Yes, I see it, Archie," said the Sheriff. "Aweel, Shirra," returned Archie, "juist gi'e that ane sixty days, and we're a' richt."

Sheriff Logan went with a friend to one of the balls which are regularly given during the winter season for the amusement of the patients at the Lunatic Asylum, Morningside. The Sheriff, after two or three dances were finished, thinking he would like to experience the sensation of dancing with a lunatic, mentioned the matter to Dr. Skae, the medical superintendent. "Certainly," said the doctor; "come and I'll introduce you to a partner." The

Sheriff had observed among the inmates a fine-looking young woman, and he had made up his mind to dance with her if he were allowed to dance at all. Accordingly, he said to the doctor, "Thank you, but if you have no objection, I'll find a partner for myself." Having secured the partner of his choice and gone to the floor, the Sheriff thought he would endeavour to find out on what point the young lady he had chosen was insane. To do this, he asked her when opportunity occurred. "Are you a queen?" "Are you a princess?" "Are you a countess?" "Are you an angel?" and a great many similar questions. To each question he got not only a negative, but a very rational reply. The Sheriff having escorted his partner to her seat when the dance was finished, the doctor joined him, and hoped he had enjoyed his quadrille. "Oh, very much indeed," said he, "but tell me," he added, "what is wrong with that lady I was dancing with, for I could find nothing wrong with her; to every question I put she gave me a rational and most intelligent answer." "I don't wonder at that," said the doctor, "your partner was one of the housemaids." The housemaid's opinion of her partner must also be told. Sitting down beside a fellow servant, she said, "Did you see that gentleman I was dancing with? He's awful bad; he asked me if I was a queen, and if I was a princess, and an angel, and a lot more things. I think he must be one of last week's arrivals. Anyway, he's awful bad, poor fellow, awful bad!"

Long ago more so than now there was many a lawyer with more law in his head than cash in his pocket. One such, by name Baldie Robertson, got Boswell the obliging to accompany him to Luckie Rannie's in search of rooms. Boswell, he thought, was a capital hand to help him to beat down the price. After the preliminary skirmish, Luckie delivered her ultimatum, "Ye sall ha'e them for a guinea a week, nae less, an' you maun furnish coal an' caunle." "But," cried Baldie, with great emotion, "I tell you, woman, I have neither coal nor candle!"

Lord Newton was as eminent for his tipping qualifications as he was for his legal ability. He was proposing to buy an estate, and mentioned this to a legal friend, saying at the same time he should like it to be one with a well-sounding name, as he might perhaps take his title from it. "Well, my lord," was the reply, "there is the estate of Drunkie in the market. Buy it, and then ye'll no' need to tak' it amiss when fowk say ye're drunk aye."

The Edinburgh lawyers of a past generation were much addicted to hard drinking. On one occasion a well-known advocate engaged with a judge in a tremendous bouse, which lasted all night until within a single hour of the time when the Court was to meet next morning. The advocate, in the hurry of his toilet, thrust the pack of cards he had been using over night into the pocket of his gown, and in opening his case to plead before the judge—his

boon companion of the previous evening—he, in pulling out his handkerchief, drew out at the same time the fifty-two witnesses of the previous evening's debauch, which fell scattered within the bar. "Mr C——," said his judicial associate in guilt, with the utmost coolness, "before you begin your case I think ye had better tak' up your hand."

A lawyer, who was rather fond of the barley bree, was one day visiting some friends, with whom his two daughters were spending a short holiday. They, knowing their father's weakness, told him when he arrived that they could guess what were mother's last words before he left home. "And what were they, my dears?" asked the father. "Her last words were," said they, "be sure and not get fou." "Ah, you are wrang there, my lasses," returned the father triumphantly; "for her last words were, 'Be sure ye come back sober!'"

Somehow or other, as remarked at the outset, the lawyer has the reputation of being wicked.

A sign painter carried a bill to a lawyer for payment, and the lawyer, after examining it, asked, "Do you expect any painters will go to heaven if they make such charges as these?" "I have heard of but one that went," said the painter, "and he behaved so bad that they determined to turn him out; but there being no lawyer present to draw up a writ of ejectment, he remained."

John Clerk when away from the bar could indulge in a flowing bowl with a boon companion. On one occasion he dined freely at the house of a friend in

Queen Street, Edinburgh, and wending his way homewards in the morning, he failed to discover his own house in Picardy Place. Observing a housemaid engaged in cleaning a doorstep, he enquired, "My good girl, can you tell me whaur John Clerk lives?" "Awa' wi' your nonsense," said the girl in some astonishment, "you're John Clerk himsel'." "That's true enough, lassie," replied the advocate, "but it's no' John Clerk I'm seekin', it's John Clerk's house."

Clerk had a halt in his gait, and when passing along the street one day, he overheard a lady remark to a friend, "That's John Clerk, the lame lawyer." "No, madam," said he, turning back and looking at the lady, "I am a lame man, but not a lame lawyer."

A distinguished luminary of the bench was once enjoying a round on the golf links at Musselburgh. The party behind, aggrieved at his leisurely movements, repeatedly "drove into" him, at which his Lordship was exceedingly wroth. Irritated eventually beyond endurance he stood aside and requested his tormentors to pass. As they did so he inquired of his caddy the identity of one of the offending players, and was informed that he was a well-known bailie, who had held for many years an important position on the Water Trust. With a significant glance at the bailie's enlarged and roseate proboscis, the judge viciously retorted, "I could trust that man with any amount of water."

Lord Young when one of the Lords Ordinary in the Outer House, had a somewhat heavy roll of business, partly owing to a vacancy on the bench having been kept open longer than usual. One of his colleagues at the time was Lord Craighill, and the new judge, when at last he was appointed, took the courtesy title of Lord Curriehill. On the appointment being announced Lord Young gratefully quoted the opening lines of the 121st Psalm—

"I to the *Hills* will lift mine eyes,
From whence doth come mine aid."

Once Lord Young and Lord Deas were on Circuit together at Glasgow. According to custom Court was opened with prayer by a prominent divine. At luncheon afterwards Lord Young said to a friend who was lunching with the judges, "Very long prayer that fellow gave us to-day, but after all I suppose it quite right that when Deas goes on Circuit the attention of the Almighty should be called to the fact."

The chairman of the Second Division of the Court of Session is the Lord Justice-Clerk, the Right Honourable John Hay Athole Macdonald. In a cause in that Court one of the litigants was named Macdonald. "Dear me," said Lord Young, reading over the papers in the case. "I thought there were no Macdonalds outside Skye." "Not at all," replied the Lord Justice-Clerk, "you'll find Macdonalds all the world over." "Well," was the rejoinder, "that's very true; you sometimes find them in the most unexpected places."

VI.—THE BAILIE.

“**A** INCE a Bailie, aye a Bailie,” is a saying which goes some way to prove the estimation in which that civic dignitary is held. Even the term “Provost” seems to be less significant than the appellation “Bailie,” and as for “Councillor”—the word is comparatively unknown. The municipal board has long been a coveted place, and in every burgh there are familiar illustrations of the self-important residenter and the intermeddling adopted child, who have attempted to thrust themselves before and upon “an enlightened and intelligent electorate.” The choice of the man often proves the dishonesty of the phrase. Notwithstanding, the civic fathers are an important body in the estimation of the public and themselves. Under the term “Bailie” we have included the various municipal officials, and if our anecdotes of civic life are true in the main, our purposes in introducing the municipality into our illustrations of Scottish character may not have been altogether defeated.

One of the first duties of the Bailie is to sit in judgment on petty misdemeanants.

A boy was summoned in Edinburgh to give evidence against his father, who was charged with a breach of the peace. “Come, now, my little man,”

said the Magistrate to him, "you are too young to take the oath, but speak the truth, and let us hear all you know about this affair." "Weel, sir," said the youth settling down to business, "dae ye ken George IV. Brig?" "Fine that, laddie." "Weel, ye gang alang it, and when ye turn the corner ye gang up the High Street." "'Deed, ye dae, laddie; you're a clever ane." "Weel, ye gang on till ye come to a pump." "Yes, yes; I ken it fine." "Weel, ye can gang an' pump it, for you'll no' pump me."

A boy, apprenticed to a shoemaker, was brought before Bailie K—— (a gentleman noted alike for a high sense of dignity and for his charitable disposition), and let off with an admonition. His honour, observing the lad's trousers to be much worn and tattered, requested him to call at his residence in the evening, when he would be furnished with a better pair. "You're sair needin' them, puir mannie," feelingly remarked the Magistrate, surveying the lad behind while departing with his bundle. "Ay," innocently replied the proud youth, "I've been a gude while sittin' on the bench noo—like yoursel', sir!"

"Dae ye ken the nature o' an oath, my wee mannie?" said a Lanarkshire Bailie to a juvenile witness in an assault case. "Ay, fine," was the youngster's sententious reply. "Weel," said the Magistrate, "can you tell me what it is?" "It's what my faither says when he misses his lick an'

hits his haun' wi' the hammer," replied the boy. There are oaths and oaths.

Jock Robb, a well-known worthy in the town to which he belonged, was on one occasion taken before the Bailie charged with creating a disturbance while in a state of intoxication. When asked to plead guilty or not guilty, he opened his eyes in innocent astonishment, and inquired, "Hoo am I to ken, your worship, till I hear the evidence? I was blin' fu' at the time."

One Monday morning an old woman (the solitary prisoner) was brought before the presiding Bailie. "As I'm the only ane, your lordship might let me aff," she slyly pleaded. "Na, Tibby," said the Bailie severely, "that will I no'; just because there's only you, I'll gi'e ye'd as het an' strang as I'm allowed by staitoot to dae. I've been nearer gettin' a pair o' white gloves than ony Magistrate that ever sat in this court, an' wad ha'e ha'en them bit for you gettin' fou' an' fechtin', ye auld limmer. Fourteen days without the option o' a fine."

A poor man made his appearance at the bar of the Gorbals Police Court, Glasgow, charged with being drunk and disorderly on the street, and after a patient hearing, the presiding Bailie, who seems to have possessed little of that firmness and dignity required for the magisterial office, ordered him to pay a fine of fifteen shillings. "Fifteen shillings!" vociferated the man, with more points of admiration in his tone than we can spare room for—"fifteen

shillings!! Bailie, you're surely no' in earnest? Bless ye, when will I win fifteen shillings to gi'e ye?" "Well," said the Bailie, yielding, "I'll make it half-a-guinea, and not a farthing less!" "Half-a-guinea, Bailie; if ye fine me in half-a-guinea, what's to come o' my puir wife and weans for a month to come? we maun juist starve, there's nae ither way o't," said the offender—"we maun starve or beg." "Well," said the relenting Bailie, "I'll make it seven and sixpence, and not a farthing less!" "Seven and sixpence!" said the still unsatisfied offender, "that's just the half o' my week's wages, and there's no' a grain o' meal in the house, nor a bit o' coal to make it ready wi', even though there were. Oh! Bailie think what a sum seven and sixpence is to a working man!" "Well, well," said the good-natured Magistrate, "I'll make it five shillings, and not a farthing less: though ye were the king on the throne I'll not make it less!" "Weel, weel, Bailie, Mary and me and the weans maun just submit," said the culprit, affecting to weep; at the same time saying, as if to himself, yet so loud that the Bailie could hear him, "Blessed is he that wisely doth the poor man's case consider." The Bailie could not stand the silent appeal of tears, nor the apt quotation he had made. "Well, well," again said the Bailie, "I'll make it half-a-crown, and, though ye were my ain brither, I couldna make it less!"

A Highland policeman thus described his grievance

against a "drunk and disorderly" whom he had run in. Addressing the Bailie, he said, "Your mighty lord judge, ta panel last nicht was as fou' as ta piper, an' fouer, whatsoever. She said to her, 'Whaur's her brose?' an' she says, 'She'll get nane the noo.' Then she yokit tue an' hittit her, an' kickit her, an' scartit her, an' sweerd at her just like ta muckle wild savage. Then, hur lordship, she wantit to kiss her, an' axed her ta' tak' ta wee drappie oot o' ta gill pottle. A' ta time she ca'd her Jean, an' when she lockit her up, an' she cam' to, she tell't her that she pe fery sorry, moreover, as she thocht a' ta time she was at hame hittin' ta wife!"

A culprit was brought to the police office in Glasgow charged with a serious assault on a gentleman on the Paisley Road. After the charge was read by the public prosecutor, the judge proceded to pronounce sentence, "Weel, sir, for this wicked and malicious crime which you have committed we will fine you in half-a-guinea." "But," said the agent for the defence, "the crime has not yet been proven." "Weel, weel," coolly announced the Magistrate, "then, just make it five shillings."

"This is a most tragical event which has happened," said an individual to Bailie —, of a royal burgh. "Bless me!" exclaimed the functionary, "what is it?" Why, your neighbour, W—

G—, has committed suicide. "Wha on?" anxiously inquired the Bailie.

Some time ago, a young man was charged in the Glasgow Police Court with stealing a herring barrel from a person in Stockwell Street. After the charge had been proved, the principal accuser thus addressed the Magistrate, "'Deed, sir, Bailie, the man at the bar is a great rogue; the stealin' o' the barrel is naething to some o' his tricks. He stole my signbrod last week, and what does your honour think he did wi't?" "That would be hard for me to say," said the Magistrate. "Weel, sir," replied the witness, "I'll tell ye. He brought it into my ain shop, wi' my ain name on't, and offered to sell me't, as he said he thought it would be o' mair use to me than onybody else."

Various are the excuses which are put forward by prisoners, and the following story shows how the ludicrousness of a situation was happily seized upon and turned to advantage. A wire-fencer charged with trespass on a farm was reproached by the Magistrate with thoughtlessness in not closing the gates after him, which he said was the least he could have done if he would trespass. "Weel, noo, Bailie," replied the offender, in a confidential tone, "I would like to ken hoo ye would manage to steek a yett after ye³ if ye had a heavy fencin' machine roun' your neck, a bag wi' twa stane o' staples in ae han', and a three stane piercer in the ither, a saw an' a hammer under the left oxter, and a heavy

stab mell under the richt. Man alive, I had to lowsen the bar o' the yett wi' my teeth, an' it was beyont the pooers o' man to steek it in the same way, unless a body's neck was made o' gutty perka, and could stretch oot fully three yards to the bar on the other side; an' if I was to lay doon my tools, hoo on the face o' the earth was I ever to get them up again?" He was dismissed with an admonition.

In a case which came before a Forfar Bailie, a glaring instance of the ignorance of court procedure was given. The charge was one of assault, and after some evidence had been led, the Bailie proceeded to administer justice. After pointing out the heinous nature of the charge, he pronounced judgment—twenty-one days, or seven-and-sixpence. At this juncture the agent for the accused arose and said, "Your honour, there is still another witness." "Oh, there is," said the Bailie; "weel, bring him in." The witness was accordingly produced, and the agent proceeded to examine him. "You were present on the occasion of this assault?" queried the lawyer. "I was," answered the witness. "What," said the Bailie in surprise, "you were there too! What the devil was you doing there? Seven-and-sixpence, or twenty-one days to you as weel."

A Magistrate in a mining district in the west was continually having cases of poaching and wife-beating brought before him. The wife-beaters he generally let off with a caution, but the poachers he

punished with the utmost rigour of the law. One day a miner was placed in the dock charged with all but killing his wife. The facts were graphically described to the dispenser of justice, and they must have sunk deep into his judicial mind. "Man," he said, addressing the prisoner severely, with just a tinge of sympathy in his voice, "ye ocht to think little o' yersel', letting your temper get the better o' ye sae faur as to strike the woman in siccan a manner. I'll fine ye half-a-crown as a warning, an' if ye come before me again I'll treat ye as if ye were a common poacher."

A very human tie binds judge and culprit in some cases. The latter begins with "My Lord," then descends to "Your Honour," by-and-by comes to "Sir," and finally, yielding to a vivid remembrance of the past and the parish school, exclaims, "Jock MacOmish, ye're no' gaun to send me to jail, wha lickit ye at the schule." The Bailie's heart is touched, but he yields with self-respect and discrimination. "Prisoner at the bar, your observations are untimely and unseemly, and ye canna distinguish between a Magistrate in his private and his public capacity; but the evidence is no' juist conclusive, ye may go this time, but see ye dinna appear here again."

A worthy Bailie went to Jedburgh games with a congenial spirit, and both got very drunk. The Magistrate got safely home; but his companion getting into a dispute with a neighbour, a fight en-

sued, and he was locked up. Next morning he came before the Bailie, his boon companion of the previous night. "Well, Robert," said the Magistrate, "are you guilty?" "Weel, Bailie, the fact is, I was the waur of drink." "That makes it a' the waur," said the Magistrate, severely; "I fine ye 5s., or three days." Then, seeing the prisoner was about to speak, and fearing inconvenient revelations, he added in a low voice, "I'll pay the half mysel'!"

An old pensioner of the 42nd, and a good judge of "Glenlivet," was brought before a bailie on a charge of over-indulgence in his favourite beverage. It was not by any means his first offence, and he trotted out his usual plea that he was one of the last survivors of the battle of Waterloo. To this the Bailie replied, "Weel, Sandy, I'll let ye aff this time; but mind ye—and it's as sure as death—if ye come here again, I'll clap ye in jile, though ye were the last survivor o' the battle o' Bannockburn!"

A woman was giving evidence in an assault case, and, on being asked by the Magistrate to tell what she saw, she said, "Weel, my lord, the row juist began wi' a laich collie-shangie an' a heich tutt-mutt; an' afore you cud ha'e said 'Murdie Main' they were a' i' the mussel-midden throttlin' ane anither."

At a Police Court in one of the towns in the north a witness showed some signs of levity while being examined, and was promptly cautioned by the presiding Magistrate to address the Court in a becoming manner, else he would be committed for con-

tempt. "Wha's the Coort?" said the witness, with an air of disdain. "I'm the Court," replied the Magistrate, with some dignity. "Deil o' that ye are," said the witness. "Ye're juist Jamie T——, the tattie merchant."

After an election many of the Town Councils open their first meeting with some show of religious ceremonial, and within the archives of an ancient burgh may be found a prayer to be read by the town clerk on such an occasion, the most solemn and searching petition of which is, "O God, who has said unto us, 'Ye are gods,' grant us grace that we die not like men nor fall like one of the princes." It was in this place that a citizen, by trade a baker, being much overcome by his elevation to the dignity of Bailie, became alarmed at the congratulations of his friends and spoke in deprecation. "Nae doot it's an awful poseetion, but say nae mair for ony sake; I'm only human after a', juist a man like yoursel's."

The Provost occasionally sits in judgment, and a learned weaver, in stating his case before the Provost of a certain burgh, having had occasion to speak of a party who was dead, repeatedly described him as defunct. Irritated by the reiteration of a word which he did not understand, the Provost exclaimed, "What's the use o' talkin' sae muckle about this chield you ca' the defunct? Canna ye bring the man here and let him speak for himsel'?" "The defunct's dead, my lord," replied the weaver. "Oh

weel, in that case juist gang on," gravely observed the worthy Provost.

A Perth man and a Newburgh man were disputing about the merits of their respective burghs. After reciting many other advantages the Perth man clinched his argument with, "Ah, but oor Provost gangs about wi' a chain." "Does he?" drily responded the other, "Aweel, we lat oors gang about lowse."

Selected from the common class, the Bailie was frequently none too well educated, and occasionally betrayed his ignorance, to the amusement of his listeners.

A Dumfries Bailie was one day visiting some friends in Edinburgh, and they kindly showed him all the sights of the beautiful city. When they took him to the Antiquarian Museum, the Bailie was much interested with the old armour and relics. "I see you are fond of antiquities, Bailie," remarked his friend. "Na, I dinna care for thae foreign dishes, but I'm rale fond o' herrin' an' tatties," replied the Bailie, unctuously.

A Bailie in a town in the south, conceiving that the word *clause* was in the plural number, always talked of a *claw* in the Act of Parliament.

A warm discussion arose at a meeting of the Town Council of Leslie, but at last there were signs of the matter being arranged, and with a view to carrying this out, one of the Councillors got up and remarked, "I am glad that this matter is now to be

amicably settled, and that we are all to be friends again; and I hope the day is not far distant when we shall see the lamb lying down with the lion and smoking the pipe of peace!"

At a meeting of the Town Council of a certain district, one of the subjects for consideration was the improvement of the cemetery. One of the members proposed that the cemetery grounds should be consecrated. A farmer, misunderstanding the word "consecrated," seconded the proposition, as follows—"Gentlemen, I have very great pleasure in seconding the proposition, because I have my backyard concreted, and it does wear well."

A Stirling Town Councillor, on making a motion for the erection of street urinals, said he thought no one could object to spending a few pounds on such useful things as "catacombs."

At a meeting of the Glasgow Improvements Commissioners, a question came under discussion as to the expenses incurred by the Magistrates in the unsuccessful application to Parliament in 1825. A Commissioner, celebrated for "extreme economy," rose and inquired whether these were not "the expenses of obtaining the Act that was lost?"

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WHIG AND TORY
BY
ERSKINE NICOL, R.S.A.

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who recommended "The Leg End of Montrose" as one of the most delightful of the Waverley novels.

A Provost of Glasgow who might have thanked God, like Coleridge, that he had never learned French, would have been wise if, like Coleridge, he had made no attempt to speak it. This civic dignitary, when he visited Paris, was much pleased with the appearance of the gardens, squares, and fountains, and often heard the expression used, "What a fine effect that *jet d'eau* gives. On his return he was loud in his praise of Paris, and wished as far as possible to Parisianise Glasgow. On one occasion he referred to St. Enoch Square, and exclaimed, "Grand square, grand square; it needs naething to mak' it perfect but a jackdaw in the middle o't."

During a municipal meeting one of the Councillors gave it as his opinion that the death rate for the current quarter would prove an exceptionally high one. "High!" exclaimed another speaker, who had but recently received an ominous paper from the rate collector. "High death rate! I ken naething about your death rate, but if it's ony higher than the water rate it's a crusher!"

A Glasgow Councillor, on being promoted to bailiedom, gave a grand supper, at which his health was drunk in connection with his new dignity. In the course of his reply he said, "I canna but say I'm kind o' entitled to the honour, for I've gone through a' the various stages o' degradation to reach it."

A Bailie in a certain burgh came to grief, like the Provost of the earlier story, in attempting to use language beyond his comprehension. The rector of the academy, whom he encountered on the street, in passing said, "A delicious day, Bailie; the sun just now is about the meridian." To the next acquaintance he met, the Bailie remarked, "A malicious day; the sun eenoo is about the Mediterranean."

A public building was in the course of erection in one of the western towns, and in front of it a bust of the Bruce was being carved. A well-known Bailie halted opposite the sculptor one day and called out, "I say, sculptor, d'ye no' think ye ha'e that beard inclining a wee thing to the left?" "Man, Bailie," said the sculptor, "d'ye no' see the win's blawin' up the street the noo?"

An acquaintance of Bailie M'G—— of D—— made a grievous complaint to him one day of the hard times, and impossibility of scraping together a livelihood in this wretched country. The Bailie's own experience ran directly counter to these dolorous croakings, for his industry had realised a handsome competence; but he knew too much of the world to attempt proving to the complainer that his ill success might be partly his own fault. He contented himself with remarking that it was surely possible for a tradesman to draw together a tolerable business. "Not in this country," his friend repeated. "Weel, then," said the Bailie, "what say ye to emigration? I have heard that some push their way geyan weel at Hobart Town or the Cape."

"Yes," replied his desponding townsman, "that might be the case aince in a day, but if there is business there, mair folk are there than can get a share o't." "Weel, it may be true what ye say," rejoined the Bailie, whose policy it was never to contradict any man directly, "but ye might gang further—ye might gang up into the interior." "There's naebody there," said the inveterate grumbler, "but kangaroos." The worthy Magistrate was somewhat nettled at this pertinacious hopelessness, and concluding that kangaroos were a tribe of native savages among whom a careful pedlar might make good bargains, he replied hastily, "Weel-a-weel, and isna a kangaroo's siller as guid as anither man's?"

One of the Bailies, while visiting the jail of Lanark, found the prisoners at the time to consist of a poacher, who chose to reside there in preference to paying a fine, and a wild Irishman for fire-raising, who was either mad or pretended to be so. The first visited was the poacher. "Well Jock," said the Magistrate, "I hope ye ha'e naething to complain o' your treatment here?" "Naething but the noise that Irishman makes," said the culprit. "I havena slept for the last twa nights, and I maun just tell ye, Bailie, that if ye dinna fin' means to keep him quiet, I'll stay nae longer in!"

An Admiral, on his return from a cruise, met an old acquaintance, who said, after the usual salutations had passed, "They telled me, Admiral, that ye

had got married?" The Admiral, hoping for a compliment, replied, "Why, Bailie, I'm getting on, I'm not so young as I was, you see, and none of the girls will have me;" on which the Bailie, with perfect good faith and simplicity, replied, "'Deed, Admiral, I wasna evenin' ye to a lassie, but there's mony a fine, respeckit, *half-worn* wumman wud be glad to tak' ye."

The Bailie's wife, like the Bailie himself, enjoyed the honour of the bench.

"I'm a hauntle easier in ma mind noo," said one woman to another, as they stood chatting at the door-step one summer evening, "since oor Jeems has been eleckit a Bailie." "An' hoo's that?" asked the neighbour, with pardonable curiosity. "Because I was aye feared Jeems micht fa' into the water if he got fu', but since he was made a Magistrate, a policeman aye brings him hame."

A wife of another Bailie, overtaken by a heavy shower of rain, took refuge in a draper's shop, and proceeded to make a few purchases. "You seem to be very quiet to-day," she said to the newly-engaged shopman. "Gracious, madam!" was the reply, "just look at the weather; what respectable body would venture out in a day like this!"

In a Lanarkshire town a meeting was called to consider the advisability of erecting a bridge over a small burn which flowed across a footpath in the immediate vicinity of the town, the burn having been previously crossed by means of stepping stones.

The Provost, who presided over the meeting, warmly advocated the erection of a bridge in an eloquent speech, and was in the middle of his peroration when a local worthy, who was something of a "character," got up and interrupted, "Hoot, toot, Provost! you're fair haiverin', man! Wha wad gang an' put a brig ower siccan a wee bit burnie as yon? Losh, man, I could cross it wi' a staunin' jump!" "Order, order," exclaimed the chairman angrily; "you are clearly out of order." "I ken I'm oot o' order," replied the interrupter, amid the laughter of the audience; "but if I was in order I could jump as faur again!"

Provost Ferguson and his satellites were frequently at dinner in the Commercial Hotel, Cupar-Fife, and Mr. David Methven, a jolly old fellow, was occasionally asked to be beside them. The party was at dinner one day while St. Catherine Street was being formed, and they were talking about how grand it would be, when the frail old innkeeper remarked, "I doot I'll be awa' ere that time, but I'se warrant I'll tak' a look doon upon its glory." "Ah, Dauvid," said the Provost, "dinna be rash; ye'll maybe ha'e to look up!"

An English gentleman, driving through a village in the north, was almost upset in his machine by a heap of dry wood and decayed branches which a poor-looking old man was accumulating on the roadway. The stranger cried in no very civil terms to the old man to clear the road and let his horse past, to

which not the slightest notice was taken. "You old dog!" shouted the gentleman, "I will have you brought up before the Provost, and put into prison for your disregard of the laws of the road." "Ye'll bring me afore the Provost, will ye? Muckle guid that'll dae ye," replied the woodcutter. "Man, I'm the Provost mysel'."

"What news frae Perth, Saunders?" asked an old wife of her neighbour, who had just returned from a visit to the Fair City. "Nae news, Elspet; but the *bodies* of Perth are a' unco glad that Bailie Wright is on to be Provost." "What is he, this Bailie Wright, that they're a' sae weel pleased wi'?" "Oh, he's a brewer, and a great friend o' the people." "Ay," rejoined Elspet, "a brewer, and a friend o' the people too; our Jamie Mackie that's dead near thirty years syne, was a brewer and ane o' the friends o' the people; and if Provost Wright be as gude to the folk o' Perth as Jamie Mackie was to the folk o' Coupar Angus, they'll ha'e nae reason to rue their choice." "What friendly thing did Jamie Mackie do for the folk o' Coupar, Elspet?" "Peace be wi' him, honest man," was Elspet's reply, "*he selt his ale for a penny, when ither folk took three baubees for't!!!*"

A Glasgow Town Councillor and a Parish Councillor had an awkward experience when visiting a lunatic asylum. To placate a patient they allowed him to show them over the institution. When they were in a room admiring the lookout some one closed

the self-locking door, with the result that the three were imprisoned. The Councillors knocked and shouted in vain. "If I were you I would be quiet," suggested the patient. Still the Councillors kept up the racket, and the situation soon lost the ludicrous side. With perspiration running down their cheeks they took to kicking at the door. "If I were you I would be quiet," again suggested the patient. "But we're no' daft," retorted the Councillors. "That's what I said masel' when I was brocht in." Half-an-hour elapsed before the Councillors were released. The patient all the time was quite composed.

A northern newspaper published, some years ago, the following excerpt from the records of the burgh of Elgin, as peculiarly applicable to the times and circumstances, and recommended it to the serious consideration of the municipal electors previous to the election of councillors at the ensuing election :—

Counsall Chamber, Sept. 27, 1635.

The qlk day it was conclouidit and ordainit yt ilk year in tyme coming, from persons of Counsall, at least *ane* or *twa* of them should be *changit*, and *wyis* persons put in their rowmis !

Glasgow, according to some, is the greatest municipality on earth. Once, history says, a civic dignitary of Saint Mungo died and went to his place, and there he lifted up his eyes, and, looking round, said, "Really, this is charming; this is very credit-

able to the greatest municipality on earth. I didn't think Heaven was so like Glasgow." Then some one came forward and said to him, "Man, ye're haiverin'; this is no' Heaven, this is the other place."

Associated with the Bailie there are two officials differing widely in their calling, but alike enjoying a place in anecdote and story. These are the town clerk and the town crier.

The old Town Clerk of Colinsburgh, in Fife, had a very pawky way in describing how he liked to drink. "Weel," said he, "I like a bit gentle dew i' the mornin', a skurroch i' the forenoon, a smart shower after dinner, and a Lammas spate at nicht!"

Jamie Ritchie, who flourished as piper to the Corporation of Peebles at the beginning of the present century, was told by his wife one day that the flood in the Tweed had carried away their family cow—the fruit of Jamie's laborious earnings. "Weel, weel," said he, with philosophic calmness, "deil may care after a'; it cam' wi' the wind, lat it gang wi' the water."

There are many stories connected with the bellman in his official capacity. The town-crier of Fort-William proclaimed the following notice on one occasion—"A telegram has been received from the Ben Nevis Observatory, stating that the eclipse of the moon, which was to take place at 8.15 p.m. to-night, has been postponed, because of the unsettled state of the weather."

A crier who was requisitioned to do service for the Duke of Argyll is remembered in the following :—
 Ta hoy! Te tither ta hoy!! Ta hoy three times!!! An' ta hoy—Wheesht!!! By command of Her Majesty, King George, an' her Grace te Duke o' Argyll :—If anybody is found fishing aboon te loch, or below te loch, afore te loch, or ahint te loch, in te loch, or on te loch, aroon' te loch, or about te loch, she's to be persecutit wiss three terrible persecutions : first, she's to be burnt, syne she's to be drownt, an' then she's to be hangit—an' if ever she comes back she's to be persecutit wiss a far waur death. God save te King an' Her Grace te Duke o' Argyll!”

In the early Reform days the Forfar Radicals dispatched the bellman to announce a meeting for next evening. The parish minister, before whose door the crier was making the proclamation, was a violent partisan of the Government. Running out he exclaimed, “Stop, John; who bade ye cry that?” “Deed, sir” answered John, “I'll juist cry what I'm paid for, an' ne'er spier wha gi'es me the paper.” The minister, seeing no good was to be done in this way, snatched the paper from John and ran off. “Hoots,” cried the sarcastic bellman, “ye needna rin sae fast. Though *ye* canna tell your story wantin' your paper, dae ye think *I* canna dae it wantin' mine?”

In past times “the Laird” was a man of great importance, as the following proclamation made by



James Ferguson, the Langholm town-crier, will show. "O yes, an' that's ae time; O yes, an' that's twa times; O yes, an' that's a third an' last time:— All manner of person or persons whatsoever, let 'em draw near, an' I shall let 'em ken that there is a fair to be held at the muckle toon of Langholm for the space o' aucht days, wherein ony hustrin' custrin land-louper, horse-couper, or gang-the-gate swinger, breedin' ony hurdam, durdam, rabblement, babblement, or squabblement, he shall ha'e his lugs tackit to the muckle trone, wi' a nail o' twa-a-penny, until he doon on his hob-shanks, an' pray nine times God bless the King, and thrice the muckle Laird of Relton, payin' a groat to me, Jamie Ferguson, bailey o' the aforesaid manor. So you've heard my proclamation, an' I'll noo gang hame to my dinner."

In one of the stormy days that distinguished a late summer, a lady lost her boa in keeping the rebellious folds of her drapery in a state of subordination. This graceful neck-ornament was lost at Pollokshaws, and the town-crier of that place was instructed to advertise it through the burgh. He ran off at double quick time, and having given the first "tal-ling," a thought suddenly struck him that the advertisement was incomplete, and turning back he enquired, "would it no be as weel to say what the callant's claes were like?"

John Gunn, the bellman of Stanley, was a man of genuine humour and ready wit, and his pawky, pithy sayings were current coin in the village.

“Jock’s” trousers were sadly worn at the knees, and one day he was met by a stranger, who asked the reason. The answer was unlooked for. “Weel, man, gin ye were as aften on your knees as me, ye wad be a better man the day.”

Sometimes the duties of crier were discharged by a woman. Meg Dalrymple was the town crier of D——, a small village in Perthshire, and her public announcements were unique in their way. After enlightening the village as to a special sale of “finnan haddies and kipper herrin’,” she would add bitterly, “An’, as there’s a gey when ‘fishy’ folk about the place i’ the noo, Wully Pringle should mak’ a grand day o’t.” After intimating a football match she would continue in the following strain—“Megsty me! isn’t it awfu’ to think that folk’ll pey to see a when callants kickin’ the buits aff their feet, or maybe breakin’ yin anither’s shin banes, for ocht I ken!” She had a great aversion to the Free Kirk minister, as her last public proclamation clearly demonstrates:—“Oyis! oyis! oyis! on Sabbath next a sermon will be preached by the Rev. Joseph Downley (a nesty upsettin’ puggy o’ a craitur). A collection will be ta’en, as the kirk’s a new ane. To get it, ye gang doon the brae, across the brig, turn to your left, and that’s the kirk—an’ the Lord guard an’ guide ye when ye get there!”

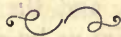
In dealing with the town crier, it may not be inappropriate to give thought for a moment to his official friend—the town guard.

One of the old Town Guard of Edinburgh (a Highlander, as many of that body were) having fallen asleep while on duty, was sentenced to be drummed out of the corps with his coat turned. As the procession, with the disgraced guardsman, passed along the High Street, the drum beating the customary march on such occasions, a woman in the crowd cried out, "Oh puir man, I am wae to see him." "No sae puir, madam," exclaimed the haughty Celt, tossing his head, and assuming a consequential air, which contrasted ludicrously with his degraded condition, "no sae puir, madam, I ha'e twenty pound in the bank."

Donald Macalpine rose from the ranks to be a sergeant in the Paisley Town Guard; and no epauletted official in his Majesty's service strutted the pavement with more consequence than did Donald in his blue coat with crimson collar. He was a very careful person, and contrived, one way or other, to become possessed of a tolerably well-furnished house, and a cow, the crowning point of his ambition: for Donald could never stomach the blue water-milk supplied from the dairies. Mrs. Macalpine was a very infirm person, and had, for many years preceding her decease, been confined to bed. None of the family survived her. This event was the beginning of a series of misfortunes to the poor sergeant. His house was soon after burned to the ground; and scarcely had his spirits mastered this calamity, when, what he set his heart most on, his poor cow,

fell a victim to inflammation. This last event nearly paralysed the conservator of the peace. A friend called on Donald to sympathise with him in his bereavement and losses, but Donald refused to be comforted. "Oh, yes," replied he, to the various arguments employed by his friend to induce submission to what had been allotted to him, "I'll got plenty o' house to stay in, and plenty o' wife too, if I'll socht her;—that's all very well—but wha will gi'e me eight pounds to buy another cow?"

A Burgh Officer who did duty at Culross was something of a character. He was known as "Whangle," and the civic officials' liberality supplied him with a uniform of a rather distinctive type. On one occasion, when a company of soldiers were in the ancient burgh, "Whangle" was the object of much attention. One of the worthy defenders of liberty at length addressed the official with, "Hulloa, sir! What corps do you belong to?" "Ou," said "Whangle," as he eyed his uniform proudly, "I'm in a corps by masel'."



VII.—THE DOCTOR.

IAN MACLAREN is frequently referred to as merely an imitator of J. M. Barrie and other earlier Kailyairders, and although there is doubtless some truth in the statement, there is one illustration in his sketches of character which is distinctive from the creations of the other writers. Dr. Weelum MacClure, overdrawn as he at times is, is a creation all Maclaren's own. He is in no way indebted to the minds of other geniuses for his portrayal, and the "Doctor of the old school" is, generally speaking, a faithful delineation of a man who, like the elder, does not exist very much in anecdote and story. The Doctor in Thrums was a man who was able to give one a fever by merely looking at him. Doctors all over the country seem to have been made of the same stuff, and with a view to keeping the fever away as long as possible suffering humanity never called him in until too late. Although there is no great wealth of anecdote regarding the medical man, there are a few stories which are worth collecting, and the following pages will assist in revealing him as he exists in reminiscence and anecdote.

James Dickson of Heads, familiarly known as "Heids," was like those around, "keen on the

siller ;" and the neighbours used to say "*Heids* was a dry, dour deevil!" On one occasion he bought a young mare, and the following day he ventured to try on the harness, when the beast flung out, and James was laid low with a compound fracture of the right leg. The doctor, on being called in, remarked soothingly, "This is a bad job, James." "No' so bad, but it micht ha'e been waur!" grunted James. "Waur? say ye, James!" exclaimed the doctor. "I don't see how that could possibly be!" "It micht ha'e been the *meir's* leg," answered Dickson dryly.

A rustic countryman who was recovering from a bad fever, was asked by his medical adviser how he felt, and replied, "Geyan waefu', doctor. Afore I fell sick I sell't a coo, an' I'm juist thinking to mysel' that I maun ha'e *suppit the hail o' the puir beast sinsyne in beef-tea.*"

A miserly old man lived with his son, who was something of a reprobate. The son turned seriously ill, and the symptoms proving very alarming, a doctor was grudgingly sent for. The doctor arrived in due time, and stooping over the young man began to sound him, when he was interrupted by the father, "Noo, doctor," he said, "before gaun ony farrar, lat me say this, gin ye think he's no' worth repairin' dinna put oot muckle expense upon him."

A medical practitioner undertook to cure a person of deafness, with which he was sadly afflicted. One lotion after another was prescribed, but the patient remained shut out from hearing his fellow-man.

"I've just come ance mair to ye doctor," said his wife, "to see if ye can gi'e John something better, for the last bottle ye gi'ed him did him nae gude ava." "Dear me," said the doctor, "did it no? I'm surprised at that; but it matters little, for there's naething gaun worth the hearing just now."

"There is nothing serious the matter with Tommy, Mrs. M'Dougal," said a doctor after examining his patient. "I think a little soap and water would do him as much good as anything." "Eh, doctor, that's cheap medicine," replied the fond mother somewhat relieved. "Will I gi'e it till him afore or after meals?"

A farmer was ordered by his doctor to take two fluid ounces of whisky in the course of the day. This seemed precise enough; but unluckily a fluid ounce is equal to eight drams, and a dram is one of those ambiguous words of which the English language has a supply. It has two meanings—a "nip" and a few drops. The farmer, not knowing what an ounce was, waited till his son came from school, and, on learning that it contained eight drams, was delighted, and said that the doctor understood his case. He had always had eight drams, but he always wanted eight more.

One day a village doctor had been detained in making some visits, and Saunders, a customer of his, knowing that the doctor was absent, waited about the shop door till evening came on, much to the shopman's concern and amazement. The doctor

had no sooner made his appearance than Saunders was in the shop after him, with a request for salts. The doctor was tired out, and signed to his man to attend to it. On hearing this Saunders' face was a study till, recovering from the evident shock, he exclaimed, "Eh, doctor, I ne'er expeckit that frae ye. I ha'e waited five hail hours for the plesure o' being ser'ed by your ain han's." "And why wait for me, Saunders?" asked the doctor, curious to hear the reason for his customer waiting. Saunders folded his arms deliberately and rested them on the counter; then, gazing into the doctor's face with an innocent, sheep-like expression on his countenance, explained, "Ye aye gi'e *better wecht* than your man does!" The doctor had occasion to ride to the market town of H—— one day, a distance of six miles, and passed Saunders on the road on foot. They gave each other "Good morning!" Towards evening they met again at the same place, the doctor returning homewards, Saunders still making for the town, so drawing rein the doctor prepared to give him a little banter. "Well, Saunders, are you still going to H——?" he enquired. "You don't seem to have made much speed since I saw you last!" "Na, na, doctor," Saunders returned with perfect seriousness; "I ha'e been there an hame again. But just as I got to my ain yett, I spied a horse's shoe on the road; an', says I to mysel', says I, there's a man at H—— will gi'e me fourpence for that. Sae I e'en turned mysel' aboot, an' took the road again."

A country doctor having been told of the death of a man of whose illness he had not heard, met his widow shortly afterwards. "I have been greatly struck by the sad news," he remarked. "How long had he been ill?" "About the feck o' a week," and then she told of his ailment. "But why did you not send and tell me?" enquired the doctor. "I would have been so glad to have come." "Weel," she replied, "whan he was taen ill, I thocht at first o' sendin' for you; and then I said to mysel', no, I'll just let him dee a nait'ral death."

When James Dickson had passed middle life, an ugly and dangerous growth appeared on one side of his face, and the doctor advised its removal without loss of time. Dickson paid little or no heed to the advice, but shortly afterwards he went to the surgery, and announced that the excision was to take place at once. His medical adviser urged him to return home, in order to have things more comfortable, but without avail. He even offered to accompany him there and then; and, mentioning the great advantages of chloroform in such cases, began to get together the necessary articles. James watched the proceedings for some time, and then exclaimed, "Nane o' your dumb-founderin' bottles for me, *I'm no a female!* I tell ye I've got my hay stackit, an' the feck o' my cheese trysted, sae here I am, an' ye can just howk awa' at your leisure."

One day a man in an agony of pain went into a drug-shop in Keith and asked to have his tooth

drawn. "Man, you're no' needing a tooth drawn," said the doctor. "Gae awa' hame and put a poultice to it!" An argument ensued, during which the sufferer, driven to desperation, cried out, "I dinna suppose ye can draw teeth!" The doctor seized his forceps and jumped over the counter. "I'll draw every tooth in your heid!" he shouted, and started in pursuit of his patient, who rushed through the Market Square vainly shrieking for aid. He was finally outrun by the doctor, who got him down on his back, and triumphantly took out two of his teeth on the spot.

A doctor in Glasgow Infirmary was treating a patient who frankly owned up to his over-indulgence in the national beverage. The physician began to moralise. "Man, doctor," interrupted the worthy, "you describe the symptoms sae weel that I ettle it's no' the first time you've been fu' yersel'."

Sir Walter Scott on one occasion was spending a night in an old Border inn. He asked the innkeeper if he could get any intelligent person in the neighbourhood to spend the evening with, and give him some information about the district. The innkeeper said that there was an old horse couper and horse doctor in the village who "was weel learned in a' the lore o' the country side." This worthy was at once sent for. The old man in due time arrived and the crack began. At last it turned on his calling as a veterinary surgeon, when Sir Walter inquired whether his practice was strictly confined to animals,

and whether he was not occasionally called in to treat strangers who might have fallen ill. The old man admitted that he was more than a mere doctor of animals, remarking that "noo and then he had been asked to gi'e his advice for folk that were stoppin' at the inn." Sir Walter inquired what remedies he trusted to. The old man answered "he had juist twa simples, laudamy and calamy." Sir Walter remarked, "Are not these rather dangerous drugs? Have you never seen any evil consequences through administering them?" "Ou, ay," replied the horse doctor; "twa or three ha'e dee'd but they were English, and it'll tak' a lang time before we mak' up for Flodden."

An Aberdeen farmer, of rather miserly propensities, was taken sick, and after a deal of persuasion his family induced him to consent to a doctor being called in. "Am I far thro', doctor?" queried the old man. "Yes, I must say you are rather seriously ill," was the reply. "Ah weel, doctor, dinna pit muckle expense upo' me, juist gie's as muckle as pit by Alford Fair."

"Man, Peter," said a quack doctor to his apprentice, "ye maun aye be awfu' cautious in pharmacy. Even I ance made a terrible mistak'. I was attending Mrs. Kittlebody, wha was sair fashed wi' tickdolaroo, an' I was called upon by John M'Fikeit, whase croon was sae thin o' hair—as well as sense—that he was ashamed o't, especially as he was courtin' a strappin' young widow that had a fine

public-house; and I mixed up baith potions at the same time, an' losh sake, man, I happened to gi'e them ilk ither's medicine! So puir John, rubbing Mrs. Kittlebody's preparation for her tickdolaroo on the tap o' his head, declares he's had a bee in his bonnet ever since; and' Mrs. Kittlebody, rubbin' her jaws wi' the ointment intended for John's bald pow, in less than a fortnicht had a pair o' whiskers the envy o' a' the young men o' the village."

The remarks of Dr. Dougal, of Keith, although short and sharp, contained much homely wisdom. "I've a deal to suffer wi' my een, doctor," said a patient. "Better suffer with them than without them!" replied the doctor. "Doctor," asked a talkative wife, "what's the matter wi' my tongue?" "Just needing a rest," replied the doctor, soothingly.

The Laird of Drum had one daughter. When a pleasant girl of eighteen she went to have a tooth extracted. She informed the doctor she "bude to bide till faither cam'"; but that he could be "takin' oot the tuith." Presently the door opened, and in walked the Laird, who stalking straight up to his daughter, demanded, "Was't notorious?" "Oh, no," she assured him, "no near han' sae bad as they had said it wad be." "Come awa' hame then; an' see ye dinna tak' cauld in your mooth. I can gi'e ye a napkin frae my pouch to pit on your mooth (at the same time producing an article that, unfolded, might have done duty as a tablecloth). See, there, I could lend ye *that!*" "Very weel, father, gin

ye're willin', I'll tak' the naipkin; but I could row my cravat roun' my mouth." "Ay, lassie," he replied, eagerly (replacing the handkerchief in his pocket), "juist dae that. It wad be an awfu' peety to *tak' this bonnie naipkin oot o' the fauld*. But mind the kye," he added, uneasily, an' *dinna tak' the cauld*." She was dairymaid as well as heiress.

Daft Will Law was the descendant of an ancient family, and on that account was often taken notice of by gentlemen of distinction. Posting one day through Kirkcaldy, he was met by Mr. Oswald of Dunnikier, who asked him where he was going in such a hurry. "Going," said Will, with apparent surprise, "I'm gaun to my cousin, Lord Elgin's burial." "Your cousin Lord Elgin's burial, you fool. Lord Elgin's not dead," replied Mr. Oswald. "Deil ma care," said Will, "there's sax doctors oot o' Embro' at him, an' they'll ha'e him deid afore I win forrit."

A very ancient and respectable man, who had acted for a long time as gravedigger in Kingskettle, and had always, in spite of an assumed simplicity and innocence, an eye to the main chance, for once in his life had occasion to leave his "grave" duties for a week end, but before doing so he called on the local doctor, in whom he had much faith as to his capacity to kill or cure. "Well, David," queried the doctor, "were you wanting to see me?" "Ou, ay, doctor," said David, "I juist cam' to tell ye I was gaun frae hame for a week or aucht days, an' I

hope ye'll no' let a job gang past me." "I can't promise that, David," said the doctor. "You know death is always busy." "Weel a wat, doctor," replied the gravedigger, "that's rale true; but I was gaun to say if ye had ony dootfu' cases ye micht hing them up till I come back, and I'll be muckle obleeged to ye."

For a long time the most popular druggist in Tarbolton was a woman. She had no certificate, not even a shop, but kept all her drugs in her kitchen. She had been housekeeper to a doctor and had picked up her knowledge in that situation. She was considered very "skilly," especially with children, and faith in Peggy Gibb's cures was widespread. She was a little, bright-eyed woman, and could read but not write. She wore a shortgown and petticoat, a white mutch, close-fitting, with a piped border. Her cures were very simple but usually efficacious, and as the village people often said, "naebody gaed wrang that gaed to Peggy Gibb."

"Ye'll no ha'e heard that oor minister has been taken terrible ill?" said Mrs. Mack to a neighbour. "Ye dinna tell me that, Mrs. Mack?" was the answer. "Ay, and it was sae sudden, they had to send for the nearest doctor till his ain doctor could get forrit," continued Mrs. Mack. "Hear that, now," exclaimed Mrs. Tosh. "Twa doctors. He maun be uncommon bad!" "And his ain doctor took his assistant along wi' him." "Was ever the like? Three o' them! The minister 'll be gey far

through, or I'm mista'en." "Then they bit to get the professor frae Edinburgh." "Gude preserve us a'! Margaret Mack, are ye wise? Surely there couldna be four a'thegither!" "Ay, there would be a' that—twa doctors, and the professor, and the assistant." "Weel, weel, puir man, I'm waefu' to hear o' it. He was a rael hardy kind; but he'll no' get through this time. Four o' them!—it's no' a natural death."

A man entered a druggist's shop in C——, and asked to be supplied with a cough mixture. In a few minutes it was made up and placed on the counter. "How much do you want for that?" inquired the man, pulling a handful of money out of his pocket. "That'll be two and tuppence," replied the druggist, who was an old local worthy. Placing a penny on the counter, the man walked smartly out of the shop, and had disappeared by the time the aged druggist got the length of the door. "Ah, weel!" he remarked, as he turned into the shop again, "it can't be helped. I ha'e the better o' him at onyrate by a ha'penny."

"Well, my boy," said the druggist, addressing a customer, a boy of tender years, "what is it?" The boy hesitated, then piteously told his story. "I'm for a bawbee's worth o' salts," he said, "but——," and he paused, "dinna gi'e me foo wecht; it's me that's to get them."

John S—— was a soldier, and in one of the wars he, much to his misfortune, lost one of his legs.

While in the hospital he made the request that they would put his leg in a box and give it to him. "Why, what is the good of the leg to you?" asked the doctor. "Weel, ye see, I was juist thinking when the resurrection came it wad be fine to ha'e it lying beside me; but, if ye buried it here, what a job I would ha'e to hunt for it wi' wan leg an' a stump."

A good story is told of a Glasgow medical man. He was at one time much troubled by an old woman whom he knew very well to be a confirmed hypochondriac. She haunted him; heavy bills terrified her not; she looked upon him as the incarnation of medical wisdom. He resolved to get rid of her. He was stepping into his gig one day when she rushed up. "Oh, doctor," she said, "bide a wee! What am I to dae wi' that neuralgy? Every nicht as sune as I gang to my bed it begins. What wull I dae for't?" "My dear woman," replied the doctor, scrambling into the vehicle. "there's only one thing you can do; don't go to bed—sit up!" He lost a patient.

When Dr. Walker was in practice in Kilbirnie, he happened to remark to a son of St. Crispin, who was a bright scholar at school, but who had become a shoemaker, "Man, Jamie, I'm vexed to see you drivin' tackets an' cobblin' auld shoon: surely thoo wha got sic a guid education could do something better than that!" "Nae doot," replied Jamie, "I could ha'e done something better than this, an' got

on far better i' the worl', but I couldna be a doctor like yersel' because I'm no' cruel enow; I couldna be a lawyer, because I never could tell lees a' ma days; an' I couldna be a minister, for I never was a hypocrite, and there was naethin' left for me but the cure o' soles!"

"Good morning, Mrs. Smith. How is my patient to-day?" "Oh, he's near a' richt again, doctor, thank'e." "Ah! the champagne and oysters I ordered him have done him good, then." "Weel, doctor, I canna a'thegither say that, for ye see, I couldna afford to get him champagne and oysters, but I got him ginger-beer and cockles instead."

Dr. Young, while practising in Neilston, had an infirm old man as a patient, who had required a great deal of advice as well as medicine, to enable him to contend with the debilites of old age. By dint of bleeding, blistering, and plastering, the crazy timbers of the old man were made comparatively weather-tight and road-worthy for a time. When the patient discovered this he inquired at the doctor "what he wad ha'e to gi'e him for the twa-three visits, and ither sma' things that he had done for him?" "Why, John," replied the doctor, "were I to charge you in a regular, and even moderate way, for I suppose at least two-score of visits, and the great quantity of medicine that you have required, it would be six guineas; but, as you are not over-rich, more than myself, I'll say four." "Is't four guineas, ye said? Man, doctor, though the half o'

N— parish had been laid down, ye micht ha'e set them on their end again for that sum! Ha'e, there's sax shillings, and score your pen through't —ye're far abler to want it than I am to gie't."

A teacher, examining her class in arithmetic, put the question, "Well, if you ate three apples at two a penny, then four apples at four for twopence, what would the cost be?" "Oh," replied a boy, rather smartly, "a lot o' siller, for oor doctor is a very dear one."

A laird who was not too ready to meet the bill for medical attendance, called to bespeak the doctor's services at an interesting event which was expected soon to take place. As the doctor had "attended" during *seven* previous similar occasions without ever receiving a fee for his time and trouble, he told him so, and declined to attend further till payment was made. The worthy man stared in amazement, and then spluttered out indignantly, "I wonder to hear you, doctor! Ye ken brawleys that *I've ne'er gane by your door.*"

A master builder called to pay the doctor for attending one of his young apprentices. "I wantit to see the doctor himsel'," said the builder, when he heard the medical man was from home, "to speir at him something verra parteeklar." "Perhaps we could give you the information you require," suggested those in attendance, "and, if not, we can at least give your message to the doctor when he returns." "Weel, weel, then; ye can tell him my

name's Mason, and I come frae B——, and I was gaun to pay him for mending my apprentice's leg; an' I want to ken aforehan' *whatna discoont he alloos on broken legs—when it's for an apprentice.*"

Dr. Montgomerie, a medical man in Beith, was standing in his shop door one morning when Will Pollock passed. Going forward Pollock made a pretended claim on the doctor—"Your faither was awn my faither fifty merks," he said. "Is your faither dead, Will?" queried the doctor. "'Troth is he," answered the claimant. "My faither is dead also," replied the physician, "and the twa can settle their accounts themselves when they *forgather.*"

A doctor in the West had an engagement with a well-known merchant. The hour of the engagement was long past, and the doctor was pacing the floor of his study when the gentleman came in with an apology upon his lips. "No matter, no matter," said the doctor, with an impatient wave of his hand; "you are always behind. I remember," said he, "thirty years ago, sitting for ten mortal hours in the little back parlour of your father's house waiting for you to be born. You are always behind time."

A collier, who was nicknamed Jock Mucklehering, got his leg hurt, and his "better half" thought this a fitting opportunity to change the offending patronymic for one more aristocratic. Accordingly, on the occasion of the doctor's second visit, after the interrogatory, "How's Jock to-day?" the wife responded grimly, "Jock *Wha?*" "Why

Jock Muckleherring, of course," said the doctor, "the man I helped into bed here yesterday." "Ay, weel, there's nane o' that name bides in *this* hoose. You may call my man 'yon,' but I tell ve that it was *Jock Cawmbell* wha got his leg smashed. An' gif ye like to come ben the hoose to see *Jock Cawmbell* ye will be welcome; but ye'll ne'er be askit ben to see ony ither Jock."

A lad was on one occasion accused of stealing some articles from a doctor's shop. The judge was much struck with his personal appearance, and asked him why he was guilty of such a contemptible act. "Weel, ye see," replied the prisoner, "I had a bit o' a pain in ma side, and my mither tauld me to gang to the doctor's and tak' something." "Oh, yes," said the judge; "but surely she didn't tell you to go and take an eight-day clock." The prisoner was evidently nonplussed, but it was only for a moment. Turning to the judge, a bright smile of humour stealing over his countenance, he replied, quietly, "There's an auld proverb that says, 'Time an' the doctor cure a' diseases, an' sae I thocht——'" But the remainder of the reply was lost in the laughter of the court.

A Highlander went into a chemist's shop to get his thumb, which had been severely cut by an axe, bandaged. After the chemist had dressed it, he asked how it had happened, and received the reply, "I was haggling sticks wi' an aix, and the aix slipped

and nearly took aff ma thoom. If I had been hawding it wi' baith hauns, it wad a' been aff."

A rustic went into a druggist's shop one day and made the somewhat startling request, "Man, ye nicht gi'e me a pennyworth o' something. I dinna ken the name o't; but it's for my wife, an' I forget what she wants it for, but ye'll ken yersel', nae doot."

The late Dr. K——, an eminent physician, was an enthusiastic botanist. His repute among specialists rested on his profound knowledge of many interesting orders of plants. He had a patient, a rather fractious old lady, who had sent frequent messages to him demanding a visit. When at last he came he apologised for his delay, but was met by the retort, "Say nae mair about it, doctor; gin I had been a puddock-stool ye wad ha'e been here twa or three days ago."

Dr. M'Tavish, of Edinburgh, was something of a ventriloquist, and it happened that he wanted a boy to assist in the surgery, who must necessarily be of strong nerves. He received several applications, and when telling the lad what the duties were, in order to test his nerves, he would say, while pointing to a grinning skeleton standing upright in a corner, "Part of your work will be to feed the skeleton there, and while you are here you might as well have a trial at it." A few lads would consent to a trial, and receive a basin of hot gruel and a spoon. While they were pouring the hot mess into the skull the

doctor would make his voice appear to proceed from the jaws of the boney customer and gurgle out, "Br-r-r-gr-huh, that's hot!" This was too much, and, without exception, the lads dropped the basin and bolted. The doctor began to despair of ever getting a suitable assistant, until a boy came and was given the gruel spoon. After the first spoonful the skeleton appeared to say, "Gr-r-r-uh-rhr, that's hot!" Shovelling in the scalding gruel as fast as ever, the lad rapped the skull, and impatiently retorted, "Weel, juist blaw on't, ye auld boney!"

A well-known physician at Queensferry was once threatened with a challenge. "Weel, weel, ye may challenge awa'," he replied, "but whether or no, there will be nae fecht unless I gang oot."

Dr. Muir of Paisley, in one of his visiting rounds, called upon a lady, well-known for her parsimony. The lady, previous to the doctor taking leave, presented two very small glasses on a salver, each about one third filled with wine, saying, as she handed the salver to him, "Port or white, doctor?" upon which the doctor, lifting one of the glasses, poured its contents into the other, and drank the whole off, saying with great gravity, as he smacked his lips, and returned the empty glass, "I generally take both!"

A village doctor, meeting a prominent member of the church who boasted of his teetotalism, resolved to put him to the test, so he asked him into a hotel and ordered two glasses of wine. After they had drunk it, and two or three more at the doctor's ex-

pense, the man of medicine, thinking he had his friend, enquired, "How does this square with your teetotal pretensions, John?" "Weel, sir," answered John with a quiet smile, "ye see, the doctor ordered this."

A farmer who attended a social gathering at the village doctor's was asked by a guest next morning, "Well, farmer, an' how did you enjoy yourself last night? Were not the quartettes excellent?" "To tell 'e the truth, sir, I canna say, for a didna' taste them; but the pork chops were the finest I ever pat in ma' mouth."

Dr. John Brown, who was a warm personal friend of Dr. Cairns, was speaking on one occasion in his characteristic way of Cairns. Some one adverting to his big body, warmth of heart, and childlike simplicity of nature, Dr. Brown remarked, "He is just a great big evangelical Newfoundland dog." "Did you ever remark," said another, "his extraordinary grasp when he shakes hands? His hand is just like a vice." "Well," replied Dr. Brown, "it's the only vice he has."

Near a lunatic asylum there existed a private road, which went past the asylum doctor's house. Some folks who lived at hand went through it as a "near cut." The old doctor left the place and a new one came on the scene, who strenuously opposed the passage of anyone who tried to get through. Charles S——, being in a hurry one night, thought he would try to get home by the road with his



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JOHN G. SPERRE SMITH

machine. The doctor appeared at once, but Charlie determined not to know him. The doctor began thus, "Don't you know ——," but was at once cut short by Charlie saying, "The doctor tel't me never to speak to ony o' you loonies nor gi'e ye tobacco," and this said, Charlie drove on.

As a doctor was showing some friends over a lunatic asylum, he drew their attention to a stately old woman wearing a paper crown. He explained that she imagined herself Queen of Britain, and, thinking to amuse his visitors, he advanced towards her with a courtly bow and said, "Good morning, your Majesty." Looking at him she scornfully said, "You're a fool, sir." The doctor was greatly astonished, but totally collapsed when one young lady innocently remarked, "Why, doctor, she was quite sane then."

When the Rev. Dr. B—— obtained the honorary degree of Doctor of Divinity, a farmer in the parish took an early opportunity of stating the news to his shepherd, with whom the minister was a particular favourite. "You'll be glad to hear, John, that the University has conferred on oor minister a doctor's degree." "Weel," said the shepherd, "I'm no' the least surprised at that, for mair than twenty years since he cured a dog o' mine o' a colic. He should have been made a doctor lang syne!"

Dr. John Brown lived for a long time in Edinburgh and loved the city. "She is a glorious creature—her sole duty is to let herself be seen." He

had a habit of seeing every visitor to his doorstep, and many a witty sally would follow the parting guest. When his friends saw or heard anything good, new, or strange, they invariably gravitated towards Dr. Brown to tell him. A woman was weeping outside the house in Rutland Street after Dr. Brown's death. The blinds were down, and this sign had told her that the Doctor was gone. Some one asked her name, also what was wrong. "No, no, my name is naithing to ony o' them noo; but *he* kent me—ay, he *never* passed me."



VIII.—THE WORTHY.

HALF-A-CENTURY ago the “natural” was an indispensable adjunct to every village, and no hamlet was complete without one. Like the parish minister the worthy was a person in himself, and if the villagers did not pay him the respect granted to his reverence they at least allowed “his idiocy” some little token of distinction. Generally of a harmless disposition, “Jamie” was befriended by all, for, although the youngsters might twit him and make merry at his expense, friendly and sympathetic relations invariably existed between him and the older residents.

Wherever there was any stir, there the “natural” was to be seen, for, following no set profession, his time was his own, and he generally spent it between the cobbler’s room and the smithy. Funerals were a great attraction to the worthy. In his own solemn step he headed the procession, seemingly feeling that all would not be right if he was not there. This custom is referred to by Sir Walter Scott in his “Guy Mannering.” He says :—“The funeral pomp set forth—saulies with their batons and gumphions of tarnished white crape. Six starved horses, themselves the very emblems of mortality, well-cloaked and plumed, lugging along the hearse with its dis-

mal emblazonry, crept in slow pace to the place of interment, preceded by Jamie Duff, an idiot, who, with weepers and cravat made of white paper, attended on *every* funeral, and followed by six mourning coaches filled with the company." Until a very recent date a Stirling worthy performed this service with unvarying regularity, and when owing to physical infirmity he was no longer able to trot up the steep hill which must be climbed to reach the cemetery, "Donald" contented himself by standing aside and, with cap in hand, waiting till the cortege passed. A Wigtown character, who had this fondness for attending burials, was one day trudging along a country road when he met a funeral procession, which was composed of a long line of carriages, followed by a number of farmers on horseback. "Jock," of course, took up his appointed place as leader, but was a little disconcerted to find that he was the only one on foot. Having in his possession a huge staff, he at once decided to turn this to account. Accordingly, he placed the staff between his legs, and, in solemn majesty, trudged on. When the kirkyard was reached the farmers dismounted from their steeds, whereupon Jock sprang from his wooden horse, exclaiming as he did so, "Hech, sirs, had it no' been for the fashion o' the thing I might as weel ha'e been on my ain feet."

The natural's attendance at funerals recalls the anecdote of the worthy who was set to watch the churchyard during the "resurrectionist" craze. It

was Dunbar Kirkyaird, and Pate, together with a friend, was told off to watch the place of interment on a certain night. Pate acted the part of vigil for some time, but becoming weary, addressed his fellow sentinel with the words, "Come awa' hame, Geordie, they'll no' rise the nicht noo."

The natural attended funerals and acted the part of the vigil in the kirkyaird, and existing evidence shows us that, in dreams at least, he has even been beyond the grave.

Rab Hamilton, who was well-known in Ayr, was wont to call on Dr. Auld to share in that reverend gentleman's hospitality. On one occasion the worthy divine was out of humour, and when Rab called he was met with the answer, "Get away, Rab, I have nothing for you to-day." The worthy, equal to the untoward circumstances, at once replied, "I dinna want onything the day, Mr. Auld; I wanted to tell you an awesome dream I ha'e had. I dreamt I was deid." "Weel, what then?" said Dr. Auld, settling down to listen to the story. "Ou, I was carried far, far, and up, up, up, till I cam' to heaven's yett, where I chappit, and chappit, and chappit, till at last an angel keekit out and said, 'Wha are ye?' 'I'm puir Rab Hamilton.' 'Whaur are ye frae?' 'Frae the wicked toon o' Ayr.' 'I dinna ken ony sic place,' said the angel. 'Ou, but I'm joost frae there.' Weel, the angel sends for the Apostle Peter, and Peter comes wi' his key and opens the yett, and says to me, 'Honest man, do you

come frae the toon o' Ayr?" "Deed do I,' says I. 'Weel,' says Peter, 'I ken the place, but nae-body's cam' frae the toon o' Ayr, no' since the year'" (and here the worthy referred to the particular year in which Dr. Auld had been inducted to the parish).

This anecdote of Dr. Auld and Rab Hamilton introduces us to quite a budget of stories, for the natural and the minister often crossed swords in the matter of witty retort. A north of Scotland divine, who enjoyed the reputation of being slow to discharge accounts, was one day going the rounds of his parish when he met the village worthy, and addressed him with the somewhat undignified question, "Well, how are your potatoes selling in the moon just now?" "Oh," replied the natural, "very cheap and plenty o' them." "Don't you think," continued his reverence, "that there would be some difficulty in getting them down?" "Nae fear o' that," replied the fool with a smile; "send up the siller, and they'll sune send them doon."

The parish minister of C——, and Jamie Sharp, the village natural, were passing one day through a park, when they were pursued by a bull. Jamie managed to get over the wall in time; but the minister, who was a heavy man, had a narrow escape. On recovering his breath, he exclaimed, "If I had been pierced by its horns, what would you have said?" "That ye were a stickit minister," answered Jamie, who was a bit of a wag.

Jock Scott, a half-witted lad, was employed by the minister to cart some firewood. Finding he had got the worst of the bargain, the reverend gentleman remarked, severely, "Jock, when I came here they told me you were a fool." "Ay, sir," replied Jock; and they tauld me ye was a gran' preacher; but," he added, in a lower tone, "it's never safe to believe a' that ye hear."

Attention to little things often gives the half-wit an advantage. Jamie Fleeman, the Laird of Udney's Fool, found a horse-shoe on the roadside, and, meeting Mr. Carnegie, the minister of St. Fergus, he showed it to him, and asked, in pretended ignorance, what it was. "Why Jamie," said Mr. Carnegie, good-humouredly, "anybody that was not a fool would know that it was a horse's shoe." "Ah!" said Jamie, with affected simplicity, "what it is to be wise, to ken it's no' a meer's shoe."

Like their attendance at funerals, their attendance at church was very regular, and many anecdotes are preserved of unseemly disturbances which they made during worship.

Rab Hamilton was once a worshipper in a church other than the one he usually attended. By some means he managed to get his head between two rails in front of him, but, when he wished to withdraw, found it impossible. Crying out, to the amazement and amusement of the congregation, he said, "Murder! my head'll ha'e to be cuttit aff! Holy meenister! congregation! Oh, my head maun be



cuttit aff. It's a judgment on me for leaving my godlie Mr. Peebles at the Newton." After he had been freed from his position, he was asked what was his meaning for putting his head between the rails, to which he replied, "Oh, it was just to look on wi' *anither woman*." Another instance of the natural's disturbance in worship was when the minister of Lunan tried to enforce an argument by a reference to the defective intellect of Jamie Fraser, the parochial worthy. The minister was greatly annoyed by the worshippers sleeping during his discourse, and one Sabbath he addressed them on their sin, closing his speech with the words, "You see even Jamie Fraser, the idiot, does not fall asleep, as so many of you are doing." Jamie, who did not care to be thus designated, replied with words that may or may not have been complimentary to the preacher's abilities, "An' I hadna been an idiot, I micht ha'e been sleepin' too." A minister, who was much annoyed by the restlessness of a worthy, gave instructions to the beadle to warn the natural as he entered church that he was not to "mak' a whist" under pain of expulsion. Doing his best for some time, the natural at last fell through, and, rising in his pew, he addressed the minister with the question, "Can a puir body like me no' gi'e a hoast?"

An incident which comes from the north of Scotland tells of a worthy who, one Sabbath, was found in possession of the pulpit. The beadle, who attempted to dislodge Tam, found him immovable,

and so left him to be expelled by the minister. When the divine reached the pulpit stair, he called out to the natural in a peremptory manner, "Come down, sir, immediately!" Tam, however, felt that the ministry had need of him, and, beaming with all the pomposity that the pulpit could give him, he replied, "Na, na, meenister! juist ye come up wi' me. This is a perverse generation, and feth they need us baith."

To the natural, as to the rest of the congregation, the collection was of some importance. A Lauder worthy, who was an earnest supporter of State Churchism, became possessed of a counterfeit shilling. When Sabbath came he went to the Auld Licht Kirk, and, when the ladle was put up to him for his collection, he put in the bad shilling and took out elevenpence halfpenny, which he calculated was his legal change. Service over, he made his way to the then Lord Lauderdale, and conveyed to him the incident in the words, "I've cheated the Seceders the day, my lord; I've cheated the Seceders."

Next in importance, perhaps to the collection was the criticism of the sermon. Naturals, too, were critics.

The Reverend Dr. John Thomson, who officiated for some time at Markinch, was preaching one day on the moral depravity of mankind, and the many evils that go to form man's immorality. He was on his way to the manse, when he overheard two worthies discussing the sermon. They were Johnny

Spittal and Davie Thomson. "Weel, Davie, did ye hear a' yon?" "'Deed did I, Johnny, man." "An' what thocht ye o't a', Davie?" "'Deed, Johnny, man, if he hadna been an awfu' chield himsel', he wadna ha'e kent sae weel about it."

A Peebles minister came in for criticism at the hands of a worthy, though it was of a somewhat different kind. His sermon had been directed against falsehood, and on the way home, when the discourse was under review, the village natural remarked to his companion, "The meenister needna ha'e been sae hard, for there's plenty o' leears in Peebles besides me."

It was not the sermon alone that was criticised. A country minister, who for one sermon a week was paid a stipend of £500 per year, was one day strolling leisurely through the churchyard, when he came across Johnny Smart, the village half-wit, seated on a gravestone. "It's a great sin, Johnny," he remarked, somewhat sharply, "to be always idle and doing nothing." "Ay, but it's a greater sin, sir," instantly retorted the worthy, "to tak' a rowth o' siller for daein' next to naething."

A Fife natural being asked why he never went to church, replied, "I love the lark that rises from the green sod with the dew sparkling on his breast, and soars far up in the blue heavens—*that's my religion.*"

Jock Amos, another worthy, was engaged with a knife shaping something from a piece of wood one Sabbath when Mr. Boston, the minister of the parish,

approached. Seeing the worthy thus employed, he enquired, "John, can you tell me which is the Fourth Commandment?" "I daresay, Mr. Boston, it'll be the ane after the third," was the reply. "Can you repeat it?" asked the divine. "I'm no' sure about it," answered Jock. "I ken it has some wheeram by the rest." Mr. Boston repeated it, and tried thereby to show him his error, but "Ay, that's it, sir," said Jock, and kept whittling away. "Why, what is the reason you never come to church, John?" inquired the minister. "Oh, because you never preach on the text I want you to preach on." "What text would you have me to preach on, John?" "On the nine-and-twenty knives that cam' back frae Babylon." "I never heard of them before." "Ha! ha! the mair fool ye! Gang hame an' read your Bible, Mr. Boston! Sic fool; sic minister!" Mr. Boston on searching for the text found it in Ezra i. 9, and wondered at the 'cuteness of the fool, considering the subject on which he had been reprov'd. "The mair fool ye, as Jock Amos said to the minister," is now a well-known proverb.

About the year 1820, at the time of the trial of Queen Caroline, Dr. Wightman was minister of Kirkmahoe, in Dumfries, and he, like the other parish ministers, had been requested to omit the Queen's name from public prayer. Meeting daft Jock Gordon, who was well-known in the district, the Doctor, as usual, stopped to have a chat with him. "Good morning, Jock, and how are you to-

day?" said the divine. "Oh, gaily weel, gaily weel, Doctor," replied Jock, "but man, they tell me ye dinna pray for the Queen noo." "Quite true, Jock, for I am afraid that she is not a good woman," responded Dr. Wightman. "God bless me, Doctor, ye ken I'm a puir daft creature, and maybe kens nae better," replied Jock, "but I aye thocht the waur a body was they aye wanted the prayin' for the mair."

In a village near Glasgow there was a worthy, who was known by the curious cognomen of "High Peter," owing to his small stature. The minister met him one day, and resolving to joke at Peter's expense, said to him, "Why is it that people call you 'High Peter'?" "Weel," replied Peter slyly, "I dinna ken; but if ye tell me why the people ca' ye a minister, I'll try to tell ye."

Before we leave the worthy in relation to the minister and the church, there is another story which may be introduced here. It treats of the natural in church during the week.

Jock, the worthy in the parish of Rescobie, was dependent for existence on the funds of the parish. Being in need of some clothing, Jock made application to the Kirk Session. By-and-bye he heard that his case was to be considered on a particular day by that body. The meeting was to be held in church, and Jock, who by some means got within the building, concealed himself under a pew and awaited events. Jock's case was duly discussed, and one of the elders, the farmer at Middleton, proposed that

the worthy should be provided with shoes and hose. The Session at once agreed to the shoes, but an angry altercation took place over the provision of hose. Middleton was particularly strong that they should be provided, and was encouraged in his defence when he heard the natural shout from his place of concealment, "Stick weel to the hose, Middleton, stick weel to the hose."

Men higher up the divinity ladder than the common wearer of the cloth have been outwitted by the apparently witless fool. An Edinburgh Professor was taking his usual walk in the suburbs one morning, when a natural chanced to cross his path. Irritated at this intrusion on his soliloquizing, the Professor asked the imbecile, "How long, Tom, may one live without brains?" The answer was short and sharp, "I dinna ken, sir; hoo lang ha'e ye leaved yersel'?"

"Lang Willie" was a well-known feature on the St. Andrews links during the second quarter of this century. On the occasion of Kossuth's visit to St. Andrews, Willie expressed a strong desire to be present at the public dinner, and applied for a ticket to the Bailie in charge of the arrangements. The worthy man, full of the importance of his office, curtly refused the application, saying to Willie that it was "no' for the likes o' him to be at the dinner." "No' for the likes of me!" was Willie's indignant rejoinder. "I've been in the company of gentlemen from eleven to four o'clock maist days

for the last thirty year, and that's mair than you can say!"

A simple-minded character, Jamie by name, was sent by his master with several horses to the fair. A neighbouring farmer passing along saw Jamie standing in the road with his horses, and asked him what was the matter. "I've lost a horse," was the reply. "I had five when I started, an' now I've only four, an' I daurna face the maister wantin' it." "You've got five," said the farmer. "Can ye no' count?" "What's the guid o' countin' when I ken I've lost yin? There's the twa broon anes, and the black and the grey; that's four," said Jamie. "Div ye no' see the ane you're sittin' on, ye fule?" Jamie looked at the farmer, and, with a bright look coming into his face, said, "Man, I'm awfu' glad I saw ye."

In matters of business, the worthy was seldom overreached.

Some thirty years ago there was a Stirling character who made a living by hawking sheep's heads and trotters. Providence had frowned upon him, and Geordie was a hunchback. He was locally known as "Humphy Geordie." There were certain days on which he went his rounds with his fragmentary butcher's shop in his basket. These days were anxiously watched for by the frugal matron. "Weel, Geordie, what's a' your sheep's heids the day?" Geordie, who spoke with a lisp, replied, "Oh, they're *all* a thickspence." Given this under-

standing, the matron proceeded to inspect the basket, and, after having received something to her taste, said, "Weel, then, Geordie, I'll tak' this ane." "Oh," replied the vendor, "that one's thevenpence." He held the purchaser responsible for an extra penny if she made her choice of his wares.

"Speccie" Davie, a Dumfriesshire character, outwitted many a customer in his time. He sold spectacles in the market-place. One day a gentleman approached "Speccie's" stall, and made some enquiries about a pair of glasses, remarking that his sight was failing fast. "Want specs, sir?" enquired Davie; "I've as fine a variety here as there's in the haill country; to suit a' sights. 'Try on thae,'" and the eye-glass seller thrust a pair into the old gentleman's hands, and then held up a paper for him to read. "They're nae use," was the comment after some little trial had been made. "Ah, I thocht sae," returned the worthy, "you're gettin' short-sighted." Nor could a suitable pair be found on the stall. At length Davie whipped out a pair from his pocket, and handed them to the customer with the remark, "Here's a pair, sir, that's sure to fit ye." The trial of this pair was sufficient to induce the man into a sale. "Thae's the very thing. Hoo much are thae?" "They're juist five shillings," said Davie, hastily returning them to the case. The money was instantly paid, but before the weak-eyed gentleman was far away the worthy

amused the bystanders with the remark, as he jingled the shillings, "There's nae gless in them."

Many of the worthies managed to eke out existence without engaging in any kind of work, and some seemed to have no inclination for toil.

Daft Jock Gray, the supposed original of David Galletly, once proved himself equal to the occasion when he was asked if he could not work. Even the consequential dignity that lurks behind the "gown and bands" could not give Jock the engaging kind of work, and some seemed to have no usual mission—that of loitering—when he was met by the minister, who, in haughty tones, delivered himself in these words, "John, you're an idle fellow; you might surely herd a few cows." "Me herd!" exclaimed the worthy, "I dinna ken corn frae girse."

On a farm in Fife, as the men were busy building stacks, the farmer entered the stackyard and found one of the men on the top of a finished stack trying to put the head straighter, and bawled out to him, "Come doon oot o' that, Jock. That's twice I've seen you on the top of that stack, and it is nae better. Can you no' put up a guid stack, and be dune wi't?" "Well, maybe I cud," replied Jock; "but it wadna matter muckle although I did, for if I put up a guid ane it takes me a' day looking at it, and if I put up an ill ane it takes me a' the rest o' the day sorting it."

One day a "ne'er-do-weel" accosted a farmer for whom he was accustomed to work, and asked for a

shilling, adding that he would give him "a hand" to lift his potatoes. The farmer's answer was as sharp as it was suggestive. "I'll gi'e ye a shilling if ye *lift* nae mair o' them."

An old farmer, passionately fond of fox-hunting, was one day following the chase, when he inadvertently got out of the track of his comrades and became entangled in a thick wood. While anathematising his misfortune in language more forcible than polite, a half-witted worthy appeared on the scene. On being questioned by the farmer as to whether he had seen the fox, the worthy replied, "Ay, he went by hauf-an-hoor syne." "Did ye speak till him?" asked the farmer, thinking to compensate his misfortune by a laugh at the expense of the simpleton. "'Deed did I!" came the answer. "An' what said he, Tam?" asked the farmer. "He just said, 'Guid morning!' and asked wha's houn's were oot; and, when I tell't him it was yours, he juist gi'ed his tail a bit shake, and said, lauchin', 'Weel, I needna hurry!'"

Davie Drinnan was a "ne'er-do-weel." He had been converted on three or four occasions. Impressionable and "a wee saft," every stirring of the spiritual atmosphere readily affected him. While labouring under these fits of mental disturbance, prayer was his constant engine of offence and defence—he was in fact a man of great faith and many words, but of little works. His companions used to watch his every movement. While taking a short

cut home from church one Sabbath, he came to a rather high dry-stone dyke. Down on his knees went Davie, and prayed to the effect that he might get over this dyke safely, but would trust in Providence; ay, even though the dyke should fall on him would not his faith fail. A few of his mischievous companions, who had seen his move, and were hiding and listening on the other side, at this point tumbled over some of the looser stones on him. "Ah, Lord," exclaimed Davie, "a body canna say a word in fun but ye tak' it in earnest."

There had been a fire at a steading some miles out of Hawick, and owing to there being no fire brigade at hand the whole stock of corn was destroyed. Willie Anstruther, a half-wit, belonging to Goldielands, visited the scene of the conflagration on the following day, and after inspecting the ruins he turned to a bystander, and in tones of intense disgust exclaimed, "Tuts, tuts! sic stupid folk about Hawick onyway. They micht ha'e had the engine up the nicht afore at onyrate!"

We have said that the worthy was at times unwilling to toil, and when he did engage in work he liked to be well attended to.

Will Speir, the Eglinton natural, was working one day on the minister's glebe, and when dinner time came was called into the kitchen. Just as he had finished his meal the minister entered, and, seeing Will, enquired whether he had had a good dinner.

"Oh, vera guid," said Will, "but gin onybody asks if I got a dram after it what'll I say?"

An odd character used to live in the Aberdeenshire hamlet of Garmond. He was popularly known as "Tailor Roy," and by Jeems Roy, or "Swift." He was a very peculiar being, and had many strange sayings and doings accredited to him. Like Davie Drinnan, he trusted greatly to Providence, and the following is said to be the terms of his "prayer for proveeshuns"—"O Lord, min', send me an ounce o' tea an' a poun' o' sugar an' a loaf gin Sunday, min'; and gin't can be possible, twa three red herrin'! Gin ye dae that, min', I'll gang to yer kirk an' sing yer psalms; but gin ye dinna dae that, min', I'll profane yer Sunday, an' hack sticks on yer day, min'; I'll dance an' dele (delve) an' plant kail, an' gang to Jonny Watt's for my milk, min'!"

The worthy is frequently economical. William Sprunt, a character well-known in Logiealmond, was dying in Edinburgh, and as he was afraid he would not be buried in his native glen, he expressed himself in the words, "I'm far through this time, sir, and I'm feared I'm no' to get ovr't; but I wad like to get better enough to get back to Logiealmond afore I dee; for ye see, sir, it's a lot cheaper travelin' leevin' than deed!"

To a ready answer the worthy frequently added keen observation. An old worthy who did odd jobs about a village in Forfarshire, was one day engaged in cleaning out the minister's ashpit. The minister,

who happened to be up early, sought to improve the occasion by reminding old William, as he was called, that he should throw off the coat of intemperance which he wore so persistently. William listened without saying anything to the advice, then turning, replied, "Ay, ay, minister, what ye ha'e said may be a' true eneuch; but I'm dootin' ye dinna act up to the advice ye are sae glib in gi' ein', if I may judge frae the number o' corks I ha'e thrown up in the midden."

Another who was employed about a farm received a penny, which he hid in a crevice in the barn wall. The farmer, observing what had been done, extracted the penny, putting a two-shilling piece in its place. "Strange," said Jock, when he went to look at his treasure; "turned white in the face—maun ha'e catched the cauld," and with this remark he rolled the florin in a rag and put it back. Next day the farmer changed the coin to a shilling. "Getting to be a case o' consumption, I doot," remarked Jock, when he paid a second visit. Next day the rag contained a sixpenny piece. "Gallop in' consumption!" exclaimed the natural, and replaced the coin with a dowie shake of his head. The farmer next substituted a half-sovereign. "Noo ye've ta'en the jaundice," exclaimed Jock on a subsequent visit. "Ye'll need to be keepit warm," and so saying, he placed the coin in his pocket and *kept it there*.

Jock Amos was in conversation with a female acquaintance, who, following a common idiom of

speech, enquired, "Jock, how auld will you be?" "Humph! It wad tak' a wiser head than mine to tell ye that," was Jock's reply. "What!" exclaimed his friend, "it's unco queer that ye dinna ken how auld ye are." "I ken weel enough how auld *I am*," replied Jock, "but I dinna ken how auld *I'll be*."

A worthy near Coupar, famous for his eccentricities, was one day treating himself to something special to dinner. A crony happening to look in upon him at the time, gazed at the feast with envious eyes. The worthy did not wish to lose even a part of his dinner, nor had he any inclination to offend his friend, and he therefore took the following way of intimating that his room was preferable to his company. "I'm sayin', Henry, dae ye ken the way I dinna keep a dog?" "No." "Because it aye sits an' looks at me when I'm eatin', an' I canna thole that."

Jamie Campbell, an innocent half-wit, was engaged as a farm servant in the neighbourhood of Montrose. He was sent off one day with a cart and a barrel to fetch some sea-water, in which it was then the custom to dip the sheep. When Jamie got to the shore it was ebb-tide, and returning home he informed the farmer he "couldna get a drap water the day; the sea was clean dry." On another occasion he was sent with a horse to the mill for a sackful of meal. On his way home he was observed mounted on the horse's back, with the load slung across his own shoulders. Being asked how he bur-

dened his own back with it, he answered, "Oh, just to mak' it lighter for the beastie."

A half-wit in the parish of F—— had such lazy and indolent habits that a few of his friends decided to give him a ducking in a horse pond to freshen him up a little. They were about to carry this idea into effect when an old farmer in the neighbourhood came up and asked them what they were going to do. One of them jocularly replied that there was going to be a funeral. "Tut, tut," said the old fellow, "let the young chap come to my house, and I'll gi'e him as much tatties an' soor milk as he can tak', an' he'll be asked to dae but little." "An' wull the tatties be pared for me?" asked the lazy one, turning on his side. "No, certainly not," replied the farmer, rather indignantly. "Then go on with the funeral, lads, for I'll no' gang!"

Jock Haw was a worthy in farm-service near Dumfries. When the annual fair approached, Jock got permission to attend, and on the eventful morning he set off in high spirits. Being home long before he was expected, the farmer asked, "Hullo, Jock, you're unco soon hame; did ye no' enjoy the fair?" "Fair!" replied Jock with a grunt; "Queer fair! I couldna see a buddy for fowk."

There are always to be found those who endeavour to make merry at the half-wit's expense. A miller near Elgin, hoping to take a "rise" out of a village natural who was loitering about the mill yard, said to him, "Dauvie, folk say that you're a fule!" "I

dinna ken that I am," replied David, "but there's some things I ken, though there's ithers that I dinna ken." "Weel, then, Dauvie, what d'ye ken?" "I ken that millers ha'e aye fat pigs." "An' what d'ye no' ken?" "I dinna ken *wha's corn* they eat."

There was always about the half-wit—from fear or otherwise—a certain honesty and truthfulness. The laird of Bansterie lost his purse, and Daft Jamie, a well-known district worthy, who had been fortunate enough to discover it, called at the mansion-house very early in the morning to hand over his find. The laird, who had to be aroused out of bed to receive Jamie, was somewhat ill-natured, and asked him what the mischief sent him at such an early hour in the morning? "Weel," replied Jamie, "I cam 'awa' just as lang as I had the upper hand, for I can assure you the deevil an' me ha'e had a ge y nicht o't."

A gentleman was taking a walk one day in the vicinity of a lunatic asylum near Edinburgh, when he was accosted by a man of respectable appearance, and the asylum referred to formed the topic of conversation. "It is a wonderful place that," said the man. "Everything is in such excellent order—so agreeable, too. They have concerts and balls; and, more than that—what do you think?—they have a debating society." "Indeed," said the gentleman, "a debating society!" "Yes; they are debating just now, and if you like," suggested the man, "I will

show you how they proceed. But when they see you, take no particular notice. Should they address you, merely say, 'Let me not disturb you, gentlemen; I am daft.'" The lunatic—for such he really was—conducted the gentleman into a room of the asylum and left him, not in the presence of lunatics, but with *the Board of Directors*, who were just then sitting.

James Anderson, commonly called Lang Jamie, a hanger-on about inns at Beith, was employed in doing trifling jobs. His chief occupation, however, was holding horses during fairs and market days for farmers and horse-coupers. He was asked, "What is your charge?" He replied, "I ha'e nae rule; sometimes a *tumph* gives me twa bawbees, but a clever fallow like you aye gi'es me a white sixpence." Jamie was passing along a road when he saw some jelly cans cooling on the ledge of a window. The temptation being very strong, Jamie marched off with two of the cans. Next day, the worthy happened to pass along the same road, and the owner of the jelly seeing him, enquired, "Jamie, dae ye ken onything about twa cans o' my jeely that was stolen yesterday?" "No, ma'am," said Jamie, looking round and seeing no way of escape, "as sure's ocht I ken naething about your jeely, but I'll bring back your cans if ye like."

Rab Livingstone, who lived in a village in Ayrshire, was one day passing the manse eating a slice of bread, when the minister's wife came out with a

plate and sent him to the fish-cart, owned by James Moran, who was shouting, "Loupin' and leevin' her-rin'" at the pitch of his voice. While Jamie was filling the plate, Rab slipped the bread he was eating into his pocket, also two herring which he had cleverly managed to lift from the cart when Jamie's back was turned. Jamie, however, noticed the tails sticking out of Rab's pocket, and asked him how they got there. "Man," said Rab, "is that no' wunnerfu'? When I heard you saying they were leevin' I thocht you were an awfu' leear; but fegs! it's true. They saw me pit the breed in my pouch, and were sae mighty hungry they louped in efter it."

Sandy F— was an eccentric character, well-known in the village of E—, and many a queer caper he tried. One day he was assisting his master to make some joists for a shed. "Tak' a thochtie aff that joist, Sandy," said his master. Sandy seized a saw, and immediately cut off three feet. "Ye stoopit gowk," exclaimed his master on observing what had been done, "ye've spiled my stick. What gart ye tak' aff sae muckle?" "Weel," retorted Sandy, "ye telt me to tak' aff a thochtie, an' I juist thocht three feet."

The worthy could make a good bargain when he chose. Daft Jamie, a well-known natural who lived in the neighbourhood of Denholm, was occasionally employed by the Laird of Cavers and his brother, Captain Douglas, who resided at Mid-

shields, to transport them on his back across the water which flowed between their places of abode. One day Captain Douglas bribed Jamie to drop the Laird in the middle of the river. The worthy agreed, and having taken Cavers on his back, he proceeded to the middle of the stream, when he exclaimed, "Oh! Laird, my kuit's yeukie!" "Well, well; never mind that," exclaimed Cavers. "Ay, but I maun mind it," replied Jamie, and, notwithstanding orders, entreaties, and threats, he plumped the Laird down into the water and began scratching his ankle. After conveying the Laird across he returned for the Captain, who speedily mounted, and was carried to the middle of the river. At the spot where he had dropped the Laird, Jamie again stood still. "Noo, Captain," said he, "if ye dinna gi'e me twa shillin's mair I'll lat you doon as weel."

In addition to liking plenty, the worthy cared to have something substantial in the way of food. John B——, a village worthy, who did a little as a joiner, was working at a farm town for a couple of days, and on the first day the farmer's wife supplied him with some soup at dinner time, which John did not greatly relish, as it was somewhat thin. On the second day the farmer's wife, meaning to repeat her kindness, asked John if he would take any soup. "No, thank ye, mem," was the reply, "I'm no' dry the day."

Donald, who was engaged in farm service, was, like the hero of the foregoing incident, a little par-

ticular as to his food and drink, and more than once the rather cheeseparing goodwife of the farm felt the sting of his sharp tongue. She hastened to explain matters to Donald when anything went amiss with the victuals, knowing that if she could satisfy him little would be said by any of the others. One day she placed a bottle of sma' ale on the table near Donald, and remarked, apologetically, "Oh, Donald, the ale's nae vera strong the day, it hasna wrocht yet." "'Deed, mistress," said Donald, drily, "we would ha'e seen that for oorsel's. For my pairt, I think it's nae able to work, an' I think it wad be a sin to bid it."

Sometimes an attempt is made to impose on the worthy in the way of working, as well as in the way of feeding.

Stewart Jack, the Meikleour slater, was quaint, but shrewd and witty. A wag met him one day returning from Clunie, and wishing to take a "rise" out of him, said, "Go home, Stewart, as fast as possible, for the chairman and two directors of the Newtyle Railway Company are waiting your return in order to arrange for the slating of the line." "Weel, I cudna tak' that job in hand i' the noo," answered the slater quietly, for I've ha'en a meetin' wi' Maister M'Nicol, the factor frae Airlie, an' I've ta'en on the slatin' o' the loch o' Clunie; so, as ye've little to dae, ye can get the ither job to keep ye frae stervin'."

If the worthy did not get work when he tried it,

he could be cutting enough to those who refused him.

A noted ne'er-do-weel in the north applied one day at the house of a builder for a job. The builder being out, his wife, an exceptionally plain-looking woman, came to the door, and, in answer to the petition of the man, said, "No, the guidman has nae work for you, at onyrate," and was about to shut the door, when Jock placed his foot at the bottom of it, and, eyeing the grim matron before him, remarked, with caustic humour, "Weel, he may be unco particular aboot the men he tak's on, but he's no' sae mighty particular wi' his women folk."

The worthy was invariably 'cute. A half-wit in Fife being about to suffer condign punishment from the nobleman whose dependant he was, climbed a tree for refuge. The nobleman, however, shewed every intention of waiting till the worthy should descend, and as the half-wit grew tired of so uncomfortable a seat, he hit upon the following strategy to raise the siege. Looking along the approach to the house, visible from his post, he said, "My lord!" "Well," was the response. "There's a gran' carriage-and-fower comin' up to the hoose," replied the worthy, and while his lordship hurried off to receive his imaginary guests, Charles made his escape.

While it was seldom that the worthy worked he did not like to work and go unrewarded.

A natural who used to lounge about the door of a Stirling inn, was wont to earn coppers from the

visitors by playing on the flute. A lady, who used to give him something occasionally, was just starting from the inn, and said to Jamie that she had only a fourpenny piece, and that he must be content with that, for she could not stay to get more. Jamie was not satisfied, and, as the lady drove out, expressed his feelings by playing with all his might, "O weerie o' the *toom pouch*."

When a worthy did set himself to work he often manifested intense interest in his duties.

Will Speir had charge of the coal-stores on the Earl of Eglinton's estate, and, as on one occasion he had been soundly rated for allowing the fuel to run out, he ever afterwards made it his one great ambition to keep the requisite supply in readiness. In the course of time, his lease of life gave evidence that it was drawing to a close, and, as is usual when such happens, the parish minister was called in to try and prepare the dying man for the journey on which he was about to enter. After a solemn conversation, by which the natural seemed to have been calmed into a good frame of mind, and was likely to receive seriously any further communication, the man of God asked him whether there was not *one great thought* which was consoling to him in the hour of trouble. "Ou, ay," said the poor fellow, "faithful over a few things;" "Lord be thankit a' the bunkers are fou."

Although Will Speir's affections were set more on

things on earth than in heaven above, there were worthies who knew of such a place as Paradise.

A natural in the north-east of Scotland, who was seized with a violent attack of inflammation, was so ill that bleeding was resorted to as a cure. Force, however, was necessary, for the natural would not submit. When the worthy saw blood he cried out excitedly, "O doctor! doctor! you'll kill me! and depend upon it, the first thing I'll do when I get to the other world will be to *report ye to the Board o' Supervision there, and get you dismissed.*"

Rab Ha', the Glasgow glutton, seems to have been the king of eaters. When Rab arrived one day at the mansion of a hospitable entertainer, the latter said to him, "Rab, we're gaun to see if ye can eat a whole calf." Rab at once agreed. "All right," said the entertainer after Rab had agreed, "but I suppose you won't object to take a pie before the calf is brought in?" Rab, confident in his stowage capacity, expressed himself quite willing to partake of the dish. When he had finished the pie, his lordship pressed him to take another, which he dispatched with equal alacrity. A third and a fourth followed, but by this time Rab, beginning to fear that he was going beyond the bounds of prudence, considering what was still expected of him, ventured a slight remonstrance. "Mind, your lordship, I ha'e to eat the calf yet!" "O Rab, Rab, man," answered his host laughing, "do ye no' ken ye've eaten the calf already?"

The road from Campsie to the village of Fintry winds round a steep spur of the Campsie hills, and in winter is often rendered impassable by the inclemency of the weather; and on an afternoon in the back end of the year the crier in that district, who was named Sammul, and was a well-known worthy in Campsie district, used to deliver himself to the farming folks on the main street thus:—"John Drummond gi'es notice that he wull stope gauu ower the hill to Fintry every Mononday and Fairsday at the Martinmas term, an' up to Caunulemas wull gang but yince a week on a Tyesday, gif the road's clear o' snaw an' Gode wullin'; but at onyrate on a Setterday, richt raison or nane."

Among the many characters that Montrose possessed was Joseph Carr, and many of his quick reproofs and quaint sayings are well-known to the inhabitants. Joseph was taking his usual walk along the sea-shore one day when he met the minister, who was accompanied by a large Newfoundland dog. "You remind me of Lord Byron and his dog," was Joseph's compliment to the minister. "What care I for Byron?" queried the divine somewhat imperiously. "Dinna carry your heid sae high, Mr. D——," replied the worthy, "for if it wasna for Byron, and such as Byron, ye wad ha'e verra little to say to your congregation when ye mount the poopit stair on Sawbath."

In olden times the country was traversed by a class of beggars of the Edie Ochiltree type, and,

besides being the principal news-carriers, some of these itinerants were half-crazed and half-droll, and much quaint humour and curious fun was got from them. Daft Willie Dawson from Brechin was one of these, and some of our readers may remember him with his hardware box, selling trumps. Willie was tormented with a restless spirit, which would not allow him either to sit or stand still, or even go ten paces straight forward. He jerked and cut all the gesticulations conceivable. The opening of his box was a comical operation. Placing it on a table, Willie retired some steps backward, all the time pointing with the key in one hand and pitching up the tails of his coat behind with the other, and stamping with his feet like a "puttin'" sheep. Then forward he went with a bounce, but ten to one he scored a miss. When Willie was to get married the minister he asked to officiate got into a rage, saying, "Who would marry you sir, to fill the country full of beggars?" "In troth, Mr. Whitson," said Willie, "you have not filled it full o' gentry either." The minister had no family.

But the king of all the jolly beggars was John Goodfallow. So cool a joker was John that those who risked to crack a joke with him were only likely to come off second best, and many a good story of his was fresh years after his decease in the places where he had been accustomed to travel. One day he met the Rev. David Mitchell of Aberlemno, who wanted a joke out of him. Mitchell was a man that



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indulged in his cups to a fault, and in the end to his sore grief. John, surveying him, said, "I see by your coat you're a minister. If it's no' ill manners to speer, whaur is your kirk?" "Just guess you that," said Mitchell. John sought to come at his man from the negative side, and prove whom he was by whom he was not, so he gave out a long chain of no noes which ran something as follows:—"I am sure you're no' Pistolfoot o' Tannadice, nor are you Pecken John Sma' o' Oathlaw; you're no' Cauld Kail o' Careston, nor are you the Harrow o' Fern; you're no' the Rattling Cannon o' Kirriemuir, nor are you the Roaring Lion o' Glamis; you are no' the Black Ram o' Cortachy, nor are you the Glasgow Gun o' Forfar; you're no' the godly Rodger o' Rescobie; nor Horse Couper Jock o' Inverarity; so you maun be drunken Mitchell o' Aberlemno, or I canna guess wha you are."

Jock was a well-known character in the districts of Edzell and Glenesk, and, like Rab Ha', he was a voracious eater. When soliciting anything, however, his request was made more as a demand than asked as a favour. Entering a farm house on one occasion, and seeing that the only inmate was a female, Jock demanded a dish of "fried collops." The young woman was bewildered. There seemed no way of obeying the behest. Suddenly, however, she recollected that in a corner in the garret lay the remains of a pair of buckskin breeches. Procuring these, she cut them into pieces, placed them in a

stewpan, and in a short time laid the dose before the hungry worthy. He supped it with apparent relish, remarking as he finished, "Ay, lass, your collops are teuch but tastie."

If Jock had the appreciation for a good dinner, he also had a sense of humour. One day, while on his usual peregrinations, he called at a farmhouse and entreated the guidwife for "ane o' the guidman's sarks." The farmer's wife remarked that she had no shirts she could give away, to which remark Jock replied, "Ye ken, guidwife, an auld sark's nae compliment to naebody; gi'e me a guid ane." The farm housewife went away to search, and duly appeared, and, as she handed the beggar the shirt, she said (fully aware that all in the district considered her charity greater than her beauty), "Although that's ane o' the guidman's best sarks, ye'll juist gae to the next toon and misca' me." Jock, who saw that a compliment was being fished for, replied "I couldna' dae that, guidwife, if I didna ca' ye bonnie; an' if I ca'd ye that, ye ken yersel' I wad be speakin' against my conscience."

We have spoken of the natural attending church; he had also some sense of right and wrong.

Jock M'Lymont one day met his minister and accosted him with the remark, "Sir, I would like to speir a question at ye on a subject that's bothering me." "Weel, Johnnie," asked the divine, "what is the question?" "Sir, is it lawful at any time for to tell a lee?" The minister, desirous not to com-

mit himself, asked Johnnie what was his own opinion in the matter. "Weel, sir," said the worthy, "I'll no' say but in every case it's wrang to tell a lee, but I think there are waur lees than ithers." "How, Johnnie?" said the minister. "To keep doon a din, for instance," said the natural, and then he explained himself somewhat. "I'll no' say but a man does wrang in telling a lee to keep doon a din, but I'm sure he does not do half sae muckle wrang as a man that tells a lee to kick up a divilment o' a din."

A worthy who worked about a farmyard was in great terror of a turkey cock. On one occasion, when some friends were visiting him, one of them remarked on his apparent comfort. The natural expressed himself satisfied with his surroundings, the only grievance being the fowl. Unbosoming himself to a friend he said, "Ay, ay, but oh I'm sair hadden doon wi' that bubbly-jock."

A half-witted youth named Sandy Gow, who ran messages to earn a living, was sent on an errand to a house in the Perth Road where a large dog was kept on the chain. Hearing the dog barking furiously, the gentleman looked out of the window, and seeing Sandy standing in a state of terror, called out, "What's wrong, Sandy? Are you frightened for the dog?" "No," yelled Sandy, "I'm no' nane feared for the dog, nor for you either, but I'm feared for mysel'."

Although the worthy in one of the foregoing inci-

dents was terrorised, love for animal life among naturals was not unknown. A worthy who managed to get an existence by means of a cuddy and cart was arraigned for some offence and sentenced to imprisonment. When being led from the dock, he turned to the Sheriff and asked, "Wha'll guide the cuddy?" His lordship moved by the question, replied, "Send it to me." At his expense it was kept till the release of the prisoner.

Will Speir, the natural of Eglinton, to whom we have already referred, was allowed the privilege of wandering through the grounds of Eglinton Estate. One day Will was within the policies, and, bent upon some errand, was taking a near cut in order that he might the sooner fulfil his mission. He was in the act of crossing a fence when he was viewed by the Earl, who called to him, "Come back, sir, that's not the road." Will at once turned round and enquired, "Do ye ken whaur I'm gaun?" "No," said his Lordship. "Then," returned the worthy, "hoo the deil dae ye ken whether this be the road or no'?"

An anecdote similar to the foregoing is related regarding the late Lord Dundrennan. His Lordship was walking down the avenue at Compstone when he met a half-witted woman carrying a basket. "My good woman," said Dundrennan, "there's no road this way." "Na, sir, was the answer, "I think you're wrang there: I think it's a most beautifu' road."

When Jamie Fleeman, the reputed fool of Udny,

was on one occasion at Perth races he managed to procure a leg of mutton. Taking a seat on the parapet of a bridge near the town, he was busily at work on his mutton when the Laird of Udney came along. "Ah, Fleeman," said the laird, "are ye here already!" "Ou ay," returned the worthy as he looked lovingly at his trophy, "ye ken a body when he *has onything*."

Jock and Tam were having a "crack," when the village postman handed Jock a letter. "What's the meanin' o' 'j-u-n-i-o-r' at the end of your name, Jock?" asked Tam. "Oh," Jock replied, "that's to let the fowk ken I'm no' sae auld as my faither!"

There is an amusing story told of an idiot who lived near the residence of a late Lord Fife. Some parts of his lordship's estate were barren and in a very unproductive condition. Under the improved system of agriculture and of drainage great preparations had been made for securing a good crop in a certain field, where Lord Fife, his factor, and others interested in the subject, were collected. There was much discussion and some difference of opinion as to the crop with which the field had best be sown. The idiot retainer, who had been listening unnoticed to all that was said, at last cried out, "Saw't wi' factors, my lord; they're sure to thrive everywhere."

Will Speir was passing the minister's glebe one day when hay-making was in progress. The minister stopped Will and asked him whether the weather would keep fair. Will's was a cautious re-

ply, "Weel, I canna be sure, but I'll be passin' this way the nicht, an' I'll ca' in and tell ye."

An Englishman who made free with Donald Fraser, a character well-known in a fashionable watering-place in the west of Scotland, met the worthy one day driving a boar. "One of your great relations, I suppose, you have got, Donald," said the Englishman. "Na, na," quietly returned Donald, "nae freend ava; juist an acquaintance like yoursel'."

Some time ago, M'Kinnon, the provision merchant of a village in the south, was talking in his shop to a few customers when a blind man entered, and solicited alms. The grocer, who was disposed to show his superior knowledge of human nature, remarked, "D'ye no' ken, ma freens, hoo vera delicate is the touch of a blin' man. I aye think Providence has made up the loss o' ae sense by makin' ane o' the ithers mair 'cute. Noo, juist see hoo this puir man can tell a thing by the touch," and putting some fine sugar in a scoop he held it out to the mendicant, remarking, "What's that, ma man?" The blind man extended his hand, took up a pinch with his thumb and finger, and, without hesitation, said, "That's sand!"

A gang of workmen were digging a trial pit previous to some excavations being done. While they were at work throwing up the earth a half-wit named Jock Howe, belonging to the district, appeared on the scene, and, addressing the foreman, said, "What

are ye howkin' doon there for?" The foreman taking in at a glance the character of his questioner, answered, "Oh, we're diggin' down to Australia. Would you like to come?" Jock, after thinking for a minute, answered, "Ay man! Howkin' doon to Australia, are ye! Lod, ye maun be far dafter than me yet. Can ye no' sail to Australia an *howk up*, when ye wad be saved a' the bother o' liftin' the earth oot, for a' your stuff wad then fa' awa' frae ye?"

Willie, a Tillicoultry worthy, was rather a queer character, and is credited with some droll sayings. He stopped a man on the road once and said, "If a' the folk in Tillicoultry were stanin' across this road, hoo would the rest get past?" He was a most inveterate beggar of tobacco, and, no matter how much he got, he had always a corner of his box vacant for the next donation. Meeting a commercial traveller at the outskirts of the village one day, he, as was his usual, accosted the stranger for a "chow." After getting a piece of that quality known as golden bar, Willie looked up into the traveller's face and said quietly, "Man, dae ye pey for your tobacco?" "Most certainly I do," replied the gentleman. "Aweel," replied Willie, "you're a big fule. I'm no' sae daft."

Jamie —, one of the worthies of Perth, was discovered one night lying at the foot of an outside stair. "Is that you, Jamie?" asked an acquaintance, in a voice of the greatest astonishment. "Ay, it's me," said Jamie, in a tone of complete resignation.

“Ha’e you fa’en doon the stair?” continued his friend. “Ay!” said the worthy, “I fell doon; but I was comin’ doon whether or no’.”

Despite their little weaknesses, the naturals considered themselves worthy of that respect which is due to common humanity.

Jock Hogg, one of the Dunbar worthies, was greatly surprised on one occasion to see a portrait of himself exposed to view in a shop window. A travelling artist had produced the work, and it was in the old daguerreotype style. Jock, on seeing it, immediately entered the shop, and in a towering rage ordered the shopkeeper “to tak’ him oot o’ the window.” The shopkeeper told the worthy that it was Mr. Burleigh, the artist, who put it in. But Jock was still indignant. “Burleigh here or Burleigh there,” he shouted, “if ye dinna tak’ it oot I’ll sune tak’ oot the peen.” Whether or not Jock was successful in his demand history bears no witness, but a similar case occurred in Stirling with a well-known worthy, and he made the shopkeeper remove the photo. under threat of legal proceedings.

We have told you a little of the worthy, and we shall leave you at his grave. The following inscription marks the resting-place of a worthy of West Kilbride. His name was Thomas Tyre—

“Here lie the banes of Thomas Tyre,
Wha lang had drudged through dub and mire
In carrying bundles and sik lyke,
His task performing with small fyke.

To deal his snuff Tam aye was ree,
And served his friend for little ee,
His life obscure was nothing new,
Yet we must own his faults were few,
Although at Yule he supp'd a drap,
And in the kirk whiles took a nap.
True to his work in every case,
Sam scorn'd to cheat for lucre base.
Now he has gone to taste the are
Which none but honest men will share



IX.—KILT AND SPORRAN.

DOU GAL, Donald, and Duncan, or Tugal, Tonald, and Tuncan, are well-known characters in the realm of anecdote. The Gael and the Sassenach claim the one fatherland, but in this claim may be said to lie their only point of resemblance. Their languages and customs are distinctly different. The real Highlander is almost a foreigner in the lowlands, and the difficulties he has to encounter in speech may be said to render him as absurd as a German in his dealings with his fellow-countrymen south of the Grampians. Long association with the Sassenach never achieves total extinction of nationality, and the Gael who has lived in lowland Scotland for two generations fondly cherishes the memory of his Highland home, and not infrequently, after he has lived life's little day, is carried back to sleep with his forefathers in the stillness of a Highland churchyard.

Certain politicians are for ever telling us that by a systematic course of oppression the Highlands have been depopulated and the Highlanders driven down into the lowlands to swell the labour and other markets. It is said that in some of the slums of Glasgow at the present moment Gaelic is the only means of speech, and that it is spoken with all the

fluency which one might expect in some secluded Highland glen. We do not propose to discover whether or not this is really the case, but no matter what the reason may be, the Highlander has in modern times sought a home beyond the chain of hills which might be said to mark the border of his own domain. It is chiefly of this wandering Celt that we shall have to speak. Forced to adopt Lowland laws and customs, he has more or less looked upon them as forms of oppression, and his ills—real and imaginary—have not wanted their exponents. He has been often sketched in song and story, but perhaps the portrait has been more often a caricature than a likeness.

One of the chief duties which the Celt fulfils is that of keeper of the peace, and the ranks of our constabulary, more than the ranks of our Highland regiments, are recruited from the sons of the mist.

A stalwart Highlander was one evening on his rounds in Glasgow when he was met by a friend who hailed from the same northern village as himself. "Well, Donald," said the friend, after sundry greetings had been exchanged, "how long have you been in the force?" "Och," replied Donald with all his native simplicity, "I'll just be two years a policeman and a half."

In Glasgow, as elsewhere, the Highland policeman was sometimes the butt of a joke. A young man fresh from the hills received an appointment on the constabulary staff of the Cowcaddens district. The

urchins of that neighbourhood were not long in discovering that Tugal was a "new haun'," and one of them determined to have a joke at his expense. "Could ye obleege me wi' the time?" the boy asked, somewhat politely, of the policeman. "She's shust ten meenits to wan," answered the obliging constable, as politely. "Well," added the boy, "go to the devil when it's wan." This was too much even for the Celt, and when the boy took to his heels Tugal made after him. While in pursuit he met a brother constable, who exclaimed, "What! what! what's up?" "Did she'll see ta tampt rat turn ta corner; weel, she'll ha'e askit me ta time, an' her nainsel' will ha'e told her, whatefer, tat it was ten meenits to wan, an' she'll told me back to go to ta teevil when it was wan, an'——" "Well, well," said the brother policeman, interrupting him in a voice of sympathy, "There's nae hurry, mate; you've plenty o' time; it wants five meenits yet."

About fifty years ago the policemen in Glasgow used to call out the hours in the morning, with the accompanying announcement of the state of the weather. People were awakened in the early hours by hearing the cry under their windows, "Five o'clock, and a fine mornin'," or "a rainy mornin'," as the case might be. It is related of a member of the force who, being once a little puzzled as to how he should describe a particular morning, which exhibited a variety of conflicting characteristics, got

over the difficulty by shouting lustily, "Six o'clock, and a funny mornin'!"

A policeman, fresh from the island of Jura, approached a number of young men standing in a group on the pavement of one of the busy streets of the Western metropolis, and, pushing them somewhat roughly, exclaimed, "If you'll be goin' to stand here, my lads, you'll have to be moving about." "Is this not a free country?" demanded one of the fellows, somewhat sharply. "This is not ta country at all, ye tam sheep's head," shouted the enraged limb of the law. "This is one of the largest cities in the town of Glasgow."

Dougal M'Dougall left his native fastness for Glasgow to fill an appointment in the police force, and, later on, his musical tastes led him into the police band. A kindred native called on him one day, and, in the course of the conversation, he enquired, "Wad it be true, Dougal, that her is a member o' ta police prass pand?" "Yus, Alastair," replied Dougal, "her was." "An' what instreument wad she play?" queried Alastair with interest. "Ta trombone," answered Dougal. "Ta trombone! Her as draws an' draws an' plaws an' plaws?" further queried the Celt, and, adding proudly, "Och, Dougal, wad she tempt Providence by leavin' ta pipes for that?"

The Highlanders are also called upon to do duty as defenders of Britain's glory, although the num-

ber of those who find their way into the army is yearly decreasing.

Soldiers are often pestered by people asking them all sorts of questions about their experiences on the field of battle. An old Celt, who had been through the Egyptian War, being asked, "If at the battle of Tamai, during the thick of the engagement, he ever thought the British would get licked," cautiously replied, "Weel, man, I kent fine we wadna get licked, but I sometimes thocht that we wad a' be killed afore we wad win!"

A somewhat *naive* excuse was given by an H.L.I. recruit, who had deliberately broken out of barracks and proceeded on a visit to his sweetheart. His Colonel asked, "Why did you scale the wall?" "Juist because I couldna win oot at the yett," answered the offender. "It was lockit, an' a man wi' a gun was lookin' efter it." "But you had no right to leave the barracks without permission," said the officer sternly. "Weel, I kent I had nae richt, but I took it," answered the soldier, apparently quite unconcerned. "Jenny wadna ha'e been pleased if I hadna gaen to see her." "Ten days' confinement to barracks," was the commanding officer's sentence. "Verra weel, sir, that'll no' kill me. Neist time I speel owre the wa' I'll no' be in a hurry back," answered Jock as he was marched off to do penance, and the story runs that shortly afterwards he did "speel the wa'" and deserted, *successfully*, if we may so say.

Writing about the H.L.I., there is a story told of an old veteran of that regiment—fond of his dram—who used to invariably eat his bread without butter, his argument being that “if the bread was good it didna need butter; an’ if it was bad, it didna deserve butter.” He therefore kept his coppers for the canteen.

“Will ye tell Cornall M’Intosh that his mither’s come to see him?” said a buxom lady from the country, addressing the sentry at the gate of the Aberdeen garrison. “There shall pe no Cornall of that name in ta barracks whatsomever,” replied the Celt, adding reflectively, “but there shall pe a ferry coot Corporal called M’Intosh.” “Ay, ay, that’s him,” replied the visitor, “I kent he was among your ‘alls’.”

An old Highland sergeant was going the rounds one night to see that all lights were out in the barrack-rooms, and, coming to a window where he thought he saw a light shining, he roared, “Pit oot that licht there!” “It’s a’ richt, sergeant,” shouted one of the men; “it’s the moon.” Not hearing very well, the old soldier cried in return, “I dinna care what it is; pit it oot!”

As a certain Highland regiment was going into action during a recent campaign, one of the rank and file, Jock M’Intosh by name, who was under fire for the first time, called out to his comrade, Geordie Fyfe, an old veteran in the front rank, “Dinna bob, Geordie, I’m ahint ye.”

When the Highlander ventures abroad he sees many curious things, and he cuts a queer figure.

An old Highlandman was sitting on the bench of the Clutha landing-stage at Jamaica Bridge with a wearied look on his face. At last, tired waiting, he got up and said to a gentleman who was standing near, "I say, when do the boats sail?" "Every few minutes," replied the gentleman. "But when does this one start?" queried the Celt. "Which one?" asked the gentleman in some surprise. "Why, this one we're standing on now," continued the Highlander. "This isn't a boat; this is a pier!" explained the gentleman. "What?" cried the Celt. "An' me been waiting three hours for it to start for Govan!"

The landlady of a Highland student put some fresh coal on the fire, but as it made very little progress, she was summoned in a short time, and her lodger delivered himself of the order, "Tak' awa' thae stanes an' bring pates."

A native of Tobermory asked the clerk in the railway station at Oban the price of a railway ticket from Oban to Killin. "So much," replied the clerk, stating the price. "Hoot, awa'," replied Donald indignantly, "it's far ower dear; I'll rather walk;" and off he started. He had not proceeded far when the train came tearing along, whistling as it neared a station. "Ye needna whistle for me," said Donald. "I made ye an offer aince, and ye wadna tak' it; sae ye can gang on. I'm no' comin'."

When the railway coupons used on board the Clyde steamers were first introduced the Celtic temperament of the pursers revolted at the indignity of carrying passengers without the experience of handling the coin. One afternoon the purser was complimented with, "Well, Hamish, you're busy to-night." "Eh, busy, busy," said Hamish in a discontented voice, "four-thirds o' them are 'teckets,' and the rest 'wimmin' folk'."

A Highlander intending to travel by rail from Greenock to Paisley, and being afraid he would leave the train at the wrong place, asked another Gael how he would know when he arrived there. "Weel," said his friend, settling down to an explanation, "she'll just gang on the train and wait till it starts. After she starts she'll come to a big toon, and she'll be thinking it's Paisley, an' it's no' Paisley ava; and she'll gang on again, an' she'll come to anither big toon, and she'll think it's Paisley, an' it's no' Paisley either; an' she'll just sit still, syne she'll gang on again, an' she'll come to anither big toon, an' she'll think it's no' Paisley, an' it's Paisley all the time, an' she'll come oot there."

A Highlandman, who was expecting a letter from a friend, called at the Post Office, and finding there was no admittance on account of the early hour, he scratched his head, and, turning to a bystander, inquired, with an anxious look, "Is there nae ither shops that sell letters in this toun?"

Dugald M'Tavish, who took cattle to Edinburgh market, was crossing the Burntisland ferry on one occasion, and, being a "guid scholar," was spelling away at the board which informed all who cared to read, that "Any person going abaft this will be charge cabin fare." In the course of the passage a gentleman from the cabin was walking forward to view the machinery, and just when crossing, where Dugald was standing beside the board, the Celt seized him by the coat-tail, and on his looking round, Dugald exclaimed, with a countenance expressing great consternation, "Noo, my goot lat, teuk care where you'll go, or you'll be brought in for the steerage fare."

Sandy M'Pherson, head gamekeeper to Mr. Williamson, a Perthshire laird, went to Glasgow to bring back his son, who ran away to sea. "Hello, Sandy!" said Mr. Williamson on his return, "you have got home again. I suppose you would be killing the fatted calf last night?" "No," replied Sandy, "but she'll dasht near kill't the prodigal."

A Glasgow merchant named Campbell advertised for an active, intelligent man" as light porter. Before he had opened his door to the public one morning twenty or thirty applicants stood in front of the office, and among them an unusually small Highlander, who rushed forward eagerly, and exclaimed, "Mr. Cammel, Mr. Cammel, if it's a *licht* porter you will want, I am *lichter* nor ony o' them."

A gentleman who had acquired a competency in

the pursuit of commerce, resolved to leave its harassing turmoils, and betake himself to the peaceful occupation of a tiller of the soil, and bought a farm in Islay. Before leaving Glasgow, he had his portrait taken by a skilful artist, which he hung up in his parlour. A Highland servant girl, who had never seen any canvas semblance of the human face divine, was cleaning out the parlour on the morning after the picture had been hung up, and while turning about in the process of sweeping she observed her master, in gilt embroidery, looking, as she thought, sternly at her. She remained motionless a minute, and observing no change on the rigid features of the object which seemed to observe her motions, she took to her heels, and ran up stairs, calling to the ploughman, "Donald, Donald, come awa' doon in a moment, and see my maister looking through the wa'."

A young Highlander was apprenticed to a cabinet-maker in Glasgow, and got, as a first job, a chest of veneered drawers to clean and polish. After a sufficient time had elapsed, as the foreman thought, for doing the work assigned him, he inquired whether he was ready with the drawers yet? "Oich no, it's a tough job; I've almost taken the skin aff my ain twa hands before I'll got it off the drawers." "What!" exclaimed the foreman, "you are not taking the veneering off, you blockhead?" "What 'll I do then, sir?" asked the innocent Celt, "I could

not surely put a polish on before I'll teuk the bark aff!"

"This is a very fatiguing journey," said an English commercial traveller to his companion in a railway carriage, an elderly Highlander, as they journeyed from Inverness to London. "An' so it ought to be," replied the son of the mist, "for four poun's twa shillin's an' saxpence."

A worthy, who acquired his slender stock of mongrel English on the "Braes o' Balquhiddar," and owned a property in the Calton of Glasgow, had the mortification to find that a tenant of his, a cow-feeder, had sold off all the stock and made a moon-light flitting. The landlord, hearing of her decampment, hastened to the spot to see if anything had been left whereby he might indemnify himself; but, behold, all the rowters were off and the byre cleaned out. Just as he was preparing to leave the premises, one of the cows made her appearance at the byre door, and claimed admittance. "Hawkie, my own latie, come awa'," cried he, "I'm ferry glad to saw you once more; you're a far more honest woman tan your mistress."

One day two Highland drovers disembarked at Leith, and when travelling up to Edinburgh were overtaken by one of the new steam cars. As the two drovers had never before seen carriages impelled by any other power than horse, they stood in wonderment for a time as the car puffed smoothly past. "Bless me, Donald, did you ever see the likes o'

that pefore, whatiffer? 'There is ta coach run awa' frae ta horse! Run, run, Donald, like a good lad, and fricht him back again."

Every Highlander can dance, of course, and who ever heard of one who didn't? It was the only means the Gael had of drying his clothes for centuries, and has become a habit of the race. The names of the low-country dances are frequently a puzzle to Donald. At a dance in the Lowlands two very recently-imported Highlanders were present in a dazzling array of tartan. As the name of each successive dance appeared on the board at the top of the hall the one queried the other anxiously about it. At length the word "Interval" was set up. Donald, without this time consulting Malcolm, suddenly presented himself before a disengaged lady, and, making a big bow, asked, "Will you please, miss, to dance this interval with me?"

"An' how was it you liked Glesca', Dougal," asked a friend of Dougal, who had spent a New Year holiday in the second city. "'Deed, Tuncan, it's myself that couldna see her for ta hooses an' reek an' whisky."

Going along a street in Glasgow, where vendors of everything ply a brisk trade in the open, an old shepherd and his collie stopped at a fish stall. The dog seized a partan, and was making himself scarce, when the proprietor "spotted" him. "Eh, man, whustle on your doug!" he exclaimed excitedly to the shepherd; "he's awa' wi' ane of my pairtans."

"Aweel," replied the other, with an eye to the main chance, "juist ye whustle on your pairtan."

The fourth Duke of Atholl, who died in 1830, while on a visit to Mr. Drummond of Pitkilney, was partaking of a glass of wine in the drawing room, when an old Highlander passed the window, whose appearance struck his Grace, and he inquired who he was. "His name," replied the host, "is Donald Cameron, and he is employed as my cowherd; he is a singular character, an enthusiastic admirer of the Stuarts, and showed his attachment to them by taking the field in *Forty-five*;—he knew your Grace's uncle well." "I should like to see him," replied his Grace. Donald was called in, the Duke asked him a great many questions; and when he was about to retire, his master, filling a glass, requested him to drink the health of the Duke. Donald immediately did this, when a second glass was filled up, and he was requested to empty it in honour of the King. "Fat King?" asked Donald. "King George, certainly—the present King," was the answer. "Weel, weel," replied Donald, with an expressive shrug of the shoulder, "*gif* that be the Kings you'll understood, Donald's no' dry."

An old woman of the name of Gordon was listening to the account given in Scripture of Solomon's glory, which was read to her by a little female grandchild. When the girl came to tell of the thousand camels which formed part of the Jewish sovereign's live stock, the old woman cried, "Ay, lassie, a thou-

sand Campbells, say ye? The Campbells are an auld clan, sure eneuch; but look an' ye dinna see the Gordons too."

"Fat's the matter wi' ye, Donald?" said a friend, meeting Donald greetin' bitterly. "Oh," replied Donald, "Sandy Fraser's wife's dead." "An' what gar's ye greet because Sandy Fraser's wife's dead?" queried the friend. "Oh," Donald answered, with a despairing howl, "a'boday's gettin' a change but me!"

"Mac., I heard ye was courtin' bonnie Kate Macpherson," said Donald to an acquaintance one morning. "Weel, Sandy, man, I was in love wi' the bonnie lass," was Mac.'s reply, "but I fund oot she had nae siller, so I said to mysel'—'Mac., be a man.' And I was a man; and noo I pass her by wi' silent contempt."

An old lady was telling her grand-children about some trouble, in the course of which one of her clan was beheaded. "It was nae great thing of a head, to be sure," said the good lady; "but it was a sad loss for him!"

"He was a guid maister, the laird," said Donald, "an' he keepit min' o' me till the last, for in his will he said—'I leave to ma son Willie the twa black-faced yowes that were lost last week, if they're foun' oot. An' in case they're no' foun' oot, I leave them baith to ma faithful servant Donal'.'" The benevolent expression on Donald's countenance deepened, as he added, in a sighing undertone—"An' I hope

they're no' foun' oot." Donald had the satisfaction of being legatee. They were never found out.

In a village in the north—which was a happy harvest field for the press-gang—there was a sailor named Dochery Graham. He was a short, powerful man, but had bandy-legs. When his wife heard of the sudden arrival of the press-gang she instantly warned her husband to fly at once. He escaped out of a back window and made for the woods behind the village, followed by his wife's words, "*Rin, Dochery, rin!* though you are *bowed-leggit*, you're an able-bodied man!"

An amusing story which well illustrates the pride of clanship possessed by the Highland chieftains is told of one of the past Lairds of Grant. On some person speaking to him of the propriety either of his asking or accepting a peerage, the old chief replied, "But wha wad be Laird o' Grant?" It was an easy matter for him to be made a peer, but it was beyond the power of regal might to make a Laird o' Grant.

A humorous incident, showing the clannish spirit of the Gael, is related regarding a former Earl of Airlie. For several years he acted as Lord High Commissioner to the General Assembly. Among his retainers were two pipers; and at a levee at Holyrood Palace, the Moderator requested that the pipers should play "The Bonnie House o' Airlie." His Lordship replied that he was not certain whether they would, as one piper was an Ogilvie, and the other a Campbell, but promised to try, and instruct-

ed his butler to give orders to the pipers to play the tune. In a little while one of them, the Ogilvie, marched into the room playing with much spirit. Summoning the butler again, the Earl asked why Campbell had not also come in. "I gave him the message, my Lord." "Well, what did he say?" The man hesitated. "What did Campbell say?" again demanded the Earl. "He said—eh—eh"—still hesitating—"he said he would see your Lordship in Hell first."

An old Highland woman who was lying on her death-bed was very anxious to know if her husband would marry again. "Donald," she said to him, "will ye take another wife when I'm awa'?" "O! Maggie!" replied Donald, "you'll never see that day." Some years afterwards, Donald, who had been married three times, used to say, "My first wife was a good wife, but the Lord took her. My second wife was bad, and the devil took her. But I've ane the noo, ten times worse, and de'il the ane can I get to take her."

A gentleman from the Highlands, attended by his trusty servant Donald, a native of the wild and mountainous district of Lochaber, in Inverness-shire, when travelling through the fertile and delightful plains of Italy, asked Donald what he would do if he possessed an estate there. "Please, your honour," was Donald's instant reply, "I would sell him, and buy an estate in Lochaber!"

One of the deck porters on board a West High-

land steamer was much annoyed by a troublesome lady passenger, who kept him shifting her baggage here and there about the boat. Irritated by these frequent interruptions, he at length so far forgot himself as to tell her to "go to Jericho." The lady, shocked and insulted, complained to the captain and insisted on an apology, and the captain promised to see to the matter. "Duncan," said he, "you have been charged with the grossest incivility to a lady passenger, who threatens that, unless you apologise, she will inform the owners of the boat as soon as she reaches Glasgow. Now, you have just until we reach Greenock to do so. Off you go and apologise to her at once." Duncan, knowing the apology had to be made, approached the lady and enquired, "Was you the old lady I was told to go to Jericho?" "Yes," replied the lady, somewhat sharply. "Well," was Duncan's apology, "the Captain says you're not to go now!"

A worthy Highlander prayed in the simplicity of his heart, "Oh! Lord, save me and my wife, and oor son Donal' and his wife, us four, and no more." One sometimes hears it said that heaven is a place reserved for the Free Kirk folk, but this worthy Highlander would seem to place it even under greater reservation.

Two shepherds were standing at the door of a shieling when two tourists approached. "Och, now, an' ye'll poth be fery tired, whatever?" said one of the shepherds in the best English he could command.

"We are both tired and thirsty," said one of the tourists. "That's a great sorrow," replied the Highlander with apparent sympathy. "We wad haff made ye a cup of tea, but there's nae women in the place but *oorseel's*."

"Is this a good place, landlord, do you think, for a person affected with a weak chest?" queried a tourist of a hotel-keeper in the Highlands. "Nane better, sir; nane better," was the encouraging reply. "I have been recommended, you know, by the doctor, to settle in a place where the south wind blows. Does it blow much here?" further enquired the stranger. "Toots, ay," was the reply; "it's aye the south wind that blaws here." "Then how do you account for it blowing from the north at the present time?" asked the tourist. "Oh, that's easily accounted for, sir," replied the worthy son of the mist; "it's the south wind a' the same, sir, juist on its road back again."

A somewhat dwarfish sportsman was shooting on the moors, accompanied by a ghillie, who by his stalwart proportions presented a singular contrast to his employer. The midges pestered Donald sorely, and the sportsman, wishing to have his joke at the ghillie's expense, remarked, "How is it, Donald, that these insects annoy you so much, and never interfere with me?" "Ay, weel, sir," replied Donald, looking down at the pigmy specimen of aristocracy before him, "I'm thinkin', sir, that mebbe they hinna noticed you yet."

Another tourist met his match while sojourning in the Highlands. Meeting a shepherd tending his sheep on the hillside, one of a company of tourists thought to have some entertainment at the Celt's expense, and began by remarking that he seemed to be enjoying himself. "Ou, ay," said the shepherd, in a friendly tone, "I'm shoost lookin' aboot me here." "And what are you looking about for?" inquired the tourist. "Oh, shoost because it's a fine view from this side o' the hill." "Yes," added the stranger, "but what can you see from here?" "Well," answered the shepherd, "if there was no misht ta day I would see ta town and ta boats and ta loch, and many more things, whatever." "I suppose you can see a great distance from here on a clear day?" remarked another of the company, desirous of joining in the anticipated mirth. "Oh, yes, gentlemen, a great distance indeed," said the shepherd. "I suppose on a clear day you could see London from this extreme altitude?" exclaimed one of the party, nudging his companions. "Och, ay, and much further than that too," replied the shepherd, who perceived the drift of their enquiry. "Farther than London?" gasped two of the tourists. "Ay, to be shurely, and farther than America too," replied the Highlander. "Farther than America?" shouted all the company together. "Impossible!" "It's shoost true what I tell you, whatever," replied Donald; adding in a perfectly serious tone, "but if you'll won't believe me, shoost sit doon there, and

took out your flask and took a dram, and wait for twa oors and more, and if the mist will clear awa' you will see the *moon* from here."

Two ferrymen rowing a dandified Englishman out to a steamer at one of the Clyde watering-places, saw to their consternation the man tumble over the boat into the water. The foremost ferryman dropped his oar and made a clutch at the man as he rose to the surface, and caught him by the wig, which came away in his hand. Throwing this into the boat impatiently, he made a second grab, catching the collar of his shirt, when the collar and front came away in his hands. Casting these from him, he cried in horror, "Man, Donald, come here quick, and help to save as muckle o' this man as we can, for he's comin' awa' in bits."

A tourist while journeying in the Highlands went for a day's shooting. "I suppose," he remarked to Donald, the keeper, before starting, "there will be plenty of grouse in this part of the country?" "Och, aye! they'll be thoosands," replied the ghillie. "I suppose there will be plenty of rabbits in this part of the country, too, Donald?" further queried the tourist. "Och, aye!" was the answer; "they'll be thoosands." "I suppose there will be plenty of hares in this part of the country, also, Donald?" asked the tourist, following up his line of enquiry. "Och, aye!" replied the faithful keeper, "they'll be thoosands o' hares, too, whatever." "And I suppose, Donald," queried the

tourist, addressing another question to his ghillie, "there will be plenty jackasses in this part of the country, too, Donald?" "Och, weel," replied Donald sarcastically, "when ta Sassenach come north in ta time o' ta shooting season I daursay they'll be a few, whatever!"

A tourist, thinking to joke at the expense of a Highland boatman, said, "Seeing you have no use for money in this part of the world, I suppose you will row me across to the island for nothing?" "She will be most happy," replied the boatman, and accordingly the tourist was rowed across. After the stranger had seen all he wished, he made tracks for the boat again, but was rather astonished when the boatman told him he would require five shillings to take him back. "Five shillings!" replied the tourist; "you said you would take me across for nothing." "So she did," replied the boatman, "but she never promised to bring her back again."

Donald, a keeper in the far north, was in the gun-room getting his guns ready when Lord D— walked in. "Well, Donald, what sort of morning have we got?" "A ferry poor mornin' whateffer," said Donald, taking an empty flask from his pocket.

Apropos the shooting season, a sportsman approached the door of a farmhouse in Banff district, and enquired of a worthy son of the soil, "Can I have the use of your parlour in which to take luncheon with my party?" "Yod, I suppose so," was the reply. "May I have it just now? Is it oc-

cupied?" continued the sportsman. "Yod, I dinna ken," answered the worthy labourer. "The last time I saw it the wife had a clocken hen and some chuckens in't."

A military gentleman who had rented a farmer's house in Perthshire as a shooting box, arrived the night before the Twelfth with his party, consisting of two or three military comrades of somewhat tall stature. Next morning the host sent for the farmer, and in no very amiable mood complained that the beds in the house were much too short for his guests, and that he would require new beds. "Na, na, sir," was the farmer's reply. "I am verra sorry your guests are too long for my beds, but new guests are easier got than new beds."

A Glasgow "Cockney" on his Easter holidays did a Trossachs tour. Being a member of the Kilt Society, he donned "the garb," and fussed about rather officiously, worrying stationmasters and bullying booking-clerks. On the Trossachs coach he began to banter the stolid coachdriver. "W'y dawn't you have a hawn, me man?" he enquired in the most pompous manner he could affect. "The shentlemans will plow their own horn on this coach, sir," replied the Highlander quietly.

Luckie Buchan kept a hotel at Greenlaw, in Berwickshire, long ago. One day she had the honour to receive under her roof a very worthy but prosy old minister, with three sons of the same profession, and prosy likewise. After dinner was over the

father turned to Luckie and said, "Here sit I, a placed minister of the Kirk of Scotland, and here sit my three sons, each a placed minister of the same Kirk. Confess now, Luckie, you never had such a party in your house before." The question not being premised by any invitation to sit down and take a dram, Luckie answered dryly, "'Deed, sir, I canna juist say that I ever had such a party in my house before, except ance, in the '45, when I had a Hieland piper here wi' his three sons, a' Hieland pipers, and deil a spring could they play amang them."

While a hunting party, given by a baronet in the north, was driving into a small village on Deeside, a poor woman was observed hurrying out of sight under a bundle of stolen firewood. "Keeper, keeper," cried the old Baronet, "do you see that?" "No, Sir Jeems, I didna see't, and what's mair, I didna think ye wad see't," replied the old ghillie.

A traveller engaged in collecting debts called on a tardy old Celt, who promised to settle with him at a certain hour on the following morning. Knowing a little of his customer, the "man of the road" thought it would be as well to be rather before than after the time appointed. For this purpose he was making his way, but had not proceeded far, when, to his surprise, he met Donald mounted on his little horse, with a creel on each side of him. "Well, Mr. Mac——, where are you going?" he enquired. "I'm just going to the potatoes," answered the High-



THE OLD DOMINIE.

BY

H. W. KERR.

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1909

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lander. "And when will you be back?" demanded the collector. "Oh, as for that, I'll perhaps be back at night, if I am spared," was the cautious answer. "But did you not promise to settle my account?" said the collector, coming to business, "and I have to go away in less than an hour." "Oh, yes, to be sure I did," said Donald with coolness, "but as the day was fine, I thought it would put more in my pocket to be at the potatoes than to be settling any body's account."

A Highland laird invited an English friend to stay with him for some time during the fishing season. Although a novice at the sport, the Englishman soon hooked a very fine salmon, but in his excitement he unfortunately fell into the river. The keeper, seeing he was no swimmer, hooked on to him with a gaff, and was about to drag him ashore, when the laird called out, "What are ye about, Donald?" "Shust fushin' oot ta shentleman, sir," replied the keeper. "Hoots!" exclaimed his master, sharply, but with a touch of humour, "get haud o' the rod and look for the fush. My friend can bide a wee, but the fush winna!"

A crofter who had been much annoyed with hares and rabbits eating up his scanty crop determined to retaliate. He set some snares among the turnips, with the result that a large fat hare was discovered in one of them. Just as the crofter was about to appropriate the animal he observed the gamekeeper, so, taking the hare by the ears, he gave it a kick be-

hind, and sent it off as fast as it could gallop; and then, turning with well-simulated indignation towards the gamekeeper, he said, "I've stood this kind o' work sae lang as your beasts ran lowse amang my neeps, but I'll be hanged if I'll alloo ye to tether them."

Highlanders hold to the honours and antiquity of their kindred tenaciously. A dispute arose between a Campbell and a M'Lean upon the never-ending subject. The M'Lean would not allow that the Campbells had any right to rank with his clan in the matter of antiquity, which, he insisted, was in existence as a clan from the beginning of the world. Campbell had a little more Biblical lore than his antagonist, and asked him if the Clan M'Lean was before the Flood. "Flood! what flood?" demanded M'Lean. "The Flood that you know drowned all the world but Noah and his family and his flocks and herds," said Campbell. "Pooh! you and your flood too," said M'Lean. "My clan was before ta Flood." "I have not read in my Bible," said Campbell, "of the name M'Lean going into Noah's Ark." "Noah's Ark!" snorted the M'Lean; "who ever heard of a M'Lean that had not a boat of his own?"

One stormy night a weather-beaten gauger, who had stood the pelting of the pitiless storm through the course of a cold winter day, arrived at a small farm town in the West Highlands, and being benumbed with cold and almost frozen to the saddle,

made for the only house where he could see light, and called for assistance. Not finding himself attended to, he cried at the top of his voice, "Will no good Christian come and help me off my horse?" Awakened by the noise, a sturdy old Celt opened the door, and asked if it was "Chisholm's he wanted?" "No," said the impatient gauger, "I want some good Christian to help me off my horse." "Ah! sir," said Donald, as he closed the window, "we don't know them peoples; we're a' Camerons here."

At one of the preaching stations connected with the Cowal missions, the ministers sent there by the Secession Synod were well received, and apparently attentively listened to, though many of the hearers knew not the difference between Kirk and Dissent. One of them, on being asked what Seceders meant, as differing from adherents of the Church of Scotland, replied, "Och, I'll thocht, tall bonny men, like the cedars on Lebanon."

Friendship among the Highlanders was something sacred. "Weel, Duncan Graham," said an old hoary slip from the Celtic stock, "you have always been a great patriot for your father's family and the clan of our name; and you have now been away from us a long time, and married a wife, and all that; and no doubt you will wish to go and live amongst her relations, though I would rather that you were amongst ourselves here in our own place, all the rest of your days." "Yes," replied Duncan, "I have come a long way north to see my native

country, but I mean to return south to spend the remainder of my days." "No doubt, no doubt; it's all right, Duncan. Now, Duncan, when you are away from us, and among strangers, should anything befall you in the way of difficulty, always count on Dugald Graham, your own second cousin by the mother's side, as a true friend; ay, Duncan, one that will stand by you in all circumstances in the world, or anywhere—ay—any thing short of murder: indeed, Duncan, my dear, if it should be murder itself, I will not turn my back upon you."

A kilted Highlander who had to walk to the nearest town—six miles off—for his provisions, purchased some matches on one occasion, and found on his return home that they were useless. Taking them back, he complained to the grocer that they would not light. The grocer, anxious to show that the matches were of the right kind, took one, and drawing it across his trousers, lit it. This demonstration, however, did not satisfy the kilted Highlander, who exclaimed, "And wha is going to travel twelve miles to light the matches on your breeks?"

On one occasion there were great national rejoicings, and Inverness, like other places, was illuminated at night. "Dear me, Donald," exclaimed one to another, "did you ever behold the likes of that? There's five-fourths of the whole town under luminations this nicht!" "Toots, man, Angus, I'll thought that you know better than spoke like that," replied his neighbour. "A fourth is a quar-

ter, and five quarters would be more than the whole." "Och, Donald Fraser, my lad," retorted Angus, somewhat angrily, "I've seen too many snowy days not to know what I'll say. I've got clothes in my own shop six-quarters, and that is more—there, now, with your ignorance."

At a funeral in the north many friends had been invited, as is the custom, but a neighbour woman who had quarrelled with the family was not included. She was offended at the slight, but as the funeral passed her door, she had her revenge by exclaiming, "Weel, there'll be a funeral at oor hoose some day, and we'll see wha'll be asked then!"

The Duke of Argyll and Greenwich was remarkable for his pointed sarcasm. "What sort of people are the Highland lairds?" queried the German Queen of George II. of the Duke on one occasion. "They are like German princes," promptly replied the Duke, "very poor and very proud."

A Highlandman, when asked what sort of a woman his wife was, replied, "She's prood, she's pettit, she's ill-natured, she's a thief, and she's a leear, but," he added, with evident contentedness, "Eh, man, ye canna in this world have everything perfection."

In these days of education it is surprising how ignorant and stupid men and women are when they visit the registrar. In filling up marriage schedules the registrar often receives ludicrous answers. On asking a couple if they were related, one registrar

got for an answer, "Yes, we live up the same close;" and a Highlander, when asked if his father was living, said, "No, she stays in ta Hielan's."

"Why do Highlanders wear the kilt?" is a question which was once solved by an Englishman. Sandy M'Craw had been entertaining his English cousin, and one night when the pair were chatting together, Sandy began praising the Highlandmen, explaining what a grand race they were, and what a grand "garb" they wore. "Yes," said the Englishman; "but can you tell me anything about the origin of that peculiar dress?" "Hoot ay," answered Sandy, "the kilt was originally i' the Garden o' Eden." "Why," said his friend, "there is no mention of it made in Scripture, then." "Hoot, toot, man!" replied Sandy. "Dinna ye ken that Adam adorned himsel' wi' a dizzen o' docken leaves, hung roun' his hurdies?" "No, no, you are talking bosh!" exclaimed the Englishman. "It appears to me that the wearing of the kilt originated in quite a different manner, and it is now worn more as a matter of necessity than of choice." "Hoo d'ye mak' that oot, man?" asked Sandy, in some surprise. "Easy enough," said his cousin. "Highlanders wear the kilt because they have such big feet they couldn't get into an ordinary pair of trousers!" "Oh!" retorted Sandy, "and that is the way you fashionable boddies are a' wearin' sic wide breeks noo-a-days?"

Two Highlanders were conversing together on the

subject of the electric telegraph. Tonald wondered if the message was tied on the wire and so conveyed along, and Tugald, who thought he knew something of the matter, tried to explain it thus, "Do you see the collie dog at ma feet? Well, suppose it could streech itsel' as far and a great deal funder; suppose it streeched from Topermory to Glesca; well, if its head was in Glesca and its tail in Topermory, and I trampit on its tail in Topermory, it would bark in Glesca!"



X.—TODDY RUMMERS.

“GUID Scotch drink,” *alias* alcoholic poison, has been a subject around which a deal of controversy has raged. Essentially a religious people, the Scots have also been termed by many, even of themselves, a whisky-loving people. Our national bard, whom many temperance advocates, without just cause, hold up as a specimen of the drunkard *genus*, is often appealed to as an authority who says Scotch drink is “guid.” Hector MacNeill, if better known, might give equal evidence that whisky is “bad.” Guid, bad, or indifferent, mountain dew is consumed in large quantities, and makes the name of Scotland a (public)-household word. In London a party of Scots recently visited a “Scots tryst,” and the only Scotch thing there was whisky. It may have been made in Germany, but it was labelled “Roderick Dhu.”

It is not to be supposed that the introduction of dram-drinking into these sketches is intended in any way to support a practice which social evolution must sooner or later leave behind. On the contrary, it may be that a pre-Raphaelite detail which lets us see ourselves as others see us will have an opposite effect, and that the anecdotes related may serve to point a moral, if not adorn a (temperance) tale. One thing however, must be admitted: if they do not illustrate a social

practice which is elevating, they depict a custom often highly amusing.

A country laird sent his gardener to bottle a barrel of whisky, and cautioned him to drink one glass before starting, so that the fumes might not go to his head. John was a careful man, and took extra precautions, though these were not attended with satisfactory results, and when the laird entered the cellar he found his trusted retainer staggering about in the place. "Ah, John, John," he exclaimed, "you have not acted on my advice, I fear, and taken a dram before starting." "Dram be hang'd!" blurted out John. "It's no' a bit o' use. I ha'e ta'en nearly a dizzen o' them, an' I'm gettin' aye the langer the waur."

A labourer having performed a piece of work for a gentleman, was presented, after receiving payment, with a glass of his favourite beverage, which he swallowed in an instant, and the gentleman asking if he would take a glass of water to put the taste of the whisky away, he replied, "Eh, na, na, I winna do that; the taste o't gaes ower sune awa'. I would rather tak' anither ane to help to keep it."

Some time ago, one of the itinerating knights of the thimble, who board and bed, night and day, in the houses of their customers, had been employed in an alehouse. The guidwife by mistake handed him a bottle of brandy along with his porridge instead of small beer. Snip had not proceeded far in the process of mastication, when he discovered the error, but, re-



collecting the miserly disposition of his hostess, he continued to ply the cuttie with his wonted dexterity, although the liquor caused him occasionally to make wry faces. The landlady, observing his distorted features, exclaimed, "Fat ails your parridge the night, Lourie, that you're thrawin' your face, an' lookin' sae ill pleased like?" "Ou, gin ye kent that," replied the tailor, "ye wadna be very weel pleased, nae mair than me."

A Ross-shire friend of the writer's, who was holidaying on the Clyde, came in contact with a Cromarty man who had been imbibing somewhat freely. Striking acquaintance, the Cromarty man was pleased to find the Ross-shire man a north countryman like himself, and in the course of conversation said to him, "Ye'll ha'e the Gaelic?" "Oh, no," replied the writer's friend, "I never had the chance of learning it." "Ou," enjoined the other impressively, "ye should learn the Gaelic. It's a grand thing to ha'e the Gaelic. Mony a gless o' whusky I've got through ha'ein' the Gaelic."

A mason, well-known to be fond of a "wee drappie," sent a newly-engaged apprentice for the spirit level. The lad knew nothing about the article in question, and was afraid to ask any questions, but the word "spirit" decided his course. He went to the inn, which was not far distant, and brought a bottle of whisky, which he handed to his master and waited the result. The mason sat down on the stone he was dressing and, taking a long steady pull at the bottle

said, "Well, laddie, that wisna exactly fat I wantit, bit it'll juist dae."

Jamie H——, a village worthy, was making his way home one day and taking the whole breadth of the road, when he was met by the minister. "Well, Jamie," queried the divine, "what's wrong with you to-day that you are not at your work?" "Oh, sir," said Jamie, giving his face a twist, "thae rheumatics again." "Rheumatics, Jamie," replied the minister, as he caught sight of the neck of a big bottle sticking out of his pocket, "are ye carrying your rheumatics in a bottle now?"

Wattie MacTacket had been to a country fair and purchased a jar of whisky. Unfortunately, he had imbibed not frequently but too well. At last, unable any longer to support either himself or the "pig," Wattie rolled over, and, the cork coming out of the jar the liquor ran out with a peculiar "glugging" sound. Listening to the unwelcome process going on, and unable to move, Wattie thus addressed the jar, "Ou ay, ye may lie glug, glug, gluggin' awa' there, but if I cud win at ye I'd sune mak' a cork for ye o' my mou'."

"Well, what'll ye ha'e?" said a worthy old labourer to a friend. "Wall," said the friend affecting a high-sounding style, "I guess I'll have a brandy and soda." "Well, ye guess wrang," replied the worthy, "I've only fowerpence."

There were no teetotal societies in rural districts sixty years ago. Drinking, unfortunately, often went on to excess at the big annual country fairs that were

held every summer. Blood was hot, and sometimes there were great fights on the evening of the last fair day. Even at funerals there was a good deal of unseemly drinking. On one occasion a beadle lost his wife, and those invited to the funeral, by way of showing their sympathy, spent some hours in deep potations. At length they started in a rather muddled condition for the kirkyard. When part of the distance had been accomplished the mourners were startled by the disconsolate widower saying, "I doot, lads, we've made a mistake ; we've forgotten the guidwife." It was even so.

Tammas and Geordie, two well-known worthies, met in a village in Aberdeenshire on the day succeeding the funeral of one of the inhabitants "Was ye at the funeral yesterday, Geordie?" queried Tammas. "Na, man, I was owre busy, and cudna win," was the reply. "Were you there?" "Ay, man," replied Tammas, "an it was a grand affair! Little biscuities an' drams, an' a hurl hame on the hearse."

An old Highland woman, whose son-in-law was much addicted to intemperance, lecturing him one day on his misconduct, concluded with the following grave advice, "Man, Ringan, I would like that you would behave yoursel', and gather as muckle as would buy you a new suit o' black claes, for I would like to hear tell o' you being decent at my burial."

In the early days of paraffin lamps, when round opal globes were prevalent, there lived an old couple in Glen-shee in a but and a ben. Dugal was very fond of a dram,

and, going home one night from a curlers' festival, he discovered that Janet had left the lamp burning on the window-sill to lighten the zigzag path of her wayward spouse. Dugal, on reaching home, undressed as well as he was able, but in doing so roused his sleeping spouse, whereupon he, in all haste, screwed out the light, to prevent, if possible, a curtain lecture on his misdeeds. Some time having passed, and no appearance of the guidman coming to bed, Janet rose to see what was the matter. The full moon was shining in at the little window in the kitchen, and there she discovered Dugal actively engaged in endeavouring to blow out the moon, under the impression that the paraffin lamp was still before him blazing brightly. "What's the maitter, ye auld fool?" cried Janet. "Maitter?" said Dugal; "I dinna (hic) ken what's the maitter; but this lamp will neither screw oot nor blow oot the nicht."

A half-inebriated farmer on his way home from market, met the lately-appointed schoolmaster. "Weel," exclaimed the farmer, "ye're the new dominie, I'm tell'd." "Yes, I am," answered the schoolmaster. "What of that?" "Oor Johnnie's wi' ye, isna he?" further queried the farmer. "I believe so," was the reply. "An' he's in jography, too?" continued the interrogator. "Ay, ay," said the schoolmaster. "Weel he's been in't for six months," added the farmer, apparently anxious to let the schoolmaster know of his failings, "an' the ither nicht the barn door key was lost, an'

the deil a bit o' him could tell whaur it was. Is that the way to teach jography?"

Four young kinsmen returning from a merrymaking one moonlight night had to pass the parish kirk. One of them noticed there was something wrong with the kirk, another backed him up, and, after mature deliberation, they agreed that the kirk was not sitting due east and west, as she ought to be. This was not to be tolerated, so one went to each corner. Plaids were thrown down, and one gave the word, "Lift noo, lads, lift." A long and a strong lift followed. "Stop," roared the leader, "or she'll be ower far roun'," and the kirk was set down due east and west, where it remains to this day. As the worthies left for home Cairnmore confided to Belnacraig, "Man, it was weel ye cried 'stop' whan ye did, or she wad ha'e been on the corner o' my plaid."

Two English tourists were obliged to stay indoors one wet day in the Highlands. A Highlander passed the window, and one of the tourists hailed him with the words, "What on earth brought you out on a day ike this? You must be wet to the skin." "I was looking after a bit pony," explained the Celt. "It seems to me you Highlanders never know when you are wet," added the stranger. "Perhaps no, sir," remarked the Highlander; "but we aye ken when we're dry."

Sandy, a canny boatman, was rowing a party of tourists across one of our lochs when one of the gentle-

men, in course of conversation, asked him if he liked to pull at the oars. "Aye," replied Sandy with a wink; "but I like better to pu' at something else."

"Dinna bother liftin' me," said a helpless inebriate one night to some compassionate people who were endeavouring to set him on his feet, "gang and get twa bobbies, they're paid for't!"

There are many anecdotes of Rab M'Kellar, the jolly landlord of the Argyll Hotel in Inveraray. On one occasion he was bickering with an Englishman in the lobby of the inn regarding the bill. The stranger said it was gross imposition—he could live cheaper in the best hotel in London, to which Rab, with unwonted nonchalance, replied, "Oh, nae doot, sir—nae doot ava—but do ye no' ken the reason?" "No, not a bit of it," said the stranger hastily. "Weel, then," replied the host, "as ye seem to be a gey sensible callant I'll tell ye: there's 365 days in the Lunnon hotel-keepers' calendar, but we have only three months in ours!—do ye understand me noo, frien'?—we maun mak' hay in the Hielan's when the sun shines, for its unco seldom he dis't!"

Somebody once asked a Highlander what he would wish to have if some kind divinity would give him the three things he liked best. "Weel, for the first," he replied, "I should ask for a Loch Lomond o' gude whisky." "And what for the second?" "A Ben Lomond o' gude sneeshin'," replied Donald. "And what for the third?" He hesitated for a long time at

this, but at length his face brightened up, and with a pawky look he answered, "Oo, just anither Loch Lomond o' gude whisky."

After several years' sojourn in South Africa a Scot returned to his native village with a fortune. On this account he was an object of much interest, and found an extraordinary number of friends. He was treating a batch of them in the village inn, when a pedlar entered with a load of sponges and ordered some refreshment. After listening to the conversation a few minutes, he went round the company asking them to buy his sponges. "Gae wa', man," cried one man, "there's naebody needin' your sponges." "You're quite richt," retorted the pedlar, as he made for the door, "for there's ower mony *sponges* here already."

A gentleman, one morning in summer, passing along the road towards Tarbet, observed a Highlander lying down flat on his breast, quenching his thirst at the loch, and called out, "Donald, tak' aff your mornin'!" "Oich, oich," replied Donald, "if she was a ouskie, she wad try."

"Donald, man," said a Highlander to a friend, "is a bumblebee a beast or a bird?" "Hoot, Sandy," was the reply, "don't disturb me wi' *releegeous* questions, when I'm takin' a quiet dram."

Macdonald, a Highlander, travelling along a road in the Highlands, foregathered with an aged countryman. After walking some miles, the former invited the latter into a country inn. They sat down, and Macdonald

ordered a gill of whisky and two tumblers, for which he paid. The aged one, Macpherson, seizing the gill stoup, poured all the whisky into his own tumbler, and then asked his host, "An' what are ye goin' to ha'e yersel', Mack?"

An Argyleshire Highlander was reproved by his minister for engaging in illicit distillation. "Ye mauna ask me," said the smuggler, "to gi'e't up, for it supports the family. My faither an' his faither afore him, made a drappie. The drink is gude—far better for a bodie than the coarse big-still whisky. Besides, I permit nae swearin' at the still, an' as a' is dune dacently an' in order, I dinna see muckle harm in't."

A Highland drover who attended Haddington market, on one occasion paid a return visit after some considerable time. His business being finished, he proceeded to a refreshment bar where he had been entertained on the former occasion. "Oh, my!" exclaimed the landlady, "what a load ye've lifted off my mind! D'ye ken, I never expected to see you in life again! The last time you were here, instead of giving you a glass out o' the whisky bottle, I gave you by mistake a glass o' aquafortis!" "Weel, weel," responded the drover, "aqua forty or aqua fifty, I dinna care a snuff which. But, 'od, wuman, it was grand, and it keepit me warm for three hale days; and I'm juist come back for anither o' the same."

A Highland laird, being unable to maintain a piper

permanently, occasionally employed a local musician to play during dinner when he had a party. On one occasion Donald had been overlooked as to his usual dram before commencing to play, and, to be revenged, gave very bad music, which caused the laird to remonstrate with him, and ask the cause. "It's the bag," explained Donald. "She pe ferry, ferry hard." "And what will soften it?" demanded his employer. "Och, just whusky," was the reply. The butler being sent for a tumblerful of the "specific," Donald quickly drank it off. "You rascal!" said the laird. "Did you not say it was for the bagpipes?" "Och, yess, yess," answered the piper; "but she will pe a ferry peculiar pipes, this. She aye likes it *blawed* in."

On the deck of a west coast steamer the captain pointed out the route to his mate Donald, and said, "Keep her going as I have indicated." He then retired, but returned in a while, and asked, "How is her head now, Donald?" "Sair, sair, sir," replied Donald (who had been on the spree the night before); "she is likin' to crack."

A farmer, who had imbibed a little too freely, while making his way home jostled a gentleman as he attempted to pass him. The gentleman, addressing him sharply, said, "What do you mean by pushing me in that manner?" "Beg pardon, sir," replied the man. "But I saw twa men, an' I was gaun through atween them."

An Argyleshire man who helped one of his townsmen residing in Glasgow to flit, got so many "refreshers"

that on his way across Jamaica Bridge he felt tired and sat down to rest. A friend happened to pass, and, noticing him, asked what was wrong. "Man, Donald," was the answer, "I was away helpin' at a flittin'; and, man, do you ken, a flittin' day in Glesca is as good as a New Year at hame."

John ——, an old carter of the village of C——, was driving coals one very cold morning to an old lady. When he had delivered the coals the lady gave him a glass of whisky. After John finished his glass he exclaimed, "Aweel, my lady, there was never sic a thing in my young days." "What," said the lady in astonishment, "no whisky?" "Plenty whisky, but never sic a wee gless," replied John.

A Free Church minister from the north visiting Edinburgh came across a Highlander standing in Princes Street, gazing at every car that passed. Thinking he might be of service to his countryman, the minister walked up to him, and touched him on the arm. "My good man," said he, "you are a Highlander, I presume, like myself. Do you want to take a tram anywhere?" "Tram, sir?" he said. "Och, it's very kind o' you. We'll juist gang across here, where I was a minute ago myself, and it's very good stuff they keep, too, whateffer."

An old sea captain was so reduced by the decline of shipping that he had to turn boatman. He was a great favourite with the gentlemen who came up from Dundee to fish for salmon. On one occasion, while out on the Tay, a fine salmon was hooked and landed.

"First blood, Jamie; that deserves a good dram," said the successful angler to the waterman, taking his flask and pouring out a "stiff caulker" in the measure attached to the flask. Over Jamie's throat went the dram like a flash of lightning. "Faith, you're not long in polishing off that," said the angler, surprised at the celerity of the disappearance. "Na, sir," was the reply, "there's nae use for beacons and licht-houses the way that went down. The channel is free frae a' obstacles."

A manager in one of the chemical works near Glasgow found a snake in a cargo of hides from South America. He killed the reptile by placing it in spirits, and put it into a bottle for the purpose of presenting it to the Kelvingrove Museum. Travelling by rail to Glasgow with his capture, he found himself in a compartment with two Hamilton farmers, who became very much interested in the snake and the history of its arrival in Scotland. "Ay, man," said one of them, "an' hoo did ye kill't?" "Oh," said the manager, "I drowned it in whisky!" "Ay, man," said the other farmer, in a tone that seemed to imply regret that he himself was not a South American snake shipped to Glasgow by mistake, "sic a glorious death!"

"And how do you like Glasgow?" queried a Montrose man of a friend on his return from the city. "Oh, weel enough!" was the reply. "It's a gude enough toon." "I should think it is!" said the Montrosian. "Rare place for entertainments of all kinds! Many

more opportunities for enjoyment than Montrose—eh?”
“ Ah, weel, I dinna ken !” answered his friend. “ I’ve
juist been as drunk in Montrose as ever I was in Glaisco’ !”

An old farmer in the Stirling district, noted for his ready wit and fondness for a dram, was on one occasion visiting another farmer in the district. The host saw that his guest had been on friendly terms with John Barleycorn, and had already imbibed sufficient, if not too much, mountain dew. Accordingly, after giving his guest one glass, and that doubtless a small one, he replaced the bottle in the cupboard. Conversation on all things interesting to farmers was engaged in, and the time passed pleasantly enough. By-and-bye, however, the guest thought another round of whisky was due, and for some time waited patiently the re-appearance of the bottle. But no bottle was forthcoming, and at last, wearied out and thirsty, he exclaimed in the pawky way for which he was noted, “ Dod, a man wad sune get *sober in this hoose.*”

In a conversation between a member of a Temperance Society and a Highlander, Donald defended the use of the concentrated essence of malt most manfully, and, as his own likings were concerned in the discussion, he made up in noise what he lacked in argument. “ How many examples,” said the advocate of temperance, “ are every day brought under our notice of the pernicious effects on individuals, and the ruin of families by drinking ; I would say more, even fatal effects. No later than yesterday a poor drunkard died from indulging

in whisky." "Stood there, now, my lad," said Donald in reply, "I am as far north nor you; never a man die in the world for teuking a good dram; no, no, never; it's the nasty water they'll put into it."

"Come awa' wi' me, Doctor," said a gentleman to his minister, "and I'll gi'e you a treat—a bottle of claret forty year auld. The Doctor eagerly accepted the invitation. The gentleman, however, was somewhat stinted in his supply, handing the expectant Doctor merely "a sma' gless." "Wae's me," said the Doctor, taking it in his hand, "but it's unco wee o' its age."

A minister happening to pass as a parishioner, famous for his "love o' the drink," was watering the cow at a burn, saw, as he thought, a fine opportunity for improving the occasion. "Ah, John," he began, "you see how Crummie does. She just drinks as much as will do her good, and not a drop more. You might take an example off the poor dumb brute." "Ah," said John, "it's easy for her." "Why more easy for her than you, John?" queried the minister. "Oh, juist because it is," replied the worthy. "Man, there's nae temptation in her case." "Temptation, John. What do you mean?" further interrogated the divine. "Weel, you see, sir," said John, determined to explain matters to the best advantage, "it's no' the love of the drink a'thegither that gars a body get the waur o't. It's the conveeviality o' the thing that plays the plisky. Ye see, sir, ye meet a freend on the street, an' ye tak' him in to gi'e him a dram, an' ye crack awa' for a while,

an' syne he ca's in a dram, an' there ye crack an' ye drink, an' ye drink an' ye crack, an', dod, ye juist get fou afore ye ken whaur ye are. It's easy for Crummie, as I said, as she's naebody to lead her aff her feet, as ye may say. She comes oot here an' tak's her drink, an' no' anither coo says, 'Crummie, ye're there.' But, certes, sir, had Dauvit Tamson's coo juist come up on the ither side o' the burn a meenit syne, an', just as Crummie was takin' her first toothfu', had flappit hersel' doon on her hunkers an' said, 'Here's to ye, Crummie,' I'll eat my bonnet if she wadna ha'e flappit hersel' doon on her hunkers an' said, 'Here's to *you*, Hornie.' An' there the twa jauds wad ha'e sitten an' drucken until they were baith blind fou. I tell you, again, sir, it's the conveeviality o' the thing that plays the plisky."

A Paisley "body" had paid one of his periodical visits to Glasgow. Walking home somewhat tipsy, he was forced to take a rest by the roadside, when a gentleman heard him thus communing with himself. "Ay, there's twa munes in the sky the nicht again! That's a bad sign, for every time I see twa munes I hiv' a sair heid next day."

The Rev. Dr. Ritchie, of Potterrow, once went to form a teetotal society at Peebles, and a man and wife, who were addicted to dram-drinking, and who heard the speeches, were conscience-smitten. After they went home the guidwife said, "'Od, John, I think we'll ha'e to set doon our names to that *thing* yet."

"We'll gang to anither o' the meetings yet afore we decide," said the husband. Next meeting showed the picture of a young man ruined by drink, and the two went forward at the close to sign the pledge. "But are we never to taste it ava?" they asked simultaneously. "Never," replied the minister, "*unless for a medicine.*" The old couple took the pledge, and went home, taking a bottle of whisky with them to wait on cases of emergency. More than a fortnight passed before drink was mentioned, when one night John complained of an "awfu' pain in his stammik," and suggested that it might not be safe to go to bed without taking just half a glass or so. "O, man, John, it's a pity ye ha'e been sae lang o' speakin'," said Janet, "for 'odsake, I've had sae mony o' thae towts mysel' this aucht days that there's no' a drap o' yon to the fore."

Dannie Forrest was one of the keenest curlers in Lanarkshire. Returning one night from a bonspiel, rather late and tipsy, he sat down at the fireside to enjoy a smoke, unaware that his sleeping wife had that night been varnishing the jambs, and with his back against one of these jambs, he soon fell asleep. "Come to your bed at once, Dannie," called out his guidwife, as she awoke after midnight, and found her husband sleeping at the fireside. "Come awa' to your bed, ye auld cuif, an' no' lie snorin' there." Dannie made a desperate effort to get up, but found it was quite impossible, for he was firmly glued to the newly-tarred fireside. "Preserve us a', Janet!"

he exclaimed, "this maun be an awfu' frost. I doot there'll be news o' this yet. I declare to guidness if I'm no' frozen to the very jamb." The awfu' frost was suddenly followed by a spell of heat—warm words from an enraged housewife.

During the hunting season the Laird of Logan, famous in anecdote and story, was favoured with many visitors. On one occasion a party assembled at his house more numerous than usual, and such as to excite the fears of his housekeeper for accommodation during the night. "Dear me, Laird," she said, "what am I to dae wi' a' thae folk? I wonder they hae nae mair sense than come trooping here in dizens—there's no' beds in the house for the half o' them!" "Keep yoursel' easy, my woman," said the Laird; "I'll just fill them a' fou, and they'll fin' beds for themsel's."

The proverb, "The drunken man aye gets the drunken penny," was probably never so truly verified as in the case of two tipplers in Lochwinnoch. They had exhausted funds and credit, yet still they might be seen describing right angles in their course towards home. "Gang awa' in, Peter," said John one day, having failed in all their schemes for raising the necessary funds, "and see gin they'll gi'e us credit for a gill." "Na, John," said the other, "wad it no' be likelier that ye wad get it, ye're far better acquaint?" "It would be useless," replied John, "I'm ower weel kent."

Two gentlemen who had been made acquainted with each other at a jollification, and who for a long

time had never met, except on similar occasions, were one night talking over their cups about the commencement and length of their acquaintance, when one of them took the other to task about passing him for a long time on the street without recognition. "Well, Mr. Tippleton," said the offending party, "you may have thought it queer, but if you reflect for a moment, you will not be surprised; for I was two or three years acquainted with you before I chanced to see you sober, and how was I to know you in business hours?—even yet, when I happen to see you sober, I dinna think you look like the same man ava."

A laird of the old school expressed indignation when some one charged hard drinking with having actually *killed* people. "Na, na," said he; "I never knew onybody that was killed wi' drinking, but I ha'e kenned some that dee'd in the training."

A temperance reformer, with a view to the betterment of an old veteran, informed him that whisky was slow poison. "It maun be awfu' slow, then," replied the worthy, "for I've toothfu'd an' toothfu'd awa' at it this saxty year, an' I'm aye livin' yet."

"You are reeling, Janet," remarked a country minister to one of his parishioners whom he met carrying more sail than ballast. "'Deed, an' I canna aye be spinnin', sir," retorted Janet, leering blandly into the face of her interrogator. "You do not seem to catch my meaning clearly," continued the divine. "Do you know where drunkards go?" "Indeed,

they generally gang whaur they get the whisky cheapest and best, sir." "Yes, Janet," explained the minister, "but there is another place where they go. They go where there is weeping and wailing and gnashing of teeth." "Humph!" exclaimed Janet with scorn. "they can gnash teeth that have teeth to gnash. I hav'na had but a'e stump this forty year."

An amusing story is told concerning a sheep farmer from Lethnot. He was a hard-headed man, and could stand any amount of whisky at market without "turning a hair," but a banquet fairly got the better of him. He found himself among some lawyers, who were drinking champagne, and looking with the utmost contempt on the potency of the "thin fizzen stuff," he quaffed bumpers of it at every toast. Some time after he was discovered by a minister at another table covered with toddy tumblers and whisky bottles, and arrived at that state of intoxication known as "greetin' fou." On the minister inquiring what was the matter with him, he replied, weeping copious tears, "Ah, Maister Inglis, I'm failin'; I'm failin' fast. I'm no' lang for this warl'!" "Oh, nonsense," said the minister, "don't be foolish! You look hale and hearty yet. You just try to get away home." "I'm clean dune, sir! I'm clean failed," persisted the farmer, with intense pathos. "As fac's deith, sir, I've only ha'en aucht tumblers, an' *I'm fou, sir, I'm fou!*"

A gentleman, jealous lest his associates should consider him henpecked, asked a party to his house, more for

the purpose of showing he was master at home than for any great regard he had for the virtue of hospitality. Before, however, adventuring on so ticklish an experiment, he thought it advisable to have an understanding with his better half, and an arrangement was made by which the sceptre was to pass, for one night, into his unpractised hands. The friends kept their time, the conviviality commenced, and bowl after bowl was replenished, till the sma' hours began to announce themselves. The company proposed to move, but the landlord, proud of his newly-acquired authority, would not hear of it; it was in vain he was told Mrs.—was gone to bed, and no hot water could be had. "If she was," exclaimed the northern Caius, "she must get up again, for he always had been, and ever would be, Julius Caesar in his own house, and hot water and another bowl he was determined to have before one of them moved a foot." The company were about to accede to the determination of the host, when their ears were assailed by a voice, fretful and discordant, "There's no' anither drap shall be drunk in this house the nicht; and as for you, Julius Caesar, if ye ha'e ony regard for your ain lugs, come awa' to your bed."

Mr. Graham was session-clerk and parochial teacher of —, and although he faithfully discharged the duties of his double office, he occasionally fell into the sin of drinking a little too much. His wife was sorry to witness this failing, and often remonstrated with him on the impropriety of his conduct. But the husband

turned the point of her rebuke, by simply exclaiming "True, I put mysel' whiles aff the perpendicular, an' it tak's a wee to bring me to the plumb again; but, do ye no' ken, my dear, that if it hadna been for that bit fau't, ye ne'er wad ha'e been Mrs. Graham?"

A schoolmaster who had been appointed to a sparsely populated country district, foregathered with a man breaking metal by the roadside, and after interrogating him as to the amenities of the locality in general, proceeded to make inquiries in particular, and asked, "How far distant is the nearest minister?" "Ou, aboot four miles," said the roadman. "Indeed. And how far are we from a doctor?" "Ten mile an' a bit-tock, e'en as the crow flees," replied the roadman. "Dear me, that's very awkward. How do you do when any one turns suddenly ill?" "Ou, juist gi'e him a gless o' whisky." "But if a glass of whisky has not the desired effect, what then?" "We juist gi'e him anither ane." "But if two do not set him right?" "Weel, juist gi'e him three." "But if neither three nor four either will cure him?" "Weel, then, juist fill him fou, and put him till his bed." "Yes; but if filling him fou does not even suffice?" "Weel, juist lat him lie in his bed and drink until he's better." "Yes, yes, my friend, but if the whisky administered to him in any quantity will not cure him?" "Ou, weel, then, sir," gravely replied the roadman, "if whisky winna cure a man, he's no' worth curin', an' may weel be latten slip."

A boilermaker in K—was fond of a dram, and one morning, being dry and penniless, he went on the hunt to “raise the wind.” Falling in with a crony, he said, “Man, Jock, can ye no’ save a life?” “Weel, Tam, if ye could tell me what way watter’ll no’ wet your whistle, I might gi’e you something.” “Weel, Jock, the bottom plate o’ my stamack’s that het if I were to swallow cauld water, before the steam would have time to escape I would explode.”

Mr. Bell, a Dissenting minister in Glasgow, was dining on an occasion with a parsimonious brother in Hamilton. When the toddy-bowl was produced, though capacious enough, only a small quantity was compounded—the bowl being about half-full. The host launched out on the extravagant style in which books were got up—with such *braid* margins. “Weel,” replied Mr. Bell, “I’m perfectly of your opinion in that respect, for I neither like to see *braid* margins about types, nor the insides o’ toddy bowls!”

A country smith, who was fond of a dram, had been tasting rather often one summer day, and fell asleep in a corner of his smithy. A farmer happened to come in, and, not observing the smith, but thinking he was somewhere about, cried, “Hey! Jock, I want my ploo-stock mendit; haste ye, man, for I’m in an awfu’ hurry.” The noise roused Jock from his tipsy nap, who, without looking up, lazily answered, “Juist lay it doon there, and I’ll dae’t when I have mair time and less to dae.”

Here is a specimen of shrewdness. It occurred in the stable of a village inn. The landlord was busy repairing a piece of harness, and carrying on at the same time a conversation with the village blacksmith, when a farmer entered and said, "Look here, landlord, can ye gi'e me a bottle o' your best whisky?" "Weel, ye see," said the landlord, "the horses are a' oot, an' I dinna ken when ony o' them'll be hame." "It's no' a horse I want—it's a bottle o' whisky." "Ay, but ye see they're a' a guid bit awa', an' it'll be late before the first o' them's back." The farmer then said in a louder voice, "I tell ye it's no' a horse, but a bottle o' whisky I want." "Weel, ye see, the beasts'll be tired, and—" "Deil tak' ye an' your beasts!" said the farmer as he made a hurried exit. The blacksmith, who was present, then said, "Man, John, you're gettin' as deaf as a door-post! It wasna a horse, but a bottle o' whisky the man was asking for." "Ou, ay," retorted the landlord, "I heard him fine; but he didna pay for the last bottle he got!"

John Gray, a drouthy carter, meeting an old lady to whom he had occasionally carted meal, flour, and such-like commodities, said to her, "I come to ye with meal, divn't I?" "Ay, whiles," answered the old dame. "You're awfu' kind to me when I come yont. Ye aye gi'e me a gless. Oh, woman, the next time I come back dinna gi'e me onything!"

As an instance of acute hydrophobia, it is difficult to surpass the story of the boatman who, while cross-

ing a loch, was asked if he would take some water with his whisky, and replied, "Na, there was a horse drowned at the heid o' the loch twa years ago." The head of the loch was twenty-four miles distant.

A drouthy painter of animals was one day dining with a witty minister, and he asked his host if he could not throw a job in his way. "In what line do you mean?" asked the clergyman. "Well, you know, I draw horses," was the reply. "I could find employment for you," returned the clergyman, "and for all the painters in Edinburgh, if you would come at the end of the harvest and draw carts." "I doubt," replied the artist, "you would find us ill to corn." "Ye wad be waur to water, if one may judge from appearances," was the reply.

A young man in the north got his hand badly hurt, and was ordered by a doctor to refrain from taking any drink until it got better. But, as Tom liked a dram, the prohibition went "against the grain." One of his mates, on going into an inn, saw him standing with a glass in front of him as usual. "Hallo, Tom," said he, "I thocht the doctor ordered ye no' to drink ony mair beer wi' that sair hand?" "Neither I dae," said Tom; "I'm drinkin' wi' the ither hand!"

"Weel, Macallister," said an Englishman to a Scotch friend of his whom he had met accidentally on the streets of London, and insisted upon standing a treat to him, "what will you have?" "I'll juist tak' a wee drap o' contradiction," returned Macallister. "Contradic-



ing a loch, was asked if he would take some water with his whisky, and replied, "Na, there was a horse drowned at the heid o' the loch twa years ago." The head of the loch was twenty-four miles distant.

A drouthy painter of animals was one day dining with a witty minister, and he asked his host if he could not throw a job in his way. "In what line do you mean?" asked the clergyman. "Well, you know, I draw horses," was the reply. "I could find employment for you," returned the clergyman, "and for all the painters in Edinburgh, if you would come at the end of the harvest and draw carts." "I doubt," replied the artist, "you would find us ill to corn." "Ye wad be waur to water, if one may judge from appearances," was the reply.

A young man in the north got his hand badly hurt, and was ordered by a doctor to refrain from taking any drink until he got better. But, as Tom liked a dram, the prohibition went "against the grain." One of his mates, on going into an inn, saw him standing with a glass in front of him as usual. "Hallo, Tom," said he, "I thocht the doctor ordered ye no' to drink ony mair beer wi' that sair hand?" "Neither I dae," said Tom; "I'm drinkin' wi' the ither hand!"

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tion! What the dickens kind of drink is that?" "Well, ye see, ye pit in the whisky to mak' it strang, the water to mak' it weak, the lemon to mak' it sour, and the sugar to mak' it sweet. Then you say to your friend, 'Here's to you,' and ye tak' it yoursel'," "Gracious, man," said the Englishman, "that's toddy!" "Aweel," was the significant answer of Macallister.

A fiddler, reeling home from a party where he had been employed, fell into a ditch by the roadside. In so doing his fiddle fell out of its case, and could not be found. A minister happening to pass by, and seeing Willie floundering out of the ditch, shook his head and muttered, "A bad case, a bad case indeed." "Tuts," said Willie, looking up, "I wadna care a button about the case if I could only lay my hands on the fiddle."

A man going home late one night, a little more than "half seas over," feeling thirsty, procured a glass of water, and drank it. In doing so he swallowed a small ball of silk that lay in the bottom of the tumbler, the end catching in his teeth. Feeling something in his mouth, and not knowing what it was, he began pulling at the end, and the little ball unrolling, he soon had several yards in his hands, and still no end apparently. Terrified, he shouted to his sleeping wife, "For guid'sake, Mary, rin for the doctor, there's something far wrang wi' my inside, I'm ravellin' a' oot."

At a feeing market two farm servants, a little top-heavy, quarrelled, and began fighting on the public street. In the struggle both fell, when the uppermost

began punishing his recumbent opponent. "Gi'e him fair play;" "Dinna hit the man when he's doon;" "Lat him up;" were the constant cries of the bystanders. "Catch me lattin' him up," exclaimed Jock, holding fast his prostrate foe; "I had ower muckle trouble in gettin' him doon."

A minister, in visiting the house of a man who was somewhat of a tippler, cautioned him about drink. All the answer the man gave was that the doctor allowed it to him. "Well," said the minister, "has it done you any good?" "I fancy it has," answered the man; "for I got a keg of it a week ago, and I could hardly lift it; and now I can carry it round the room."

A shrewish old body tried to lead her husband from the dram-shop by employing her brother to act the part of a ghost, and frighten John on his way home. "Wha are you?" asked John as the apparition rose before him from behind a bush. "I am Auld Nick!" was the reply. "Are you really?" exclaimed the old reprobate, with much satisfaction, and not a trace of terror; "man, come awa'; gi'e's a shake o' your hand. I'm mairrit to a sister o' yours!"

Tam Allan, a noted worthy, having made up his mind to get married, proceeded to tell his mother of his intention. The douce old lady having cautioned him to be careful in the selection of a wife, wound up her remarks by repeating the old saying, "Mind ye, Tam, my lad, 'the better a brewin' ye mak', the better a drink ye'll get.'" "Hoots, mither, dinna fash

yourself' about that," cried Tam, "my intended faither-in-law is gaun to stand a' the drink." After Tam got married he took a dram occasionally. He went home drunk as usual one Saturday night, and his wife, wishing to lecture him, said, "Man, Tam, dae ye no' think shame o' yersel'? It's every Seturday nicht noo; the neebors will ha'e a bonnie speakin' about ye." "Thank goodness, wife," exclaimed Tam, "they canna ca' me ony waur than you dae."

It was a characteristically canny remark of a Highlander who, when the minister shook his reverend head towards him, and said, "Whisky is a bad, bad thing, Donald," replied, "Ay, sir, especially *bad* whisky."

As has been shown in a number of anecdotes, many tipplers possess a rough and ready wit, and from that fact no little humour has sprung. A Perthshire blacksmith was once remonstrated with by the minister, who lived near by, for his frequent and excessive indulgences. "Was ye ever drunk, sir?" inquired the smith. "No, Donald," said the minister, "I am glad to say I never was." "I thocht as muckle," said the smith; "for, man, if ye was ance richt drunk, ye wad never like to be sober a' your days again."

A gentleman touring in Scotland happened to be in the bar of a wayside inn partaking of some refreshment. While proceeding to light his pipe he was about to use a vesta out of his box when an old Scot, who was having his "half," handed him the box of matches lying on the counter, and said, "Dinna use your ain, maister ;

ha'e thae—it's the only discount ye get in a public-house."

"It's an awful thing that drink," exclaimed a minister, when the barber, who was visibly affected, had drawn blood from his face for the third time. "Ay," replied the tonsorial artist, with a wicked leer in his eye, "it mak's the skin tender."

A chronic old tippler, but a skilful tradesman, was invited along with his fellow-workmen to a convivial supper and general "blow-out" on Handsel Monday by his benevolent master. Having arrived before the others, he looked into the room where the "bout" was to take place, and saw a regiment of bottles of beer, porter, and whisky. This display made his teeth water, and, quite overcome with the ordeal through which he had to pass, he said, with a blending of pleasure and pain, "Ech, aye! but there's something afore's the nicht. Oh! what a headache I'm in for the morn!"

So regularly had a certain auld laird used whisky as a cure for all ills, that once in his life time, so he said himself, he "got an awfu' fricht." "We ran short o' the mercies," he explained, "and I had to gang to my bed sober. I didna feel ony the waur the day; *but 'odsake man, I got an awfu' fricht.*"

A farmer on a moonlight night set out towards home from the market town, where he had drunk too deep. He reached a burn near his own house, and in attempting to cross by the stepping stones missed his footing and went down with a splash into the burn. Unable to

raise himself beyond his hands and knees, he looked down into the clear water, in which the moon was vividly reflected. In this position, and with the water streaming from his forelock and beard, he shouted to his wife. "Marget! Marget!" The good woman heard, and rushed out crying, "Ho, John! My John! Is that you, John? Whaur are you, John?" "Whaur am I?" rejoined the voice from the burn. "Gudeness kens whaur I am, Marget, but I see I'm *far abune the mune.*"

The preachings or rural sacraments of long ago were great events in a countryside when social gatherings were few and far between. They were kirk and market rolled into one, with sometimes an admixture of baser ingredients. In Lanarkshire, when a servant lass would engage, she would stipulate to get away either to Douglas Races or Riggside Sacrament—both equally important in a social sense. The roofless walls of an old change-house may be seen near the Kirk i' the Muir, where the worshippers got bread and ale on Sabbath, and perhaps something stronger on occasion. An old woman belonging to Kinclaven once expressed her recollection of these gatherings in the words, "Ah, what graund preachings I mind o' there—ay, an' plenty o' drunkenness forbye."

A toper in a northern village reeled out from the public-house and fell almost in front of the door. A wag, seeing the state of affairs, wrote something on a piece of paper, and, pinning it on the toper's coat, walked away. Soon a crowd collected, and the publican,

curious to know what was the matter, was annoyed to discover that the paper contained the words, "A specimen of the goods finished inside." Amid the laughter of the crowd, the publican, anxious to have the scandal removed from before his door, asked the village shoemaker to give him a helping hand to lift the man away. "Na, na, Mister Tamson, ye can juist dae as I dae wi' a finished job." "And what's that?" inquired the publican angrily. "Put him in your window," replied the shoemaker.

In the Highlands "the last rites and ceremonies" are looked upon as an excellent excuse for copious refreshment. An Inverness-shire farmer and his man were invited to a funeral. Both, however, could not go, so the farmer said to his man, "Jock, I'll be gaun doon to the burial the day, but I'll let you awa' the morn's nicht to the siree in the toon." "To Jericho wi' your siree!" exclaimed Jock. "I wad rather ha'e ae funeral than ten sirees!"

Well-to-do individuals long ago frequently gave instructions to their relatives likely to survive them to be sure and have plenty of whisky at their funerals. A Montrose tradesman, feeling the near approach of his dissolution, signalled his wife to his bedside, and very gravely said, "Ye'll get in a bottle o' whisky, Mary, for there's to be a sad cheenge here the nicht."

After a gathering of cronies at a farm house, the anxious, careful goodwife said to the serving lass, "Hoo mony bottles o' whusky did they drink, Aggie?" "I

kenna how much whusky they drank, but I ken ma airms are sair carrying in sax gang o' water to them to mak' tod dy."

"Is there anything more to put ashore, Donald?" queried the captain of a steamer at a pier in the West Highlands. "Ay, sir," answered Donald, "there's the twa-gallon jar o' whisky for the Established minister." "For the Established minister, Donald?" said the captain laughing. "Are ye quite sure it's no' for the Free Kirk minister?" "Quite, sir," said Donald cannily. "The Free Kirk minister aye gets his whisky-jar sent in the middle o' a barrel o' flour!"

The blacksmith in a certain parish was so frequently seen the worse for drink that his minister at length resolved to interfere. Meeting him one day when intoxicated, the minister said, "Robert, this is an awful way to bring up your bairns. What can you expect to make of them with a drunken father?" The appeal was not lost on Robert, who, with a twinkle of genuine affection in his eye and a sensation of choking in his throat, replied, "Eh, minister, I houp to mak' my twa laddies what it's no' possible for you to mak' your twa." "And what's that, Robert?" "Weel, sir, I houp to mak' them better men than their faither."

A drouthy weaver, noted far and near for his convivial habits, was reeling home one Saturday night. His road lay for several miles along the edge of a moor, and, staggering off the roadway, he was soon knee-deep in heather, and at length resigned himself to the gentle

arms of mother earth, and was soon asleep. It was eight o'clock on Sabbath morning when he stood before his own door. "Ye have surely been a lang road last nicht," exclaimed his irate spouse, as he entered the house. "Hoots, woman," he rejoined, with great composure, "it wasna the length o' the road that troubled me, it was the breadth."

"You're just a sot, man, John," said a wife to her tippling husband; "ye ha'e drucken a hoose in your time." "Ah, weel, Kate, I think it's been a thack ane," was the reply; "an' there's some o' the stour in my throat yet."

Two gentlemen called at a tavern in Edinburgh one day and inquired at the landlord if he had any bitters. "No," was the reply, but, recollecting himself, he instantly added, "Faith! I'm leein'; I've plenty of bitters in the house." The landlord, who was a bit of a wag in his way, then rang the bell, and called in his better-hall. "Janet, my dawtie," says he, "will you ha'e the goodness just to dip your tongue into that half-mutchkin of whisky?" "Wi' a' my heart," responded the obedient wife, and immediately complied with her lord's request. "Noo, gentlemen, I jalouse that is the bitterest thing I ha'e in the house," said the landlord, "and bitter enough ye'll find it in a' conscience."

A drunken but witty barber, of the name of Richard Wetherspoon, appeared one fine afternoon in summer in the market-place of a village in the south in his

breeches and waistcoat, wanting his shoes, and with a night-cap on his head, jumping and skipping about, exclaiming, "Guid be praised, I've found it oot; my breid's baked." The people in the market gathered about crying, "What ha'e ye found, Ritchie?" "I ha'e discovered perpetual motion. Ye'll never see Ritchie Wedderspoon scrapin' the chafts o' onybody for a bawbee again. Seventy thousand pounds; my breid's baked. I'm gaun to London the morn." "Ay, Ritchie, that is fortunate; we wad like to see it." "Oh, weel-a-wat, ye may baith see it and hear it," said Ritchie. "It's my wife's tongue, and it has gane for sax weeks, nicht and day, and it'll ne'er stop mair, I think."

Will Semple, a notorious tippler, on going home the worse for drink, was subjected to a severe castigation from his guidwife. On previous occasions Will had joined in the flyting, but this time he had resolved to bear it quietly. When Jean had at length exhausted her ammunition, and failed to make an impression upon her spouse, she roared at the pitch of her voice, "Speak, ye villain, speak, till I get a claw at ye, or I'll burst."

At the Highland Society's Show at Perth some time ago, two farmers, on their way from the refreshment tent, discussed the horseless carriage. One thought it a good idea, but the other said, "I doot, Duncan, it'll ne'er suit you nor me, for mony a nicht gaun hame

frae the market, we need horses that ken the way.”
 “Richt,” said Duncan; “dod, man, I’d nae mind.”

One day a rather seedy-looking individual entered the shop of a publican in Arbroath, and called for a glass of whisky, which was at once supplied. After sipping the half of it, the consumer was loud in its praises, and wondered from what distillery it came. The landlord spoke as to its strength and quality, and the man, after quaffing off the remainder, was for off. “Stop, sir!” said the landlord, “you haven’t paid for it.” “No,” said the stranger, “but I expect you have?” “Yes; I had to pay for it.” “Well, then,” rejoined the seedy-looking man, “there’s no necessity in paying for a glass of whisky twice.”

A publican who had retired from business was building a grand residence, when an old friend one day was heard to exclaim, “Man, Robert, it was the whisky did that!” “Na, na!” replied the publican, “it was the water!”

An Excise officer, anxious to trap an old woman he suspected of shebeening, walked into her parlour, and seeing a bell on the table, rang it, and asked for a glass of milk, which was set down before him. After a little he rang again, and asked the old woman if she had any whisky. “Ay, sir,” said she, “we aye have some in the bottle”—setting it down before him. He thanked her, and laid down a sovereign, which she took and walked out. After helping himself, he rang again, and asked for his change. “Change, sir? There’s nae change. We ha’e nae license. F’at we gi’e we

gi'e in presents ; fat we get we tak' in presents ; so good-day, sir."

John M'Nab, though an industrious crofter, got "roarin' fou" every time he went to Perth, and, as his wife said, he could not have a glass but "a' the toon about kent, for he was ane o' the singing kind, an' waukened a' the countryside." John, returning home from market a little tipsy, one night fell into a burn near his own door. Next morning, with a sense of fallen dignity, he vowed to his wife that he would have the course of the stream diverted. "I dinna ken about the stream bein' diverted," said the comforter, "but I daresay the trout were highly *amused* to see sic a big *flounder* amang them at sic a time o' nicht."

A minister, having three times refused to marry a man who had so often come before him drunk, said on the third occasion to the woman, "Why do you bring him here in that state?" "Please, your reverence," was the answer, "he'll no' come when he's sober."

A gentleman was limping along Princes Street, Edinburgh, one morning, when a friend accosted him. "Hallo!" said he, "what's the matter? Are you lame?" "Ay, temporarily, temporarily," was the reply. "The fact is, I went hame sober last nicht, and my faithfu' watchdog grippit me by the leg."

William M——, a drouthy farmer, while wending his way home one evening in a very zig-zag sort of manner, and dressed in his Sabbath blacks, was met by a neighbour, who inquired, "Weel, Wullie, where ha'e ye been

the day?" "Man, Sandy," said Willie, steadying himself, "I'm no' juist very shair whether it was a (hic) marriage or a (hic) funeral; but it was a (hic) great success."

The free and ample feast proved the attraction to many of the naturals in their attendance on funerals, and it serves as a commentary on the social life of Scotland, to find one declaring that a funeral, which he had attended, "was a puir affair; there wasna a drunk man at it."

Two young men, having a companion dead in a neighbouring town, resolved to console the parents and family. Before leaving, they fortified themselves with a bottle of whisky, as a bracer and a soother in their sorrow. On the way to and from the house, they had several good drinks. When nearing home, John turned to Sandy, and said, "Oh, man, Sandy, is there ony mair in the bottle?" "Ay, man, Jock, there's a wee drappie—juist about a hauf." "Weel, man, Sandy, gie't to me; I'm far mair vexed than ye are."

Dr. B——, the well-known mesmerist, was causing quite a sensation in the north some time ago with his latest achievement—that of a man in a trance or deep sleep. A coffin, tilted a foot high at the head, was placed on the stage in full view of the audience, wherein rested the victim of the Mesmer, till such time as the doctor awoke him. Geordie Brown, a ploughman, hearing of the sensation, asked his mate Jock if he would accompany him to the hall to see the affair. "Fat dis he

dae ? ” queried Jock. “ Weel,” replied Geordie, “ as far as I ken aboot it he has a man lying in a trance a’ nicht.” “ A man lying in a trance a’ nicht ! ” ejaculated Jock ; “ that’s naething. Man I’ve lain in a ditch a’ nicht mony a time, an’ nae word aboot it. I’m no’ gaen.”

The skipper of a Clyde yacht, well-known in racing circles, sent one of his hands on shore one day with orders to bring back provisions and refreshments. The man came back with a good-sized parcel. “ Well, Donald, what did you get ? ” asked the skipper, cheerily. “ Six bottles of whusky and a loaf,” Donald replied briskly, as if he had done the right thing. “ Goodness gracious, Donald,” said the skipper, “ an’ what are you going to do with all that bread ? ”

Seeing two master tradesmen from Kirriemuir going into the inn one Sabbath morning, and not finding them at church, Mr. Buist, a worthy minister of that district, guessed that, like the bad penny, they would turn up at the examinations, and so resolved to give them a hard hit. Addressing the beadle, he asked the question, “ What is repentance unto life ? ” which Johnnie Young answered correctly. Mr. Buist then observed that “ Some men repented, and yet never came to this true repentance ; as it was said ‘ the road to hell was paved with good intentions.’ I will give you a case in point. Just suppose that you and I were two tradesmen in a neighbouring town, and after we had got our week’s work over and met with some cronies, it was proposed

to have a general drink, which ended in a universal drunk. I got home I cannot tell how, but oh, in the morning I arose with a riving headache; my eyes were red, and my whole appearance haggard. I loathed the very atmosphere tainted with mine own breath, so I hurried out to get the fresh air, when I met you in the same state as myself. And we vowed to each other we would drink no more. We then proposed a walk to the country to shake off the horrors. We landed at a country church before church time, and the inn being at hand, I looked at the sign-board and then at you, and said, 'We will have one single pap,' then you said you would stand your pap, and the innkeeper said we would take his pap, and so we papped away and did not go to church at all. Such is a true specimen of the sham repentances of the world."

An old beggar with a wooden leg fell asleep one evening by the roadside in such a position that the timber-limb lay over his other leg, and was pointed upward in a rather threatening direction. A ploughman, on his way home from the village inn with a "wee drap in his e'e," observing the wooden limb, and taking it for a gun in the hand of a reckless sportsman, exclaimed, "Guid sake, man! ye're surely no' gaun to shoot in the public road? If ye are, juist wait a wee till I get oot o' the line o' fire."

Even in small things our careful nature asserts itself. Four bosom cronies had nearly emptied their bottles after "first-fittin'" their friends on a New Year's

morning, and reaching a friendly lamp, under its dim light they literally drained them dry. Three of them, as a fitting climax, smashed their empty bottles, but the fourth refrained from indulging in such a luxury. "Hoo are ye no' breakin' yours, Davie?" they asked. "I'm no' sic a fule," answered Davie; "there's a penny on the bottle."

Two old worthies in Wigtown, Sandy and Jock, were rather fond of the "barley bree." One day they had the good luck to become possessed of a bottle of whisky, which they agreed should be consumed in Sandy's house, whither they retired for that purpose. It was proposed that before partaking they should say grace, and Sandy was to perform the duty. With eyes closed and hands folded, Sandy wandered through a lengthy prayer, while his companion quietly drank off the whisky. The grace finished, Sandy grasped the bottle with the intention of dividing the contents, when, finding it empty, he looked askance at John, who answered, "Ay, ay, Sandy, lad; but, ye ken, we're telt to baith watch and pray."

An enthusiastic angler who was a staunch teetotaller had a good stretch of the Dee to fish in, and engaged the services of an experienced boatman. But night after night he came back with empty creel, and at length departed in disgust. When he was gone, the boatman was approached and asked how it was that a fairly expert angler had such a run of ill-luck. "Aweel,"

said the man, " he had nae whuskey, and I took him where there was nae fush."

There are many stories told of smuggling, and as these are akin to our subject we may give a few. On one occasion the excise came upon a man in a bothy in Strathdearn. They seized the only cask full at the time, and spent the night in a neighbouring inn, making jolly in an upper room with their friends, one of them sitting on the cask to make sure of its safety. Some of the friends of the smuggler were of the party, and took note of the exact position of the cask. They got an augur, bored a hole through the plank ceiling into the cask, drained every drop of it into a tub, and returned the stuff to the smuggler. Donald M'Pherson, Badenoch, on one occasion started for Perth with a companion, leading two ponies carrying four casks of whisky. Near Dunkeld they met three excisemen. Donald, who was a powerful man, refused to deliver up his goods, and wielded with considerable effect a huge cudgel. One of his enemies he knocked down. The thumb of one of the others he got between his teeth, while he defended himself from the remaining officer. His companion, who had fled, took courage, and returned crying, " Well done, Donald," Donald replied, " I'll Donald you when I get through with these men." He was as good as his word, for he gave him a sound drubbing. He afterwards got safe to Perth, and sold all his stuff. Some 60 years ago, the postmaster of Kingussie, returning from Aberlour, arrived at Dalnashaugh Inn on a

stormy evening, and was promised lodgings for the night for himself and his pony. He was well attended to until a party of half-a-dozen excisemen arrived on their way to make a raid on certain bothies well known to be at work in Badenoch. They were treated to the best the inn could afford, while the postmaster was ordered to the kitchen. He told the servant girl that she had better go to bed, and that he would mount his pony when the moon rose. When she left the kitchen he pitched the boots of the excisemen, drying at the fire, into a huge pot of boiling water. He then started for Badenoch, and sent warning to all the bothies he was acquainted with. The officers could not move for want of boots, and by the time they got to Badenoch everything was in order. A certain Red John, who was a practised hand, heard that the excisemen were in his neighbourhood, and were to pay him a visit. He went, in his extremity, to a friend of his, a tailor, and promised him a boll of malt if he would allow himself to be stretched on a table as a corpse. This was done; the tailor was decently vested in white sheets, a plate of salt was placed on his breast, and the godly old women of the neighbourhood sang their coronachs around the bier. As the excise were entering, a voice was heard from the tailor, "Unless I get two bolls, I'll cry out!" The two bolls were promised, and Red John confronted his foes with a sorrowful countenance, and an open Bible in his hand. "You have come," he said, "to a house of woe; this

is my only brother, who has just died." The officers apologised and retreated, and some time after they learned that Red John never had a brother.

The minister of a Highland parish preached one day on the duty of unqualified truthfulness, and was a little surprised to receive soon after a visit from a parishioner, who was well known to the gaugers as a maker of "sma' still" whisky. "I have come to thank you for your sermon yesterday," he said. "I will aye speak the truth efter this." "I am glad to hear you say that," said the minister. "Ye see," continued the other, "this morning I got a visit from a gauger. 'Ha'e ye ony whusky here?' he asked. 'Oh, ay,' says I, 'nae doot I ha'e some whusky.' 'And whaur is it?' 'Under the bed,' says I. Weel, what dae ye think? I telt naething but the truth, and the cratur never so much as poked his stick below the bed, though he looked through every part o' the hoose. I'm thinking, sir, ye're quite right; it's aye best to tell the truth. I maun thank ye for your sermon. It has done me good."

The revenue officers of the coasting town of W—, were very much annoyed at the clever way in which whisky was smuggled into the town. As the result of their suspicions a hearse was stopped in the street, and on being examined was found to be filled with kegs of whisky. "What's this?" shouted an officer. "Dod, man!" replied the driver, looking round with

innocent surprise, "we ha'e juist berrit a corp, an' I'm thinkin' that maun be the spirit."

When illicit distilling was common in Aberdeenshire, there was an old man who went about the country repairing whisky-pots. The gauger meeting him one day, and guessing that he had been doing some repairs at no great distance, asked what he would take to inform him (the gauger) where he repaired the last whisky-pot. "Och," said Donald, "she'll shust tak' half-a-croon." "Done," said the gauger; "here is your money; but be careful to tell me correctly." "Och, she'll no' tell the shentleman a lee. I shust mended the last whisky-pot where the hole was."

Shortly after the late Adam Black (founder of the well-known Edinburgh publishing house) started business as a book-seller, a very suspicious-looking man came stealthily into the shop, and, leaning over the counter, whispered into his ear, "Man, sir, I've gotten some fine smuggled whisky, an' I'll mak' ye a grand bargain o't." "No, no!" said Mr. Black, indignantly, "I want nothing of the kind; go away." The man, evidently not believing in the sincerity of this righteous outburst, leant over the counter again, and whispered, "I'll tak' Bibles for't."

"I say, Dugald, man," enquired Donald, "have ye ony excisemen in Skye?" "Er—what kind o' thing's that?" asked Dugald. "Och! juist wan o' thae bodies that goes about lookin' for stills o' whusky, and that."

“Oo-oo-oo, ay!” replied Dugald. “We had wan, but we trooned it.”

At Campbeltown, an old woman, whose habit and repute were notorious, was being tried by the Sheriff for smuggling whisky. When the charge had been fairly proved, and it fell to the good lawyer to pronounce sentence, an unusual admixture of mercy with fidgetiness seemed to possess him; for, evading the manifest conclusion, he thus addressed the prisoner, “I daresay, my poor woman, it’s not very often you have fallen into this fault?” “Deed, no’, Shirra,” she readily replied; “I ha’ena made a drap since yon wee keg I sent yoursel’!”

Dannie Mitchell of Tarbolton, when flying from a gauger, took refuge in a cooper’s shed, where he hid himself in a barrel; the cooper came and knocked on the head of the barrel, while Dannie lay within and durst not discover himself. A bull came past, and while rubbing himself against the barrel was seized by the tail through the bung hole. The bull roared and flung, and knocked Dannie and the barrel into the water of Ayr. Dannie stopped the bung hole with his coat-tail, and went swimming down the water as far as the town of Ayr, where the folks gathered on the river’s side and began to cry, “The barrel’s mine, the barrel’s mine,” and drew the prize to land. Finding the barrel contained something heavy it was broken open, and then out jumped Dannie, exclaiming, “The barrel’s yours! Na! na! the barrel’s mine;” and marched off with it in

triumph, while the good folks of Ayr scampered away helter-skelter, thinking that it was none other than the Evil One himself.



XI.—THE BAIRNS.

THE novelist of child life, when at all successful in his attempt, is considered to have done good work in a field of character somewhat difficult to explore. The bairn, unaccustomed to the ways of the world, forms impressions of men and things totally different from the impressions of his elders. These impressions indicate a mind not able yet to grasp the true nature of things—indicate a groping after a larger life, even as their seniors are groping after something similar.

In any attempt to depict Scottish character, place must be given to the observations of childhood, and the following anecdotes may serve the purpose of illustrating the thoughtful and observant child, as well as the embryo wit and humourist.

A well-known Edinburgh Professor, holidaying in the Highlands, was riding along the road upon a pony, when a herd-boy accosted him with the words, "Hey, mannie, ye'll be as weel to hurry up if ye dinna want a wet skin." The Professor went unheedingly on his way. Sure enough, before he had ridden two miles down came the rain, and he was drenched to the skin as predicted. Somewhat astonished at the boy's prescience, he retraced his way, despite the heavy rain, until he came to where

the boy was standing underneath a tree. "How did you happen to know, my boy," asked the Professor, "that the rain was coming on so soon?" "What'll ye gie's to tell ye?" returned the lad, with characteristic caution. "I'll give you this," said the professor, taking out half-a-crown. "Well, gi'es't," said the boy, eagerly. When he had obtained possession of the coin, he turned to the Professor, and said, "Dae ye see yon tup beside the broom cove?" "Yes," said the Professor. "Aweel," replied the lad, "whenever ye see that tup turning its hurdies into that broom cove, ye may be sure the rain's no' far awa'."

"What's the matter with you, dearie?" asked a kindly old lady of a little fellow who was crying bitterly on the street. The boy, amid his sobs, exclaimed that he had lost "tuppence." The old lady put her hand into her purse, and took out a threepenny bit. "There you are, my little mannie, and don't cry, but tell me how you lost your money." Drying his eyes with his jacket sleeve, he replied, "I lost it wi' anither laddie at heads and tails."

A boy entered a grocer's shop for some errands. Being accustomed to get something for himself on such occasions, he was surprised that the grocer seemed this time to have forgotten him. He stood for some time in anxious expectancy, but not receiving the donation to which he considered himself entitled, he rapped on the counter, and exclaimed, "Maister Broon, if I was goin' to get onything to mysel', I wad like toffy balls."

Another juvenile entered a Glasgow "sweetie" shop, which was in the act of being closed for the day, and, rapping on the counter, exclaimed, "Hey, man, ye nicht tak' aff your shutters a wee till I see what I'll buy wi' my penny."

A gamekeeper at Duff House, Banffshire, was one night telling his wife the arrangements for the Duke of Fife's return from the Continent, and that the Duke would drive round by his lodge. Next morning his daughter, aged three years, looked up into her mother's face and asked, "Say, ma, will 'ou have to ope' the gate for the G—Guke, or will she flee owre't?"

"These swine of yours, Willie, are in capital condition just now," said the minister to a little boy on leaving the house of a Fife labourer. "Yes, minister," was the reply, "they are a' that. It wad be tellin' fowk if they were a' as fit to dee as thae swine are."

We have all heard of the foreigner who, having been treated to kippered salmon in Dr. Guthrie's house, prayed earnestly that the worthy doctor might be long *kippered* to his friends; but we heard some time ago of a new view of *kippering* from a very vigorous-minded little fellow. The family of which he was a member was spending the winter in town, but had spent the summer in the country. There was a baby to be baptised, and the boy was particularly anxious that the baptism should take place in the country church which he attended in summer. He was told that they could not wait so long, at which he was greatly perplexed. He said no more of



the matter, but it evidently occupied a place in his thoughts. At last he hit upon an explanation. He had remembered that at the beginning of the winter an ox had been killed and pickled for family use, and that the pickling was necessary to make the meat keep. So, beaming with pleasure, he came to his mother. "Oh, mamma," he exclaimed, "I know now why we can't wait. *It is to make the baby keep.*" He clearly thought that baptism was another process of *pickling*, which is perhaps not more ridiculous than some grown-up folks' views on the same subject.

A little girl, subject to fainting fits, and well versed in all the restoratives resorted to on such occasions, was once present at a christening in church. She watched the ceremony with commendable gravity; but, just as the minister was in the act of sprinkling the infant's brow with the baptismal water, Jessie suddenly disturbed the sanctity of the proceedings by crying out excitedly, to the consternation of all around, "Mither, mither, is the baby gaun to faint?"

In a country village, where co-operation has a firm hold on the inhabitants, one of the families received an addition to its number. "We've got anither bairn in oor hoose," said a little girl to a companion. "Whaur frae?" enquired the companion. "Oh, the doctor brocht it!" was the reply. "What wey did ye no' get it oot the store?" enquired her little friend, who held strongly to the principle of economy. "Ye wad ha'e got a dividend on't."



Listening to a speech of a crew of foreigners, a mother remarked to her son, "They are speaking foreign." Referring to the cries of a baby in its nurse's arms on the deck of the same vessel, the lad replied, "They dinna greet foreign though."

A man of colour, having one evening lost his way in the lonely neighbourhood of Monnoman Muir, was making what haste he could to a cottage to inquire the direction. Being observed, in his approach, by a girl about nine years of age, whose mind had been stored with many a nursery tale, she became alarmed on seeing a human face of another colour than her own, and running into the house in order to gain its "benmost bore," overturned a "buffet-stool" which was set with bread and milk for the supper table. Her father immediately flew into a rage, and, seizing her by the arm, swore by the D——l that he would beat her for such conduct. "O faither, faither," said the terrified girl, "speak laigh, for he's just at the door."

Two boys in Dalry were playing together, when one remarked to the other, "My faither, whan he gangs to his bed, tak's aff his leg an' lays't by." The other rejoined, "He canna do that; how can onybody tak' aff their leg?" "But he can," was the reply, "for my faither's leg's a wooden ane, an' he tak's't aff at nicht an' puts't on in the morning." The boy, seeing the force of the assertion, added, "Ou, ay, I daresay that; but he doesna tak' aff his real leg." "No, no," was the reply, "because its aff already."

A boy in Lochwinnoch parish, questioning his mother about the origin of man, etc., was answered, "that we are all made of clay." "Are the horses made of clay too?" he asked. "Oh, yes," was the reply, "all of clay." "Then, mither, Duncan Davidson having but ae leg, has the clay been done, d'ye think, when he has to gang wi' a timmer ane?"

"Do you say your prayers regularly every night and morning?" asked a lady of a little street arab whom she met in the Gallowgate of Glasgow. "I aye say them at nicht, mem; but ony smart laddie can tak' care o' himsel' in the day time," was the reply.

For some time a strong effort was made to gather the young waifs of the Cowgate and Canongate to Sabbath School, but only with trifling success. One day, however, a bright idea occurred to a teacher, and that was that he might get at the children through a soiree or some similar gathering. The idea was adopted, the news spread, and the waifs appeared in considerable numbers. The teachers did the waiting, but from the remarks that passed between one of them and a little white-faced arab, the success of the scheme is rather uncertain. "How are you enjoying yourself, my little fellow?" "Up to dick." "Have you had plenty to eat?" "You bet." "Will you have some more bread and butter?" "No." "No, what?" "No' very likely, when there's sae muckle currant loaf floatin' about."

A boy was sent out by his mother, who was fond of a dram, to procure a supply from the nearest public-house,

receiving the caution that if his uncle was in when he came back, he was to lay down the basket and say nothing. On his return, the uncle was present, and the boy, obedient to orders, laid down the basket and did not speak. "Now, Johnny," said his mother with a meaning look, "did you get a bit suet to that?" "No," exclaimed Johnny, "ye dinna get suet to whusky."

The late Dr. John Kerr was once going from a railway station with a bag in his hand, when a boy accosted him with, "Carry your bag, sir, for tippence." Something in the boy's face struck the doctor, and he delivered the bag into the hands of the juvenile, who trotted like a dog behind him. A boy, with a pipe in his mouth, passed in the opposite direction at the time, and attracted the doctor's attention. Wishing to improve the occasion, he turned to the little fellow carrying his bag, and said, impressively, "I hope, my little boy, you are not in the habit of smoking." The little boy looked up in his face with an expression that tickled the doctor immensely, and replied, "Na, sir, I did it ance, but I gi'ed it up."

A precocious youth misbehaved one day, and, on the arrival of his father from work, ran at once out of the house. The father, being told of his son's bad behaviour, followed with a stick, and, after a long chase up a steep hill, caught hold of his naughty offspring. Both were out of breath, but all anger on the part of the parent vanished when the lad exclaimed, "By jing, faither, but you're a gemm yin! A run like that mak's us baith blaw."

“Ye’re no’ gaun to lick me, faither, are ye?” enquired a youth who had misbehaved. “Of course I am,” replied the father. “Dinna I tell you this morning that I wad settle wi’ ye for dookn’ the cat?” “Ay,” replied Tommy, “but I thocht it was juist a joke, like what ye tell the landlord whan he comes for his rent.”

When sent upon errands, children are very “conservative” as to what they have to get. Being sent to a grocer’s for a pound of treacle, a lad of five winters was asked by his mother to tell the shopman that she would bring round the money on another occasion. The grocer refused to trade upon the credit system, and told the boy to tell his mother so; but the little fellow innocently replied, “Ay, ay, I dinna ken about yer credit, but it’s treacle my mither’s needin’.”

A little fellow was sent on one occasion to a baker in Dysart, who had recently opened a shop, to get a half loaf. “Will I get a half loaf to my mither?” he enquired. “Who’s your mother?” enquired the baker. The boy replied, and the baker, seeing that no money was to be forthcoming, put one or two questions to the boy, as to where he lived, etc., etc. The boy answered these questions promptly enough, but seeing exactly what they were put for, and seeing also that the baker still hesitated to give the bread on credit, he exclaimed, “Oh, ye needna be feared to gi’e me it. My mither’s *awn far mair than you.*”

“In guid black prent” there will be found in the biography of the late Rev. Hugh Stowell Brown, the

celebrated Congregationalist clergyman, the following anecdote, and, to use an old proverb, "if a' stories are true this is nae lee." At Aberdeen, James Abernethy, a most sedate elder in the Free Church, told me that the ministers are, or have been, so negligent as not to baptise the children for years. The children are great swearers, picking up the accomplishment from the sailors who frequent the district. A child, four years of age, was brought forward for baptism, and when the water was sprinkled on his face, exclaimed, "Damn it! What's this?"

A fond father was relating to his son one Sabbath afternoon how Samson of old was so strong that he carried away the gates of Gaza. "How did he do it?" asked the boy. "He carried them on his back," replied the father. The little fellow looked thoughtful for a minute, and then exclaimed, "Eh, faither, but he would ha'e made a fine man for a flittin'."

The following incident is vouched for by parties well acquainted with the boy, now a professor in one of our Universities. He was the son of a minister, and, though only five years old, bright and clever beyond his years. It was at a dinner given by his mother to a few intimate friends. Master W—— was allowed his usual place at table, but, becoming unruly, was, by way of punishment, transferred to a side table whither nurse had removed his little plate, knife and fork, by mamma's orders. No sooner was he seated in his high chair than, bowing his head and clasping his hands on his soiled bib, he

lisped with apparent reverence and great gravity, "Oh, Lord, I thank 'Thee that Thou hast prepared a table for me in the presence of mine enemies." It was with difficulty that the "grown-ups" kept their smiles from becoming audible.

A stylishly-dressed young skater, who had fallen through the ice several times, approaching a boy, said, "I'm afraid, my boy, you will not be able to keep out of my way." "Oh!" exclaimed the boy, "I winna be lang in your road onywy'e, for ye'll likely sune be grapplin' i' the bottom again!"

A family was seated around the fire one evening, when little Jessie suddenly asked at what time she was born. "You were born at two o'clock in the morning, my child; but why do you ask?" said the mother, "Because Johnnie was saying he was born earlier than I was," replied Jessie. "Oh, no; he was not," said her mother, "he was not born until eight o'clock in the morning." "Well," said Jessie, joyously, "my birthday's longer than yours yet, Johnnie." Johnnie, however, was not to be beaten, for he contemptuously responded, "Hoch, what's the use of being born before it's time to get up?"

"You must not swear, James, or Satan will take you to his burning fire," said a fond mother. "He's takin' a long time to come for my faither," replied James, thinking probably of some of the paternal adjectives.

"Sandy," said Mrs. Simpson to her eldest olive-branch when he returned from school, "I forbid ye to

play or rin aboot wi' that Bobby Wilson ony mair. Mind that, na, an' if I ever hear o' you playin' wi' him again I'll gi'e ye a guid lickin'." "What way have I no' to play wi' Bobby?" queried the youngster, with some surprise. "Because he's a bad, wicked laddie," replied his mother. "Weel," returned Sandy, after a moment's thought, "I dinna think I'm that awfu' gude mysel' that ye need to be sae fear't."

A carter was leading along the Trongate an attenuated specimen of the horse tribe, when a ragged little urchin, bearing a few papers under his arm, came up to him, and, with great gravity, enquired, "Are ye gaun to wander that beastie?" "Na," replied the carter. "D'ye want a ride?" "Na, I wad be ower muckle for't," was the answer; "but I'll help ye when it fa's."

A new resident observed a boy in the act of peeling the bark from a tree at his gate with a toy hatchet. Going out, he approached the little fellow cautiously from behind, with the object of catching him; but the latter noticed the advance, and was soon beyond his reach. Changing his tactics the gentleman called out in the most unctuous tones he could command, "Come here a minute, my little man; I want to tell you something." "Catch me comin' near ye," returned the youngster coolly. "Wee shavers like me dinna need to ken everything."

One day two little fellows were engaged in cutting down "shinties" from a roadside hedge, but were rendered somewhat uneasy by the movements of a



VISITING DAY.

BY

F. M. B. BLAIKIE

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1910

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One day two little fellows were engaged in cutting down "shinties" from a roadside hedge, but were rendered somewhat uneasy by the movements of a



horse which was grazing close by. At length a friend came along. "Sandy," shouted one of the boys on seeing him. Sandy halted. "Ye might throw a stane at that horse, for I'm a member o' the Band o' Mercy, and I daurna."

Two youngsters met in the street one day, and had a "friendly fight" with their tongues, which soon led to the employment of something of more weight to decide their opinions. Willie's father, seeing the combat, went and asked what they were fighting about. "He said his faither was drunk mair times than you," replied Willie, thinking he was making a score in favour of his father. The same two boys were playing together one foggy day when one asked the other, "Johnnie, whaur's a' the fog comin' frae?" "Div ye no' hear the foghorn blawin' it ower here?" replied his friend contemptuously.

At a review in Edinburgh, two street arabs were observed staring with wonder at the soldiers. At the head of one of the regiments walked a stout sergeant of pioneers, with his axe over his shoulder. "Hey, Jock!" exclaimed the first urchin, giving his mate an energetic nudge in the ribs with his elbow, "what does that muckle chiel' wi' the hatchet o'er his shouther dae?" "Him? ach!" replied Jock, with an air of conscious superiority, "that's the ane that cuts sticks to the regiment to keep them in firewood."

A minister visiting his parishioners came across a little boy amusing himself with a pack of cards. Laying

his hand on the boy's head, he asked him if he would not prefer a nice book to read. Looking up, the boy said, "Na, na, nae books for me. There's only ae book in oor hoose, and when ma faither an' ma mither read it, they aye fecht." "Dear me," said the minister, "and what book's that? Surely not the Bible?" "No," said the boy, "it's the 'tammie' book."

A boy was asked if he would like to be born again. He showed great repugnance at the idea, and was expostulated with that good boys all liked to be born again; but to no purpose, and on being asked his reason, replied, "Maybe I'd be a lassie."

Some ministers examining a parish school were catechising the pupils in religious knowledge. One dour-looking boy never answered a question. "Come now," said one of the examiners, "that boy there has never opened his mouth. Let me see if he knows anything at all. Who made you?" The boy sulkily answered, "God." "So far well," said the minister. "But, tell me now, how do you know that God made you?" Boy was nonplussed for a time: then, darting an indignant glance at his catechiser, he said, "It's the clash o' the hail country-side."

A Hawick minister caught a little boy fishing one Sabbath, and, laying a hand on his shoulder, said, "I believe the devil has got a hold of you," "I believe he has too," was the significant reply of the urchin.

Another minister, when visiting one of his parishioners, had his attention called to a bright little boy by some

childish remark the youngster made. Patting him on the head, the minister asked the child if he was at school, and, upon being shyly answered in the affirmative, he said, kindly, "Now, Willie, I'll give you a penny if you answer this question correctly. Can you divide five shillings equally among three boys? Tell me." "Yes," answered Willie, "I can, sir." "How would you do it?" blandly inquired the clergyman. "Weel," said Willie, after due consideration, "I'd gi'e ilka ane a shillin' and keep the lave."

"My dear little boy," said a minister in Glasgow to an urchin who was standing looking in at one of the Sabbath school windows, "would you like to join our Sabbath school, and grow up a good man?" "What sort o' Sunday schule is't—'Stablished?" "Yes," said the clergyman, "it is connected with the Established Church. Are you not coming in?" "Na," replied the boy; "I tried the 'Stablished Kirk Sunday schule last year, an' I got only twa oranges an' a poke o' sweeties at the Christmas tree; sae I'm gaun to gi'e the Free Kirk a trial this year."

"So you were strapped at school to-day, Willie? Why was that?" asked a fond parent. "For telling the truth, father." "For telling the truth! You would not be punished for telling the truth." "But I was. It was like this: Teacher was telling us about Easter eggs. She drew some eggs on the blackboard, and when she had left the room I wrote beneath them: 'The hen that laid these eggs was no spring chicken.'"

“Fathier,” said little Archie to his parent one evening, “I heard you speakin’ about colour-blindness the other day. What does it mean?” “It means, my laddie,” replied the father, “when folk canna tell yin colour frae anither.” “Oh, is that it?” said Archie. “Then the man that drew the maps in my schule atlas maun ha’e been colour-blin’.” “Hoo dae ye mak’ that oot?” asked his father. “Oh,” replied Archie, “because in the map o’ Europe he has got baith the Black Sea and the White Sea pented blue.”

A little boy was sent to a dairy for twopence worth of skimmed milk, and a pennyworth of cream. Having been supplied with the cream, and being told that there was no skimmed milk, he asked, “An’ whaur is the milk ye took this cream aff?”

A pathetic incident occurred at Central Police Office, Glasgow. One day the officer in charge was startled to hear a small voice piping from behind the counter, “Please, polisman, will ye let my mammy oot?” and, looking over, saw a small and sobbing girl anxiously regarding him. He asked her name, and, upon reference to the books, found that her mother had been sentenced to ten days for drunkenness, or 7s. 6d. of a fine, and she was “doing” the ten days. When the situation was stated, the child’s tears flowed afresh, but she presently made the staggering announcement that she would pay the money “If ye’ll let my mammy oot,” explaining that she ran with milk in the mornings, for which she got a shilling and a scone on Saturdays. “And,” she

added, "I'll bring ye the shillin' and the scone till it's peyed, if ye'll let her oot." The policeman, being a humane man, found ways and means of releasing her mammy to the loyal little girl, without depriving her of either shilling or scone.

A little girl was relating to her mother all about what she had heard at Sabbath school—how the Christians had been badly treated, and burned at a leg of mutton—when her mother interrupted her by saying, "But, Addie, are you sure it was not a stake they were tied to?" "Oh, yes, it was a stake," was the reply. Then, after thinking for a minute, "I kenned it was meat o' some kind."

A witty reply is recorded of a boy who was standing among six tall men, when one of them, turning round, said he had not seen him (the boy) before, as he was so small. "Just so," replied the boy, "I'm just like a sixpence among six pennies."

A woman having gone for water to the well, left her eldest child, a boy of six years, to attend the twins, who were in the cradle. When returning she was met by the boy, who exclaimed, "Oh, mither, dinna lick me, for I've skelt the bairns."

When a little boy saw a Highlander in kilts for the first time, he exclaimed, "Eh, my, but ye're surely big eneuch for breeks gin noo; ye're bigger nor me, and I'm oot o' the kilts mair nor sax weeks syne." When this boy grew bigger he was sent to school, and upon his return in the afternoon, he was asked by his mother

if he had got any palmies. "Na, na," he replied, "I didna get onything ava'." "Are you quite sure?" asked his mother. "Yes, mother; an' if ye dinna believe me ye can feel my pockets."

Sandy Tamson, the village blacksmith, had for long been pestered by the school bairns making too free with his orchard. At length, Sandy was fortunate enough to catch a lad on his best peach tree, and at once set about giving him a warm reception on his return to *terra firma*. "Dinna touch me sair," wailed the culprit; "folks say I'm no' a' come." "Maybe no'," replied Sandy, "but we'll just lay the harder on what we ha'e."

A father had bought a cheese full of holes, and, having partaken heartily of it, was complaining to his wife of being unwell, and having an awful feeling of emptiness, "Nae wonder, faither," said little Bob, "after eatin' a' yon holes!"

A little boy of four years of age was in bed with a sore leg. An elder brother was amusing him by playing on a whistle. The father, upon entering, asked the whistle, saying that he had been good at it when young. His attempt to play may be imagined when the little fellow in bed remarked, "Gin I was a daddy, I could play better than that."

Having watched a lady busy at her toilet until she took out her artificial teeth from her mouth and cleaned them, a little girl exclaimed, "Hoo div ye no' tak' oot your tongue and wash it, too?"

Johnnie's father was unwell, and the doctor having

called, he sat for some time feeling the paternal pulse and watching the clock. After the physician had departed, Johnnie remarked, "Faither, the doctor's daft." "How do you think that, Johnnie?" asked the father. "Why he looked at that clock, and it's ten minutes fast."

A minister was busy erecting a fence round his small garden. He was hammering in the nails when a boy going to school stopped and watched the performance of the minister. "Well, my little man," said the minister, seeing the boy's fixed attention, "would you like to be a joiner?" "No," replied the boy. "Then, what are you waiting for?" "I was just waiting," returned the urchin, "to hear what a minister says when he bashes his thumb with a hammer."

A minister was visiting the house of one of his parishioners, where one of the older members of the family had died. Taking advantage of the circumstances to try and impress the young people, he said to one little chap, "Do you know what comes after death, my lad?" The boy, after a moment's thought, answered, "Naething bit fechtin' an' tearin' ane anither about the siller."

A little fellow, aged seven, was feeling very pleased—he had just got his ticket for the Sabbath school trip. His grandmother, a hearty, very stout, old lady, said she would like very much to go too, and asked Sandy if he thought he could get her a ticket. Sandy thought a little, and then solemnly replied, "Oh my, grandmother, it would need an awful big ticket for you."

A boy of six years who attended a private school where prizes were given on every sort of provocation, but who had never earned a prize, came home at length and exhibited proudly one of these rewards of merit. "Good!" said his mother, "but how did you gain it?" "I was first in natural history." "Natural history at your age? How did that happen!" "Oh, they asked me how many legs a horse had." "And what did you say?" "I said five." "But a horse hasn't five legs, child." "I know; but all the other boys said six."

One morning a minister on meeting a little boy asked him if he had got his porridge. "Ay," promptly replied the urchin. "And did you ask a blessing before you took them?" "No' me." "What, not ask a blessing! Were you not afraid they would choke you?" "'Deed no; man, they were that thin that they cudna choke me."

A story is told of the late Duke of Hamilton, how he was one day standing in the avenue near his palace, watching two cocks, which had met, fighting with each other. One of the cottar's boys, on his way to Hamilton with a message for his mother—to pay the tailor two-and-sixpence for making a pair of new trousers—saw the Duke standing watching the cocks, and, not knowing who he was, came running up, and in an instant cried, to the delight of the Duke, "Half-a-crown on the wee cock, breeks or no breeks!"

In the East Bank Sabbath School, Hawick, one of the teachers was warning her children about wrong-doing,

and telling them of the awful place that burned with fire and brimstone, when a little chap cried, "Please, whaur does a' the reek gang?"

A minister, while on a visit to a public school in the town of D——, was shown into the infant room. His attention being attracted by the picture of a coal mine, with a dust-begrimed miner in the forefront, he put the question, "Whom does this represent?" A little boy, thinking it to be a picture of the infernal regions, exultingly held up his hand. "Well, my little man," said the minister, "whom do you think?" "The Devil," was the innocent youth's reply.

Two boys were engaged in a hand-to-hand fight outside the playground of their school. While the combat was in progress some bigger boys were urging them on with encouraging exclamations, such as, "Stick in noo," "Noo, wee ane," "Weel dune, Willie," "That's the style," when Willie, who seemed to be coming off second best in the contest, turned round and exclaimed, "Oo, ay, ye'll a' cry 'Weel dune, Willie,' but nane o' ye'll come an' separate us."

Little Johnnie was sent to buy a pennyworth of cloves for his grandmother. On the way, Johnnie could not resist joining some companions in a game of marbles. By the time the game was finished Johnnie had forgotten the word "cloves." He proceeded, however, to the chemist's and thus addressed him, "Gi'e me a pennyworth o' yon things like tackets to knock the wind oot o' my grannie."

“What is an average?” asked the teacher. A little girl held out her hand eagerly, “Please, it’s what a hen lays her eggs on.” Bewilderment followed; but the child said it was in the lesson-book, in which it was written, “The hens lay two hundred eggs a year *on an average.*”

During Easter week an amateur conjurer was performing the old trick of producing eggs from a hat, when he remarked to a little boy, “Your mother can’t get eggs without hens, can she, Tommy?” “Yes, she can,” replied the boy. “Why, how is that?” “She keeps ducks!”

A philanthropic friend had been teaching a class of boys all winter, and he was holding a closing meeting. Anxious to test if his teaching had borne fruit an hundredfold, he said, “Now, I have a book here, and shall present it to the boy who has shown the greatest kindness to a dumb animal.” There was silence and blankness for a space, till at last one little chap put out a hesitating hand. “Well, George, what have you done?” And the youthful humanitarian answered “I ance clappit a doug.”

One Sabbath in a church near D—— a boy was taken to church for the first time in his life. Before going his mother gave instructions how to conduct himself while he was there, such as to keep his head down while the minister was praying. While doing so he forgot himself, and shouted out, “Hey, mither, fan

is the mannie gaunna tell's fan ta hed up ma heid, for ma neck's like ta brak' ! ”

At a school on the south side of Glasgow, one of the teachers, instructing a class in religious knowledge, put the question, “What did Adam have to do when he was put out of the Garden of Eden ? ” “ He had to work hard and till the ground,” came the prompt answer. “ Very good. And what did Eve have to do ? ”—expecting the answer, “ Work hard also.” After a moment's thought the reply came, “ She had to dae what Adam telt her.”

A fair maid in “ rational ” costume was cycling round North Inch, Perth, when an urchin threw his cap at her machine. “ You nasty, little wretch,” she exclaimed, “ what did you do that for ? You deserve a good whipping.” “ G'way wi' ye,” said the urchin, “ it's you that's needin' a guid whippin'. I ken fine wha ye are, and I'll tell your man ye was wearin' 's breeks.”

In a school in Perth the teacher was giving her boys a lecture on wild animals. She told them of certain ones that were noted for their ferocity, and then asked if any of them could name a beast with a particularly fierce nature. Little five-year-old Davie cracked his fingers. “ Well, Davie, name them.” “ Cats tied across a claesline, mem.”

An English tourist, passing through the small village of Monzie, in Perthshire, where, in olden times, witches were said to have been burned, asked a small boy if there were any witches in the place now. “ There's nane the

noo, bit I think ma grannie 'ull sune be yin," was the reply.

Two railwaymen were speaking about their work the other day, when the conversation turned on how John M'Neill, the preacher, had risen from a porter at Greenock station to be a minister. The boys in the house were listening all the time, and one of them said to the other, "Davie, whit wey dis my faither no' rise to be a minister?" "You talk about your faither rising to be a minister! It tak's him a' his time to rise to his wark," was the prompt reply.

An English clergyman, recently settled in a small town in Perthshire, met a farmer's boy while visiting the members of his congregation. In the course of conversation the boy said his parents had an aunt staying with them. The minister, not having much acquaintance with the Scottish language, and not quite comprehending what the boy said, asked, "Then, do I understand that your aunt is on your father's side or on your mother's?" to which the young agriculturist replied, "Weel, whiles the ane an' whiles the ither, excep' when feyther leathers them baith."

Tommy had been late three mornings in succession, so his master gave him a reprimanding, finishing his lecture with, "Now, Tommy, my boy, keep this in your mind if you want to get on in the world, that 'the early bird catches the early worm.'" "Yes, sir," answered Tommy, "but doesn't the late bird catch the worm that sleeps in?"

Probably the most amusing anecdotes pertaining to reading lessons at school are those from misinterpretation of words and phrases. Sir Walter Scott has often puzzled the minds of school children. The reading lesson one day chanced to be "Young Lochinvar." The teacher proceeded to test the pupils as to their intelligent understanding of the piece, and reached the line—

"The bride kissed the goblet ; the knight took it up."

"What is meant by the bride kissing the goblet?" he asked. Without a moment's hesitation, a boy answered, "She kissed the broth pot." Quoting again—

"One touch to her hand, and one word in her ear,"

he asked what the word was that "Young Lochinvar" said. In an instant a hand went up and an urchin exclaimed, "Bolt!"

At an examination in a village school a class was being questioned on natural history. After several questions, the Inspector asked, "What bird that comes from Africa has wings, but can't fly?" The class was dumfounded. Thinking to encourage them, the Inspector offered a sixpence to the boy or girl who could tell him. After a few seconds a little girl put out her hand. "Well, my little dear," said the Inspector, "what is it?" "Please, sir, a dead yin."

Wishing to make clear the construction of the word "watery," the teacher asked, "What is added to *water* to make it *watery*?" With startling promptness a boy in the body of the class replied, "Mair water!"

A few years ago an infant mistress explained with considerable pains to a class of young children the Fall, how it had been brought about, and what befell the serpent. After she told the story, she began to question them, and all went well until she asked, "What did God say to the serpent?" There was a pause, a hand was held up, and, with an eager face, a little fellow answered, "Weel, noo, you'll get your feet cuttit aff, an' ye can crawl aboot on your belly a' the days o' your life." What would an evolutionist say to that theory?

"Now, boys, there are twenty of you in this class; how many fingers and toes are there?" enquired a new teacher. "Four hundred, sir!" replied a youth. "Correct, my boy," said the teacher. "He's wrong, sir," said another juvenile arithmetician, "it's only three hundred and ninety-five." "How do you make that out, Willie?" enquired the teacher. "Because," answered Willie, "here's wee Johnnie M'Intyre with a wooden leg."

Aberdonians and Fifers are considered by west country people to be very 'cute in the way of dealing. One day a school teacher was explaining that people who came from Aberdeen were called Aberdonians, those from Fife, Fifers. After dilating for some time she promised a penny to anyone in the class who would spell Fifer. One little boy held up his hand. "Well, Tommy, let me hear you spell Fifer," "F-1-y!" The teacher at once saw the joke, and promised him another penny if he would spell Aberdonian. "F-1-y-e-r,"

promptly answered Tommy, and the Jews think Tommy is right.

“What does ‘transparent’ mean?” asked a teacher of his class in the third standard. After a long pause an urchin with a rough head and dirty face cracked his fingers excitedly. “Well?” said the teacher, encouragingly. “My mither, sir.” “Your mother! Dear me, how so?” “Because,” explained the neglected boy, “when my faither cam’ hame the ither night, he said to my mither, ‘Ha, my leddy, I see through ye noo.’”

A little girl at a “cheap” school in the north, who had brought with her only one penny to pay the weekly fee of twopence, was sent home by the mistress for the other penny. In a short time the schoolroom door was jerked open by a red-headed Highland woman, leading the little girl by the hand, who, advancing towards the desk, bawled out at the pitch of her voice, “Hoo daur you chairge tuppence for the lassie when she’s only gotten a’e e’e?”

It was Johnnie Miller’s first day in school, and while he was patiently waiting for some of the teachers to take notice of him, to pass the time he began to whistle softly, an accomplishment for which he was highly applauded at home. “Who’s that whistling?” thundered the headmaster, whereupon the little man rose to his full height, and, with a proud, self-satisfied smile, exultingly exclaimed, “It’s me, sir. Did ye no’ ken I could whustle?”

At a Leith Sabbath school pic-nic sports were being engaged in. After a race for boys had been run, one of the

teachers asked the winner if he would prefer a book or a three-peuny piece as a prize. "I'll tak' the book," promptly replied the winner, for I don't want to be a "professional."

"Now, my little man," said an Inspector, "tell me what five and one make." No answer. "Suppose I gave you five rabbits, and then another rabbit, how many rabbits would you have?" queried the Inspector. "Seven," came the reply. "Seven! How do you make that out?" asked the Inspector. "I've a rabbit o' my ain at hame," was the answer.

An Inspector, examining a class in an Aberdeen school, asked the pupils to name any of the wild animals to be found in this country. Various satisfactory responses had been given, when, to his surprise, one little boy sang out, "Lions and tigers, sir." "Oh, indeed," said the Inspector; "and in what part of the country will you find them?" "In the menagerie, sir," was the reply.

At a school examination, when all the children were neatly dressed, while the minister was offering up prayer, a little boy came into school late who never had a name for being tidy. A little girl forgot herself, and called out in the middle of the prayer, "Eh, mighty me, do ye see Jock Tamson wi' his face washed?"

A philosopher of about five years sat at his father's door sunning himself, when his father from within called, "Are ye there, Willie?" "No, I'm no' *there*, I'm *here*," was the immediate reply, given all in good faith.

"Weel, Maggie," asked a teacher of a little girl, "how is it you are so late this morning in coming to school?" "Please, sir," was the reply, "there was a wee bairn cam' to oor hoose this mornin'." "Ah," said the teacher with a smile, "and wasn't your father very pleased with the new baby!" "No, sir; my faither's awa' in Edinburgh, an' disna ken about it yet; but it was a guid thing my mither was at hame, for gin she had been awa', I wadna ha'e kent what to dae wi't."

Testing a class in vulgar fractions, the teacher asked whether they would have one-half or eight-sixteenths of an orange. With one exception the class declared that both were equal. The exception was obviously a far-seeing little fellow, for, on being questioned, he replied, earnestly, "I would rather tak' the hauf, 'cause gin ye cut it into eight-sixteenths ye would lose a' the juice."

A minister, visiting a school, asked the schoolmaster how his scholars were progressing in their Bible studies. The master replied, "Remarkably well, sir. In fact, there is one boy, I may say, as well acquainted with Scriptures as I am myself, for when I ask him a question he answers it, and in the same breath asks another at me, and sometimes one that puzzles me for a time. I would give anything to be able to ask a question at him that he could not answer, but I will never manage it, I am afraid." The minister stood lost in thought for a few minutes, then he exclaimed, "I'll give him a poser. Point him out." The master did so. Going up to him the minister said,

“ Can you tell me, my lad, how long Adam lived in innocence ? ” “ Yes, sir,” replied the boy ; “ till he got a wife. But hoo long after ? ” Just then the minister found it convenient to speak to some one else.

“ Now, boys, if I were to give you a sum in subtraction, and give you a large number to subtract from a smaller one, what would you do ? ” “ Turn my slate upside down and proceed,” answered one bright, resourceful fellow.

On another occasion the teacher asked her class the following question in mental arithmetic, “ How old would a person be who was born in 1868 ? ” “ Please, teacher,” asked Tommy, slyly, “ was it a man or a woman ? ”

At a recent examination in Bible history in one of our schools, a teacher asked the question, “ To what height was it proposed to carry the Tower of Babel ? ” No answer being forthcoming, he cried, “ Dear me, can none of you give an idea ? ” At this moment a little girl stood up and said, “ Please, sir, I’m no’ exactly sure, but, to judge frae the way it was stopped, it couldna ha’e been less than the hicht o’ nonsense ! ”

Such blunders as “ The Happy Corps Act,” where “ The Habeas Corpus Act ” occurs in the text, or the mispronouncing of unfamiliar words, are little matters of every-day occurrence. Sometimes, however, the pupil comes across a word which he is unable to pronounce. “ Why, Tommy,” said the teacher, “ don’t you know the next word ? ” “ Yes, sir,” replied Tommy,

scratching his head, " I ken't by sicht, but I canna name it ! "

The teacher of a school of city arabs in Glasgow, after expounding to his class the parable of the Good Samaritan, put the following question :—" What would you do if you saw a man or a woman lying in a street or road, wounded and bleeding, like the traveller described in the parable ? " The question seemed a puzzle, and no answer was given. At last the teacher, addressing a bright-eyed urchin, said, " What would you do, Archie ? " Archie, thus directly addressed, promptly replied, " I would rin for the bobby."

In an Edinburgh school an Inspector, wishing to test the knowledge of a class in fractions, asked a boy whether he would rather take one-sixth or one-seventh of an orange if he got his choice. The boy promptly replied that he would take one-seventh. At this the Inspector explained at length to the class that the boy who would choose the smaller part, as this boy had done, because it looked the biggest fraction, was very foolish ; but the laugh was on the other side when the chirping voice of another little urchin broke in, " Please, sir, but that chap disna like oranges."

At an examination in a northern school recently, a school-boy was asked to explain how dew is formed. The Inspector was much amused when he read the boy's answer—" The earth revolves on an axle every twenty-four hours, and in consequence of the tremendous

pace at which it travels, it perspires freely. This perspiration is called dew."

At an examination in a Fifeshire school, the Inspector asked a little boy, a bit of a dunce, "Who was Napoleon Bonaparte?" "Please, sir," was the reply, "he was juist a mannie like yersel'."

There is no chance of getting ahead of the school-boy. One was asked the other day by his teacher why ships and engines are called "she." "Please, mum," was the reply, "it's because they need men to keep them in order."

One day a teacher asked a class to name some important things existing to-day which were unknown a hundred years ago. "Us" was the unexpected answer of a little boy.

Scholars, especially boys, are never at a loss for a definition. For example, question a boy as to what "faith" is, and he will tell you that it is "believing what you know is not true." One day a teacher asked a class of boys the meaning of the word "faith." No answer. "Well, boys, suppose I looked out of that window, and saw something very unusual, say a leg of ham and a boat, and I tell you of it. If you believe it, that's faith. Now, Tommy, you were not attending. What's faith?" Tommy thought for a moment, and then said, "Please, sir, it's a leg o' ham and a boat."

Children are very original in their definitions. One day a school-mistress asked a little girl, "What is 'memory?'"

She was a little amused at the answer she received, "Please ma'am, memory is the thing you forget with."

A boy is always great on natural history. "What is a ruminating animal?" asked a teacher, one day. "A beast that chews her cubs," was the answer. A little girl in the same class said that the milk was sour because the milkman had a sour cow.

Tommy for the first time accompanied his father on a sail on one of the Forth pleasure steamers. When the vessel moved away from the pier Tommy made a rush towards the bow. "Where are you going?" cried his father. "I want to see the horse that draws the boat," replied Tommy.

It was a Glasgow car that the lynx-eyed inspector entered one afternoon. Two mites of some five or six summers were seated cheek by jowl in the corner, and he demanded to see their tickets. One of them pulled out a bawbee card-board and showed it. "Where is yours?" queried the inspector, addressing the other. "I don't need a ticket," returned the boy, looking up with the utmost confidence depicted in his countenance; "he an' me's ane—we're twins."

Asking the meaning of "stern," and seeing they were in evident uncertainty as to the correct answer, the teacher said—by way of helping them out, "Come, now, James, how do I look when you don't know your lesson?" "Glowering," was the unexpected reply.

"What is the meaning of 'apparent?'" was asked

on another occasion. "Am I apparent to you, John?" "No, sir." "What a blockhead!" exclaimed the teacher. "Don't you know you are apparent to me?" "No, sir; I didna know I was any relation to you."

In a school in the north, an inspector was examining a class in history, and, among other questions, put the following:—"When did James II. cease to be King of England?" The date was correctly given, and immediately the inspector asked, "Why did James leave the throne at this time?" After some hesitation, a boy at the foot of the class replied, "Please sir, he was tired o' the job."

Sometimes answers are given that show the pupil to be "nae that blate." "Can any of you give me a definition, in your own words, of the word 'exaggeration?'" asked a lady teacher. A hand went up. "Well, Willie, how do you define it?" "If onybody was to say that you were guid-looking, mem, that would be an exaggeration."

"Class in geography, stand up. For what is Hawick noted?" "Woollen and hosiery manufactures," came the loud reply. "What are the articles of hosiery?" No response. "Can none of you tell me what hose are?" A solitary hand was held up. "Well, Johnny, what are hose?" "Things for scootin' water wi'," was the ready answer.

In a school in Kirriemuir a lesson in grammar was in progress. "How many numbers are there?" asked the teacher. "Two," was the unanimous shout.

“What are they, Mary?” “Singular and plural,” Mary replied. “Quite correct; and now, Tommy Wilson, how many persons are there?” “Three,” was the confident answer. “Name them, please.” “The Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.”

“What is the meaning of ‘Mr.’?” “Please, ma’am, a title of address used for ‘master.’” “Very good. Now, can any of you tell me what is the meaning of ‘Miss’?” A few seconds of silence, then a boy held up his hand and said, “Please, ma’am, you’re one.” “Yes; but can’t you give me a more definite answer than that, Robert?” “A woman that canna get a man!”

It was a country boy who replied to the teacher’s question, “Can any of you tell me the meaning of ‘champion’?” “A kind of potato, please.” But we do not think it was a fisherboy who, when asked what makes the sea salt, replied, “Please, ma’am, the herrings!” Possibly it was the same boy who informed his teacher that “red herrings came from the Red Sea.”

After reading an elementary lesson on physiology, this question was put to a little girl, “Now, Mary, tell me some of the things you have inside of you?” “Please, sir,” said Mary, hesitatingly, “saut herrin’ an’ tatties!”

“Who was Hugh Miller?” asked the teacher, when the reading lesson mentioned that eminent geologist. “Please sir, he was the first mason who invented stones.”

The word “epidemic” occurring in a reading lesson, the class was asked to give a simple definition of it.

All seemed puzzled, and hoping to help them a little, the teacher asked, "What is it that goes from house to house, and that people dread?" Instantly, a boy, who evidently knew a little about the notices his father had been receiving, shouted out, "Please, sir, the tax-gatherer!"

A landed proprietor in the north, who was weak in his limbs, and walked with difficulty on crutches, took great personal interest in a school on his estate. Finding one day at the school door a boy who was crying and wiping his eyes with the sleeve of his jacket, the gentleman very sympathetically wanted to know the reason of his grief. "The maister hittit me." "What were you doing that he punished you?" "I wasna daein' onything." "Nonsense, you must have been misbehaving, or the master would not punish you." "No, I wasna." "Come, now, here's a shilling for you if you tell me what you were doing." Promptly came the reply, "I only looked oot the window, and saw you comin' doon the brae, and I said, 'There's *spurkle legs*.'"

It is customary in a very dry season for ministers throughout the country to pray for rain. One very dry season the schoolmaster of a country parish decided one particular day to march with the whole of his pupils to church and pray for rain, explaining to some friends that he doubted not but God would answer the prayers of innocent children. "Gin that were the case," said an old farmer, grimly, "I'm dootin' there wadna be a leevin' schulemaister left!"

The story of Daniel in the lions' den was being related on one occasion, and the children listened eagerly. "Yes, my dears," said the grandmother, "God delivered Daniel. He shut the mouths of the lions." Maggie looked up in astonishment, and enquired, "Granny, dear, what did they do when they wanted to *yawn*?"

In a Sabbath school attached to a Glasgow Free Church, a teacher was explaining to her class the directions given by St. Paul for the conduct of men and women during Divine service. "Now, can any of you tell me why women do not take off their bonnets in church?" she asked. Up went a little hand, and a nod gave the owner thereof permission to reply, "'Cos they hinna got no looking-glasses to put 'em on again by."

On another occasion the lesson was from the Prodigal Son, and the teacher was dwelling on the character of the elder brother. "But amidst all the rejoicing," he said, "there was one to whom the preparation of the feast brought no joy; to whom the Prodigal's return gave no pleasure, but only bitterness; one who did not approve of the feast being held, and who had no wish to attend it. Now, can any of you tell me who this was?" There was a breathless silence, followed by a vigorous cracking of thumbs, and then from a dozen sympathetic little geniuses came the chorus, "Please, sir, it was the fatted cauf!"

While superintending an infant school the teacher is said to have asked a little girl, "Who was Moses?" Without any hesitation the student replied, "The son of

Pharaoh's daughter." "Oh, no," corrected the examiner, "Pharaoh's daughter it was who discovered Moses in the bulrushes," "Yes, mum," answered the child with a significant smile, "so she said."



XII.—BRITHER SCOTS.

SOME one, famous more for love of sarcasm than his respect for the Scottish people, has said that a Scotsman is a man who keeps Sabbath and everything he can lay his hands on. The joke is a good one, and is taken meekly by a much misrepresented race. Everybody who is not a Scotsman sees something in the race to dislike. A carefulness that borders on parsimony, a canniness that verges on indifference, a love of creed that is swallowed up in bigotry, a pride of country that nothing can humble, and a liking for whisky that seems to be madness, are characteristics to be found in part or in whole in every member of that people who honour Bruce, adore Knox, and worship Burns. Of course, as can readily be believed, the Scots themselves do not see in their character anything to justify an alien in coming to an unfavourable estimate of their qualities. The "Shepherd" of the "Noctes Ambrosianæ" voiced the opinion of Scotland when he said "The Englishers are the noblest race o' leevin' men—except the Scotch." But even a foreigner may be inclined to pardon the Shepherd if he ponder for a moment on the history of the excepted race. Their brave fight for civil liberty, their noble struggle for religious freedom, and the high

position they occupy among the peoples of the earth, are more than sufficient to entitle one of themselves at least to regard them as "the noblest race o' leevin' men."

In the village of Kennethcreek, which some of our readers may know, there are three kinds of folk—the guid, the bad, and the Morrisons—and it sometimes seems to us that Scotland is one extended Kennethcreek, with three kinds of folk—the guid, the bad, and the Highlanders. The guid folk are the Reformed Presbyterians, who have almost ceased to exist; the Burghers and Anti-Burghers, who buried the hatchet and themselves half-a-century ago; and the Wee Frees, who are fast following in their steps. The bad folk go to church every Sabbath, but do not support their minister, give with a sparing hand to foreign missions, falsify their communion rolls, preach politics from the pulpit at every general election, count the reigning sovereign as a member of their Church, and uphold a religious system which every man with a grain of Seceders' commonsense and Dissenters' righteousness has long since left to the control of Satan. The Highlanders are curious people. They detest all Lowland laws—especially the turnpike road and the gauger. More susceptible than their Sassenach friends, they never gave up the fair humanities of the Roman Catholic Church for the grim realities of the Reformation, and to-day in the North West Highlands the Pope is more hopeful than he was in the fifteenth century. A few

of the Celts came half-way to join the Presbyterians, and adopted Episcopacy. From Episcopacy one or two wandered in indifference into Presbytery, thus ensuring the representation of their race in heaven. They speak a language which no stranger can learn satisfactorily. They claimed a great antiquity for it, affirming that it was spoken in Eden, but conceded the point when an unkind critic suggested that the Devil was a Highlander.

There are certain features which mark the Scottish people generally, and the most prominent is religion. The Scots are essentially religious. Some one has remarked that once upon a time the Scottish race assembled together and passed two resolutions. The first of these was, We resolve that the saints inherit the earth; and the second, We resolve that we are the saints. Robert Louis Stevenson, in one of his charming essays, says that the privilege of being born a Scot has to be paid for like all other advantages; you have to learn the Paraphrases and the Shorter Catechism. This indicates what an important part the Church has played in the lives of Scotsmen. Learning the Paraphrases and the Shorter Catechism may be said to be only the "outward and visible sign" of that deeper religious mind which guided almost everything in the career of the Scot. It has been said that the auld Scotsman spoke to and of God as though He had been his next-door neighbour.

Then again there is their characteristic of canniness,

which perhaps is as strongly marked as their religious tendency of mind. Scottish caniness is proverbial, and perhaps was never better exemplified than by the remark of the auld Scot who, when asked if he could play the fiddle, replied, he "didna ken," as he "had never tried." A Scotsman travelling from Edinburgh to Liverpool with an Englishman would know before he was half way through his journey where his fellow-passenger came from, where he was going, what was his name, what his errand, whether he was married, and, if so, how many children he had, while the Southron would have learned that the Scot "was gaun a wee bit frae him," and would only know whither he was bound when he saw him alight at some station. Burns expresses the Scottish disposition exactly in his lines—

Aye free, aff han', your story tell
 When wi' a bosom crony ;
 But still keep something to yoursel',
 Ye scarcely tell to ony.
 Conceal yoursel' as weel's ye can
 Frae critical dissection ;
 But keek thro' every other man
 Wi' sharpened, sly inspection.

The vast majority of the Scots of whom we have to write may best be described as only common folk. Simple in their ways and manners, they live quiet, unobtrusive lives, and are never known outside the small circle in which they move. Their one idea of existence is "aye work awa'." They know they are

in their surroundings only for a time. Over in the kirkyaird, the inhabitants of earlier days sleep the sleep of the just, and toddling about the village are the children who are to form the fathers and mothers of the next generation. Six days they work for those they love, and on the seventh go to the kirk. Once or twice a year they may be from home. Once or twice in the same length of time they are out of their ordinary way by observing the fair or the New Year. But that is all. A few rise above the others, and are pointed to as "clever chields." One or two become ministers. The rest settle down into the old grooves in which their fathers worked, and are content with their lots. They are common folk enjoying a life that is beautiful in its very simplicity.

In our illustrations of character we have done our best to sketch the Scot in his every-day life. We have taken him as we found him in anecdote and story, and have let him speak for himself.

In some parts of the country it is customary for a bride to bring a dower to her husband, and, no matter how little she may bring, she must not come empty-handed. One couple, who had experienced wedded bliss for some years, were having a quarrel, when the husband taunted the lady with the paucity of worldly goods with which she had endowed him. "Awa'," said he; "when ye mairret me a' ye brocht was a cask o' whisky an' auld Bible." "Weel, Jock," was the quick response, "gin ye had paid as muckle attention

to the Beuk as ye did to the bowie, ye would ha'e been a meenister o' the gospel ere this."

Dr Lawson appeared in the Theological Hall one day with his wig somewhat *tousy* and on one side. A student whispered to his neighbour, "See, his wig's no *redd* the day." The doctor heard, but took no notice of the remark at the time, but when it came to the turn of this student to deliver a discourse, he was welcomed with these words from the Professor, "Come away, Mr. —, and we'll see wha's wig is *best redd the day*."

We have spoken of the familiarity with which many seemed to know the Divinity, and here is what is said to have been a typical prayer:—"Haud still a wee—We're aye gaun an' we're gettin', never'less we're no' drawin' near unto Thee as we ought. Be about this house, the barn an' the byre, the peat stack an' the kail yerd. May a' oor ewes ha'e twa lambs; may that auld ewe that's no' worth five shillings be worth thretty shillings again' the Steuck fair o' Beltan. Keep a' oor fa' dikes till Hallowday, an' the tod frae the fauld. I forgi'e a' men an' women their trespasses again' me, but the twa auld wives o' Cutty Andro's brae. The tane stealt my tobacco spuchan, an' the tither brak' my shins wi' the airn tangs. O Lord, turn Thou the wicked frae troublin' me, an' my son Jock frae his evil ways—Jenny, ca' the hens oot o' the parritch—an' a' the glory shall be Thine. Amen."

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spuchan



NOW BOYS LOOK SMART

BY

J. G. SPENCE SMITH

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SPENCE
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our side, just keep quate, an' Ye'll see the carles get a hidin' that must please Ye." An old Covenanter, who ruled his household with a rod of iron, is said to have prayed in all sincerity at family worship—"O Lord, ha'e a care o' Rob, for he is on the great deep, an' Thou holdest it in the hollow o' Thy hand. And ha'e a care o' Jamie, for he has gone to fight the enemies o' his country, an' the outcome o' the battle is wi' Thee. But ye needna fash Yoursel' wi' wee Willie, for I ha'e him here, an' I'm quite capable o' lookin' after him mysel'."

A country smith of the name of M'Nab wished to take a holiday at the ice, as he was a keen curler, so he told his wife that the iron would not work in frosty weather. She was sceptical on this point, and to prove his words he asked her to come into the shop and see for herself. Adjourning to the smithy, M'Nab put a piece of cast-iron into the fire, and when it was red-hot told his wife to strike it with the hammer. She did so, and, as was to be expected, it flew in pieces all over the shop. "Awa' ye gang to the ice, John," said his wife; "there's nae use in sp'iling guid iron."

A farmer in the vicinity of Dunkeld, returning home rather late one night, discovered a farm-servant with a lantern under his kitchen window, who, when asked his business there, said he had only come a-courting. "Come a what?" asked the farmer. "A-courting, sir. I'm courting Mary." "But what do you want with a lantern?" asked the farmer. "I never used

one when I was courting." "No, sir," was the reply, "I dinna think ye did, judging by the looks of the mistress!"

A butcher's lad went to deliver some meat at a house where a fierce dog was kept. The lad entered the back yard, and as soon as the dog saw him it pinned him against the wall. In a short time the mistress of the house ran out and drove the animal away. "Has he bitten you?" she asked. "Noa," said the lad. "I kept him aff by giving him your suet, an' ye juist cam' in time to save the beef."

Two country damsels were standing outside the window of a second-hand bookseller's shop in Glasgow, when one of them, pointing to a book on "Husbandry," said, "Jessie, seein' I'm gettin' mairriet, I've a gweed mind t' buy 't. It nicht lat me ken hoo t' manage Jock." They entered the shop, and the book was placed before them. The prospective bride opened it at a picture of a majestic ox. "Gweed sake!" she exclaimed, "it's about cattle an' nae husbandry." "Oh, weel," returned her companion, "ye canna dae wrang to tak' it, for I'm sure ye're aften tellin' me Jock was naething but a stirk."

Two young farm labourers who were changing places on one occasion were taking leave of an old outworker. "Guid bye, Betty, we're awa' for guid," said one, when she answered, "Tak' care ye dinna tine yersel's, for it's the first time ye've been on that road."

The extreme courtesy and pawky humour of Professor

Minto charmed his students. Many anecdotes are related of him, and we may tell one here. A class, while waiting for the Professor's arrival, beguiled the time by singing. On one occasion they struck up "Old Hundred," bawling it out with more noise than harmony. The Professor entered as the vocal exercise was in progress, when the class at once relapsed into silence. "I think, gentlemen," he quietly observed, "you had better now sing, 'All we like sheep have gone astray,' for that was the impression your voices conveyed to my ear as I sat in my room."

A party was out shooting on the side of a mountain in Banffshire, when one of them was rather badly peppered by a stray shot. The head keeper, thinking the accident worse than it was, shouted out to the wounded man:—"Run, man; run doon the hill! heaven only kens hoo far we'll ha'e to carry ye!"

"Have I killed a bird at last?" asked a sportsman, excitedly. "Yes, sir, and he richly deserves it for taking the liberty of flying in the way o' your shot!" was the reply.

A laird, on whose grounds game was scarce, invited a party of his sporting friends to a day's shooting. They joyfully accepted his invitation, and went out to the moors, accompanied by a solitary keeper. For five hours they wandered about without getting a single shot, and at length one of the sportsmen asked their attendant, "What on earth does your master kill

when he goes out shooting?" "Oh, weel, he kills time," was the grinning rejoinder.

Madame Patti was delighting a large audience in St. Andrew's Halls, Glasgow, on one occasion, when a working man at the rear of the building was observed to be in tears. There was nothing in the song to account for his display of sorrow, but the grief of the man became more pronounced and annoying ere Madame Patti had concluded. At length, amid a thunder of applause, the singer retired, and the stranger was asked the reason of his grief. "She reminds me so of my dochter," said the tearful one. "She was in the singing line." "But surely your daughter could not sing like that?" said a man in the next seat. "No," answered the mourner with another sob, "but you never could tell what she was singing about."

An American was once relating some startling stories to a group of country labourers, who received the yarns with open-mouthed astonishment. One, however, who was present, much older than the others, did not exhibit surprise, and received in exceeding quietness the Yankee's astounding account of his adventures. At length the story-teller paused, and, looking at his quiet listener, said, "How is it that you do not seem interested in our conversation, Mr. Hodge?" "Oh! I ance was a great lear masel'," was the reply.

At a mansion, notorious for its scanty fare, a gentleman was inquiring of the gardener about a dog which he had given to the laird some time before. The gardener

showed him a lank greyhound, on which the gentleman said, "No, no, the dog I gave your master was a mastiff, not a greyhound!" to which the gardener quickly answered, "Indeed, sir, ony dog would soon be turned into a greyhound if it stoppit lang here."

At a Clydeside station one day, a piquant young lady who rose to alight, was jerked on to the lap of an old gentleman by the sudden stopping of the train. "Oh, my! excuse me, sir," she exclaimed, blushing up confusedly; "it was an accident." "Don't apologise, ma bonnie lassie," exclaimed the gallant worthy; "I wadna ha'e cared a fig even if ye had dune it on purpose!"

A Londoner arrived at St. Andrews, and commenced practising golf, making, at the same time, a fine exhibition of how the game ought not to be played. Turning to the caddie, after some preliminaries he said, "Aw—er—I wondah 'ow I am playing so bad to-day. I—aw—am not—aw—in fowm." "Oh, ye've played afore, have ye?" was the immediate query.

A number of trout fishers were out one night on the Tweed. The trout were taking very freely. One of the fishers had a landing net, and he was kept busy landing the heavier trout. One old fellow had got hold of something very good, and called out very lustily for Jock to come with the net. Jock, on coming along (the night was pretty dark and damp), saw something wriggling amongst the grass. The reason was, the old chap had hooked an eel, and had jerked it on to the bank

when casting. The eel was tugging away and making him think he had a grand "six-pounder" on at least. Jock, on taking in the situation, called out, "Man, it's no' a net ye want, it's a doug; here he's oot grazing!"

A rustic fishing on the Tweed was asked by a gentleman, who was also fishing, "How is it that you are getting so many trout while I am not getting one?" "Oh," replied the rustic, "that is easy explained; ye canna fish."

A cautious old farmer was about to select a day for the roup of his grain. "I wish," said he to the auctioneer, "that we may have a good breeze at the roup." "A good breeze," said the auctioneer, "what connection has a breeze wi' the roup?" "Mair than ye imagine," replied the other. "Whan grain's waving wi' a guid breeze it looks a heap thicker. They see the same heads twa-three times."

A lady was driving her husband, or rather a cart in which her husband was seated, down a narrow lane, when, turning a sharp corner, they encountered a brewer's van. There was no room to pass, and the lady said very tartly, "You must go back, for I shall not. You ought to have seen us before entering the lane." "But, my dear," said her husband mildly, "the man couldn't see round the corner." "I don't care," was the characteristic reply. "I'll sit down here till doomsday before I give way to that man." The carter, who had overheard the colloquy, here remarked, "A' richt, maister, I'll back oot; I've got sic anither at hame."

One cold morning John Smith's wife was in a bad temper, and John was driven to sup his porridge on the dyke in front of the door. The laird happening to pass, inquired the cause. "'Deed, laird," said John, "it's the lum reeking." "We maun see about that," said the laird, opening the door. He had just got in his head when a stool struck the wall not an inch from his nose. Hastily closing the door, he said, "Ay, John, I doot I can dae naething wi' that. It's a bad case; but the fact is, John, *my ain lum reeks.*"

A Perthshire farmer had the misfortune to lose a valuable horse by death. An examination showed that the animal had been poisoned, and the poison was traced to a piece of whitelead lying near a well in the park where the horse had grazed. This whitelead it was concluded had been thrown there by some workmen engaged in laying pipes along the roadway, and the farmer knew that damages might be got if he could get the workmen to admit that the substance had been laid down by them. Taking two servants with him to act as witnesses of anything that might transpire, the farmer proceeded some miles along the road until he came to the spot at which the men had arrived in their work. "Weel," said he to the foreman, "that's a graund day." "It is so," assented the foreman. Then after a pause the farmer proceeded, "Man, you was a fine piece o' whitelead ye flang ower into the field yont there. It wad ha'e come in handy if ye had telt me about it. I cud ha'e used it." "Ay, man,"

said the foreman, with seeming regret, "if I had ta'en a thocht I micht ha'e telled ye, for I juist threw it ower the hedge to get it oot o' the road." "Aweel," replied the farmer, as he looked triumphantly at the witnesses, "it's poisoned a braw horse o' mine, and we'll see noo wha's to pay the damage."

The example of a baronet of old might be valuable as regards the only safe method of proceeding to arbitration. Sir John Innes, after discussing the preliminaries of an arbitration, was asked, "But will ye abide by my award?" Sir John replied, "Faith, I would like to ken first what it is!"

An old man, who had been away for "mony a day," paid a flying visit one New Year to his "native glen." The first person he foregathered with was an old school, mate, and naturally they entered on a crack about "auld times an' acquaintances." In the course of their conversation the visitor inquired about a certain Sandy M'Nab. "Oh! he's deid lang syne," answered his worthy friend with a significant head-shake; "an' I'll ne'er cease regrettin' him as lang as I leeve." "Losh me! Did ye respect him as muckle as that, Jock?" "Naw, man, Archie, it wasna only profound respect I had for himsel', but, fegs, I mairrit his widow!"

During the great strike a few years ago amongst the officials of the North British Railway, much difficulty was experienced in finding qualified engine-drivers to maintain the necessary train service. Upon one occasion a young fellow was put upon a section in Fife.

One day he ran some distance past a certain station, and upon putting back he went as far the other way. The stationmaster, seeing him preparing for another attempt, shouted, to the amusement of the passengers, "Just bide where you are, Thomas; we'll shift the station."

A Paisley weaver forsook his loom to share in the glories of Lord Nelson. Soon after he was afloat he was, one black, stormy night, ordered aloft. The poor fellow, instead of at once throwing himself into the shrouds, looked up in wild dismay to the officer, and exclaimed, "Od, man, it would be a tempting o' Providence to gang up there on sic a nicht."

The members of a family were watching round the deathbed of the father. At length the end seemed to have come, and he lay perfectly still. The mother burst into tears, exclaiming, "He's gane at last, and I'll never be happy till I follow him!" Then, assuming a business-like tone, she added, "We'll ha'e the funeral on Wednesday, and we'll juist get Wully Paterson to mak' the coffin; though he hasna been a friend o' oors, yet—" But here they were startled by a voice from the bed moaning forth, "If ye get that craitur Wully Paterson to mak' the coffin, I'll no' pit a fit in't!"

A story is told of a Sauchie man who had the misfortune to lose one of his legs at Tullibody, and who, when it was proposed to bury his limb at that place, exclaimed, "Na! na! ye'll bury my leg in Sauchie,

where I ha'e burying-ground. It wad be an awful job for me at the Last Day to rin to Tullibody for my leg ! ”

“ Willie ” M'Bean, V.C., who had enlisted in the 93rd Highlanders a barefooted lad in 1835, rose through all the intermediate grades to the command of his regiment, and died a Major-General. In connection with this distinguished soldier's promotion it is recorded that he remained a lance-corporal for *seven years*. “ Willie ” got his V.C. for killing no fewer than eleven mutineers, one after the other, at the storming of Lucknow, and in connection with its bestowal an anecdote is still current in the regiment. Of course there was a general parade of “ every man who wore a button,” and Sir R. Garrett, who pinned the decoration on the hero's breast, made the customary little speech, in the course of which he alluded to the episode as “ a good day's work.” “ Toots, toots, man,” replied “ Willie,” quite forgetting he was on parade, and perhaps a little piqued at his performance being spoken of as a day's work ; “ Toots, man, it didna tak' me twenty meenutes.”

On the “ Twelfth ” a party were out shooting on Mormond Hill, when one gentleman fired at, but evidently missed, a very fine specimen of grouse. Turning to the keeper he observed, “ Surely I winged that bird, eh ? ” “ Weel, sir,” replied the pawky Buchan man, “ to look at it fleein' awa' ower the hill there a body wad think it was fairly weel winged ! ”

James Hogg was much impressed with the originality

of some, and the humorous, somewhat unbecoming familiarity of other prayers which he heard, and he tells that on one occasion he listened to the following confession:—"We're a' like hawks, and we're a' like snails, and we're a' like slogie riddles; like hawks to do evil, like snails to do guid, and like slogie riddles, for we let through a' the guid and keep a' the ill." Another which he relates was during the Napoleonic scare, and was to this effect:—"Bring doon the tyrant and his lang neb, for he has done muckle ill this year, an' gi'e him a cup o' Thy wrath, an' gin he winna be improved by that gi'e him kelty" (two cups). Another, which the Ettrick Shepherd quotes, is as follows:—"For the sake o' Thy sinfu' servants who are now addressing Thee in their ain shilly-shally way, and for the sake o' mair than we daur weel name to Thee, ha'e mercy on Rab. Ye ken fu' weel he's a wild, mischievous callant, and thinks nae mair o' committin' sin than a dog does o' lickin' a dish; but put Thy hook in his nose, and Thy bridle in his gab, and gar him come back to Thee wi' a jerk that he'll no' forget the langest day that he lives." A Leith fisherman prayed for deliverance from a storm after the following original fashion:—"We hinna been aye nag-naggin' at Ye like thae Methody bodies; we're quiet, decent-livin' folk, sittin' in the wast laft o' North Leith Kirk, and if Ye'll only keep us from drownin' this time, we'll no' bother You again for a guid lang while."

Aberdeen folk pride themselves on the politeness of

their cabmen; but an English visitor, who was an invalid, found this politeness embarrassing. He had been driven in a cab from his hotel to the beach, and was shown every attention by the cabman, who treated him as a flunkey treats a millionaire. On their return to the hotel, Jehu saw the invalid out, whereupon the latter thanked him and said, "I'm very much obliged; I think I shall require your services again pretty soon." "Ay, ay," said the cabbie; "I'll be richt gled; *I drive the hearse.*"

After a dog-show in one of our principal towns, a masher, leading a small pug-dog by a chain, approached a porter at the station, and said, "I say, porter, shall I require to take a dog's ticket?" "Naw! naw!" replied the porter; "juist draw an ordinary ticket, and tak' your sate like ony ither body."

An honest ploughman was much in love with a pretty dairymaid, but he was rather a bashful wooer, and could not muster sufficient courage to pop the question. Kate, for that was the name of the dairymaid, got impatient, and she determined to bring "Jock" to the scratch, so one night, when they met for the usual billin' and cooin', Kate said, "Maun, Jock, are ye fond of guid baked scones?" "That I am, ma lassie," was the reply. "Weel, I'm a grand haun' at them," replied Kate, "but I canna bake them for you till ye mak' me Mrs. Cam'ell." Jock took the hint, and the pretty dairymaid baked scones for him not many months afterwards.

At a football match one Saturday afternoon there was a tremendous crush, and consequently a good deal of jostling. One stout little man, evidently a red-hot enthusiast, was digging his elbows into the ribs of all and sundry, and making frantic efforts to get in front. Unfortunately he came under the eye of a stalwart guardian of the public peace. "Take your time there, my good fellow," said he; "ye'll no' be in such a hurry to get into heaven." "There'll be nae policemen there to keep me oot at onyrate," came the quick and crushing retort.

Sandy Wilson was a shoemaker, but although he attended every "preaching" and sacrament within a radius of twelve miles, not a few complained that his workmanship was not of the best. On one occasion a customer called on Sandy to complain about a pair of shoes that he had got from him, and after much scolding wound up with, "It's juist this, Sandy, ye may gang to kirks, an' ye may gang to sacraments, but if ye dinna tak' shorter steeks it's o' nae avail."

"My girl," said an English tourist, in a tone of patronising banter, to a young woman whom he met on a country road, walking barefoot, and carrying her shoes and stockings, "is it the custom for girls in Scotland to carry their shoes, and walk barefooted?" "Ay, whiles," she answered, "but whiles we mind our ain business!"

A gentleman who was spending a month in the Highlands went to hire a carriage for the purpose of taking

his family on an excursion. Looking at the vehicle he inquired how many it would hold, and the ostler, scratching his head, replied, "It hauds four generally, but six if they're weel acquaint."

A man, whose wife had left him and gone to live with her mother, was met by a friend, who accosted him thus, "Man, Jamie, this is an awfu' thing that has befa'en ye! It's an awfu' peety 'at your wife has gaen an' left ye." "Dod, man!" quoth Jamie, "she'll dae waur than that yet." "What waur can she dae nor that?" anxiously inquired his friend. "She'll come back again," replied Jamie ruefully.

When the Caledonian Canal was undergoing repairs, three of the workmen living together were supplied with milk from a neighbouring farm. The milk was very watery, and they were continually grumbling about it. At last they arranged that they would speak, and drew cuts who was to "bell the cat." The lot fell to Archie Campbell. Archie, conscious of being able to maintain the tradition of his historic namesake, was nothing loth to undertake the task, provided he got three cans. The cans were procured, and he set off. Arriving at the farm, he was met by the mistress herself. "I've come for the milk mysel' the nicht, mistress," said Archie. "So I see," said the mistress. "You'll want an extra quantity wi' the three cans?" "No," replied Archie, "but I want the milk in ae can, the whey in anither, and the water in the third, and we'll mix it oorsel's."

An old man was visited the day before he died by a would-be pious friend. "Are you not wearying for a better world now?" asked the visitor. "No, no," said the canny Scot, "this is a very good world—I am quite content for a while yet."

A gentleman living near Peterhead ordered his dog-cart for ten o'clock one morning. He kept his old servant out in the wet holding the horse till twelve. On coming out, he said, "John, I fear I have kept you waiting." John touched his hat and, grinning broadly, replied, "I'll no' contradict ye, sir."

A bluff, consequential commercial gentleman from the south, with more beef on his bones than brain in his caput, was riding along the Hamilton road, near Blantyre, when he asked a herdboyc, in a tone and manner evidently meant to quiz, if he were "half-way to Hamilton?" "Man," replied the boy, "I wad need to ken whar ye ha'e come frae afore I could answer that question."

Long ago swearing entered much into conversation, and by many was considered an accomplishment. It is told of an old lady who remarked on one occasion, "Weel, I maun admit that oor John swears awfu', but there's nae doot it's a great set-aff to the conversation."

An old Covenanting lady, who was taken prisoner by Grahame of Claverhouse, listened to a string of oaths, forcible but incoherent, which issued from the Royalist's mouth, and then gave him this patronage and advice,

“ ’Deed, sir, if ye are gaun to swear, ye micht try and swear sense.”

“ Ah, Jeanie,” said an old Covenanter to his daughter, “ it’s a solemn thing to be marriet.” “ Nae doot—but it’s far solemner no’ to be marriet,” retorted Jeanie.

In a rural district of Forfarshire a young ploughman went a-courting on Saturday night. In vain he racked his brain for some interesting topic, but could call up no subject at all suitable for the occasion. Not one sentence could he utter, and for two long hours he sat on in silent despair. The girl herself was equally silent; she, no doubt, remembered the teaching of the old song, “ Men maun be the first to speak,” and so sat patiently regarding him with sullen surprise. At last, John suddenly exclaimed, “ Jenny, there’s a feather on your apron!” “ I wudna ha’e wondered if there had been twa,” replied Jenny, “ for I’ve been sittin’ aside a goose a’ nicht.”

A friend of the present writer, cycling one day between Banff and Aberdeen, was nearing the “ Granite City ” when he came to forked roads. Addressing an old woman who was standing at a door he enquired, “ Which is the way to Aberdeen?” “ Gang straucht forrit,” replied the old lady. “ Do I go *over* this bridge?” queried the cyclist, pointing to a bridge in front of him. “ No,” said the auld wife emphatically, “ ye gang *across* it.”

Laird Hume resided in a town in the Borderland. He was a man of strong will, and in the greatest emergen-

cies was never known to seek the advice of man or woman. He once said, "I ha'e come to the conclusion, mony a year by-gane, that when a man puts his property into the hands o' a lawyer, his body into the hands o' a doctor, and his soul into the hands o' a minister, he had better juist lie doon in his kailyaird and dee."

At a farm in Fife, not far from the village of Dairsie, a boy was sent to take in a few bundles of hay. His master, coming to him in a short time, asked him if he had got it nearly all in yet. "No' yet," replied the boy. "And how long," said his master, "do you think it will take you yet?" "Oh, weel," said the boy, giving his head a scratch, "if you're needin' me to dae onything i' the noo I'll no' be lang, but if you're no' needin' me, it'll tak' me the feck o' the day."

Tammas B——, the farmer of Cornrigs, sat raging in his armchair at the inclemency of the weather, when Geordie T——, a neighbour farmer, entered the kitchen to have a friendly game at the "dambrod." "Well, Geordie," said Tammas, joylessly, "aye rainin' yet?" "Rainin'!" returned Geordie, jovially, "it's no' takin' time to rain." "We'll need to tak' steps to get it stopped," continued Tammas. "Did you say steps, Tammas? Man ye wad need a len' o' Jacob's ladder," was Geordie's reply.

An old farmer, in coming downstairs, slipped and fell, and his wife, hearing the din, exclaimed, "Preserve us a' man, Ha'e ye fa'en a'thegither?" "Ou, ay,"

said the irate old man ; “ wad ye ha’e had me to ha’e fa’ en in bits ? ”

There was a new hall opened in a certain town on one occasion, and during the opening ceremony, when the building was crowded, a form suddenly gave way, and a man was seen to fall to the floor. “ Is he hurt, I wonder ? ” asked a lady. “ Nae maitter whether he’s hurt or no’,” snappishly retorted a lady near to her. “ That’s the man that made the forms, and he should ken better than sit doon on them wi’ a’ his wecht.”

“ Now, this clock here is capital value ; it’ll go a whole year without winding,” explained a watchmaker to a customer who had the appearance of coming from the country. “ Eh, man, d’ye say so ? ” was the reply. “ An’ hoo lang, noo, micht it gang if it were wound up ? ”

“ John Simpson is a richt kin’ o’ husband,” explained Mrs. Mackay. “ He never gangs ony place whaur he canna tak’ his wife.” “ Puir man,” replied the guidman. “ I doot there is little chance o’ him being able to gang to heaven.”

“ I must have a new steading erected, or I’ll throw up the lease,” said an Aberdeenshire farmer to his landlord. “ That is impossible,” was the reply. “ Weel, I maun ha’e a new stack, byre, and stable at onyrate.” I canna gi’e you that,” said his landlord. “ Then surely ye can gie’s a new yett ? ” said the tenant. “ Oh, certainly,” replied the landlord, glad at getting off so easily. “ Ah, weel, that was a’ I wanted,” said the

tenant, " an' it was mair than I ever expected to get."

In the Glasgow Draughts Club one night, the following little bit of philosophical discourse was noted:—" Are ye in the handicap, Jeems? " " Na, na, Mr. Glegg. That's to say I'm nae in't noo." " Fat wye was that? " " Ou, weel, ye see, it a' depended on the hin'most game; an', man, I had a fine win on't, but I was juist owre cock-sure aboot it, an' made a rash move, an— an—." " You lost it," broke in Mr. Glegg, with a knowing shake of the head. " Juist that," said Jeems, with a considerable tinge of regret in his tones. " Weel, Jeems," said Mr G., seriously, " lat that be a warnin' tae ye. Never make cock-sure o' onything until it's an accomplished fac'. When ye ha'e a grup, rather tighten't than relax't. Man alive, there's naething like prosperity for tryin' fat's in a chap. Ye'll get a hun'er men that can battle manfully wi' adversity for ane that'll be able to stan' upright in prosperity. Never get puffed up; pride gangs afore a fa', ye ken. When ye're in a bad position struggle to improve't, when ye're in a fair position strive to mak' it better, an' when ye're in a strong position gird up your loins wi' canny caution and vigilance, an' dinna relax until the battle's won. An', Jeems—lat me whisper i' your lug—follow the same tactics i' the affairs o' life, an' if ye succeed ye'll deserv't, an' if ye fail ye'll ha'e naething to regret." " Faith, Mr. Glegg, ye're nae far wrang. But, go on, it's your shift."

An Englishman who was in the neighbourhood of

Turriff in the early years of last century, paid a visit to the oldest inhabitant, John Gordon, who attained the long age of a hundred and thirty-two years. The visitor encountered a venerable-looking man at the cottage door, who said, "It'll be my grandfather ye're seekin'; ye'll find him at the back o' the hoose." On turning round the corner, the stranger met a debilitated old man, whose whitened locks showed he had long since passed the meridian of life, and who, anticipating the visitor's mission, remarked, "Oh, ye'll be wantin' my faither; he's i' the yaird there." Entering the garden the Englishman at last found the patriarch, who was busy digging potatoes. "I have had some difficulty in finding you," said the former. "I mistook both your grandson and your son for you. Is that not rather hard work for one of your advanced age?" "It is," replied John, "But I'm thankfu' I'm able for't, as the laddies, puir things, are nae very stoot noo."

At Presbytery meetings Mr. Buist, a clerical wit, was ready to give a Roland for an Oliver. The minister of Glamis received new pulpit robes from the ladies in his congregation, and as his old ones were still good, he thought he would give them to Mr. Buist, who had never had any. Mr. Buist thanked him and said "The crows had been destroying his potatoes. He had set up bogles, but had not scared them; but he had no doubt if they had the doctor of Glamis to face they would not look near him." Buist was Presbytery clerk, and when he became old the younger brethren,

when they tendered any assistance, took into account that they would have his scornful jests to bear. Mr. Clougston of Forfar, when looking over the minutes, said, "Mr. Buist, you have a cipher too many here." "You are right," said Mr. Buist. "We have always had that since you came amongst us." The same minister on another occasion pointed out to him that he had made a grievous error in omitting to put D.D. after the name of a newly-made Doctor of Divinity they had got. "That is but silly flattery," explained Mr. Buist, "as it is only fools who give titles, and it is but vain men who take them."

The author of "Johnny Cope," Adam Skirving, a Haddington farmer, was a typical character of the year '45. There is a good anecdote related of him which is significant of the man. In his lively song, "Tranent Muir," Skirving introduces a tirade upon the character of a certain Lieutenant Smith, whom he accused of turning tail at the battle of Prestonpans. The Lieutenant was wroth, and sent a challenge to the poet. "Gang back," said Skirving to the messenger, "and tell Lieutenant Smith I ha'e nae leisure to come to Haddington; but tell him to come here and I'll tak' a look o' him, and if I think I'm fit to fecht, I'll fecht him, and if no', I'll do as he did—I'll rin awa'."

An interesting and amusing story of the loyalty of servants was once told of an old woman, at one time a domestic in a great family, and the only depository of an important secret upon which a succession suit

turned. She sturdily refused to speak, and at last a minister was sent to her, who told her she must speak out the truth on the peril of her soul. "Peril o' my saul!" was the only reply; "an' would ye put the honour of an auld Scottish family in competition wi' the saul of a puir auld body like me?"

A workman who had been forty years in the same workshop was getting too old, and though it had been hinted to him from time to time that he ought to retire, the hint was never taken. At last he was discharged, whereupon he said, "If I had kenned this wasna to ha'e been a steady job I wad ne'er ha'e liftet a tool in the place."

A well-known eccentric Perthshire Colonel, while walking along a country road, came upon an old man busy at work thatching a wayside cot. He stood looking on for a little, and then remarked, "Man, ye're makin' a grand job o' that." "Ay, no' sae bad," responded the old man. "D'ye think you could do anything to this?" returned the colonel, uncovering his head, and exposing his bald pate. The old thatcher paused a moment, and then replied, "I'm afraid no', sir. That's rather oot o' my line. I'm thinkin' it's a slate it wants."

"I wadna fecht, ma guid freends," said a decent elderly Scot to a couple of tramps—one evidently Irish and the other English, who were apparently coming to blows. "But he called me a liar, sur!" exclaimed the Irishman. "An' he called me a lazy loafer!" angrily shouted the other. "Weel, weel," pawkily replied

the peacemaking Scot. "I wadna fecht ower a difference o' opinion; *ye're maybe baith richt!*"

A Glasgow domestic servant was looking for "a place," and was recommended to apply at a large house in Partick, but as she was told that the mistress was very strict she set out undecided whether to apply or not. Entering the gate she saw an old man working in the garden, and, plucking up courage, told him her errand and her fears, and asked him for his advice. He advised her to go and see the lady herself, adding, "I get on fine mase'." In a short time she emerged smiling. "I like her looks," she said to her adviser, "and I'm engaged. Come with me, and I'll stan' ye a dram." "Lassie, I daurna," he replied; "the mistress nicht smell it on me, and it nicht cost me my place." "Smell it!" cried the temptress; "nae fear o' that, if you juist put some o' that parsley you're working wi' into your mouth." Eight days after, the new kitchen-maid had occasion to pass through the hall shortly before dinner, and was somewhat surprised to see her old friend the gardener coming down the stair in evening dress. Grasping a neighbour by the arm, she gasped, "Wha's that man?" "That! Oh, that's the maister."

A young girl had a very hard time of it with a very exacting old lady in whose service she was. One afternoon Mary was busy in the back green taking the clothes off the line when she heard her name called. "Mary." "Yes, mem," said Mary. "Hurry up, now," said her



mistress, "and bring some coal from the cellar, and come in and set the table for tea at once." With her cheeks burning with righteous indignation at getting so many orders to execute at once, Mary exclaimed, "Please, mem, dae ye think I'm twins?"

A worthy laird, though he knew nothing about authors, was very proud of his library, and never failed to enlarge on his acquisitions when a chance offered. "This side of the room," he would say, "is filled wi' Greek books, but I could never mak' oot thae new-fangled types; the next to the east is a' Latin, but I never could get muckle pleasure frae them; thae shelves to the north are a' law books, but Heaven keep me frae the law! Them braw books are in French, and they're a' o' ae size, neat and gemmy, like a French mounseer himsel'. When I first fell in wi' them I couldna mak' them sit comfortably, but I sent for a clever lad o' a wricht, and he sawed aff an inch or twa frae the top o' them, and now they fit the shelves as if they had been made for them."

Sir Stafford Northcote referred in one of his Budget speeches to the many curious suggestions and requests made to Chancellors of the Exchequer, and, as an illustration, he quoted a letter he had received from Glasgow. The writer sent twelve penny stamps, in return for which he requested that a "a twa-headed bawbee" might be sent, as he wanted it for "tossin' wi'."

A country joiner wended his way into a tailor's shop

for the purpose of getting a suit of clothes. He selected his pattern, and the man of the needle was about to take his measure, but somehow or other the tape could not be found. Jock grew impatient, but suddenly brightened up, exclaiming, "Never say die, tailor; we'll manage yet. I happen, by guid luck, to ha'e my fit-rule on me."

An Auchmithie fishwife had occasion to go to the front door of a farmer's house in the vicinity of Arbroath for the purpose of selling fish. Before the door, on a beautiful patch of green, was a statue in miniature of Sir Robert Peel, and the fishwife, being anxious to know all about it, said, "Losh keep me, fairmer, fa's statue's that?" "Oh," said the farmer, jocularly, "that's Julius Caesar." "Losh, ay, man," replied the innocent fishwife, "I thocht I'd seen the face afore."

Common folk sometimes stumble over words. Old John P——, who was a country joiner at Plean, near Stirling, was met one day by a kindly disposed neighbour, who enquired of him what his daughter, who had gone to Stirling, was doing. "Oh," said John, probably thinking of his own business, "she's awa' into a draper's to learn to be a *millwright*."

A party was holidaying in the Perthshire Highlands, and one day set out to visit the grave of the renowned Rob Roy. Not being very sure of their way, they accosted a man who was busy breaking stones at the road side, and enquired whether he could direct them to the spot. "Haud richt on," said the obliging stone-

breaker, "until ye come to an auld ruined kirk covered wi' *ivory*, and ye'll see the kirkyaird whaur Rob's grave is." The instructions were intelligible enough, although it is oftener that one sees a ruin covered with *ivy* than with *ivory*.

When two women were discussing the battle of Waterloo, the one said to the other, "Ye see oor soldiers are sure to win, for they aye pray before going into battle." "But can the French no' pray too?" was the reply. "The French pray!" exclaimed the other, "what though they did, wha could understand a word they said?"

An amusing specimen of simplicity comes from the west. Mrs. Dalgleish announced to the neighbours "that she was awa' to the motherless meeting." "The mithers' meeting, ye mean, Mrs. Dalgleish." "Eh, weel! Mrs. Wylie, it may be; I never was guid at geography," returned the unabashed Mrs. Dalgleish as she made her way for the meeting house.

A country youth, when on a visit to Aberdeen, entered a draper's shop, and asked to be supplied with a collar. The shopman proceeded to show him the various styles, and asked what size he required. This seemed to puzzle the countryman greatly, for he at once expressed his entire ignorance of what size he had been in the habit of wearing. "Do you think sixteen would be big enough?" enquired the obliging salesman. "Saxteen big enough!" exclaimed the astonished countryman, "Lor', man, ma heid's only sax and seven-auchts."

An old couple was expecting some English friends to dinner. The guidwife was overjoyed at this, and was explaining to her husband how to proceed with regard to his manners. They were to have pigeon-pie among other things for dinner. "Now, John," said she, "min' your mainers, an' say, 'May I help you to some pigeon-pie or potatoes?' I hope you'll min', John." The dinner came, and all the guests were seated. John said grace, and afterwards began to carve the pie, when—imagine the guidwife's feelings—he exclaimed, "Fa's for doo tairt? I'm no' for neen m'sel'." Force of habit is strong, and cannot always be overcome, even although our visitors may be English.

An elderly lady was having a tea-party, and noticing that some of her guests were a little fidgety, exclaimed in a cheerful tone of voice, "Noo, a' juist mak' yoursel's at hame, ye ken, for I'm at hame, and I wish to goodness ye were a' at hame."

The Rev. J. A—— of S—— tells a good story of an acquaintance in his native parish of Aberdeenshire. Sandy was sensible, and a keen debater, but sometimes came down suddenly by endeavouring to use "lang nebbit" words. Some one suggested to him that he should get a dictionary, and shortly after investing in one of these books, the Rev. J. A—— came upon him in the throes of searching out a word. "I doot it's no' o' muckle use a dictionar', for I canna get that word." "What word is it, Sandy?" queried the minister. "Oh, it's 'category,'" said Sandy. The minister

took the book, and at once got the word. "Oh, weel," said Sandy, as he looked at it, "that's what it is to be able to spell. Ye see I was lookin' among the 'k's.'"

A farmer in the West of Stirlingshire had his household gathered around him one Sabbath evening for family worship. Having selected a portion of Scripture, the twelfth chapter of Revelation, he had got to the third verse, "And there appeared another wonder in Heaven, a great red dragon." Tam, the elder son, whose turn it was to read, bawled out, "And I saw a great red dragoon." "Hoot, toot!" cried the farmer, "'Tam, that'll no' dae. Wha ever heard o' a dragoon in Heaven?" "Ay, but, faither," said Tam, "ye maun mind it's ane o' the wonders!"

An Aberdonian who had been to London for the first time in his life, was relating his experiences to his cronies on his return. "I suppose ye fand a' thing far dearer than here, John?" "A' thing 'cep' the postage stamps," explained John, "they war juist the penny."

Sandy Robertson entered service as foreman at the Mains on the Term night. The grieve, after showing him the horses, etc., told him that the time to work by would be fifteen minutes before that of railway time. Sandy answered with a grin and went off to bed, and awoke to hear a rooster proclaim the morning watch. Striking a match he looked his "lever," and when he saw that it indicated three o'clock (Mains time) he said

to his bed-fellow, "Michty, Jock, the verra cock about this toon hauds the time a quarter sharp!"

Sandy M'Bride, a worthy farmer, went up to Edinburgh to see his son. The son was away from the office, but the clerk told him he could speak to him through the telephone. Sandy handled the instrument very gingerly, for it was the first time he had ever used it. But after ringing up, a voice cried, "Hello." "Hello yersel'," said Sandy, "and see how you like it." "Hello," came again the answer. "'Tuts, tuts," cried the farmer, "this bairn at the machine can only say 'Hello.'" "Come closer to the telephone," said the voice. "Haw, haw!" said Sandy, with a laugh, "I'm no' sae green as a' that. I see'd a chap do that in the show once, and he got flour blawed into his face."

At the supreme moment when the nuptial knot is tied excitement often leads to amusing blunders. At a marriage ceremony the bridegroom, failing to pull off his gloves (when the minister requested the groom and bride to join hands), turned to the best man (a brother) and said, "Charlie, man, tak' her haun', an' I'll do as much for you again." Charlie took the bride's hand, and was married to his brother's bride! During the ceremony a slight misunderstanding once arose when the minister asked the usual question, "Who giveth this woman to be married to this man?" There was no response made either by voice or movement. "Are you giving this woman away?" again asked the minister more directly. "No, sir," at last responded the person

appealed to, "for ocht I ken she's gi'eiin' hersel' awa'. A' that I'm gi'eiin' is a set o' fire-irons."

A ratepayer, after recording his vote, was hanging about in the vicinity of the polling-booth. He was heard to remark that he wished he had not polled so early. "Foo, man, foo?" queried one or two acquaintances. "Oh, weel, ye see," he answered, "I was Mr. So-an'-so i' the morning', but noo I'm naething but plain John again!" "An' hoo did ye vote, na? Wha did ye vote for, John?" they queried again. "Weel, fan I saw the list I thocht they were a' very dacent men, an' I juist ga'e them ane the piece."

"Hiv the ladies got in?" asked an old woman of a farmer coming out of the school-room when the result of a School Board election had been announced. "No, nane o' them," answered the farmer. "Weel, that bates a'!" exclaimed the old woman; "here was me, for instance, I voted for them baith." "Hoo mony votes did ye gi'e them?" "Weel, I plumped for ane o' them and ga'e the ither ae vote oot o' sympathy."

During a School Board election in the Granite City one of the aspiring candidates met an old female acquaintance, and after the usual salutations were over, the conversation reverted to the election, when the gentleman asked, "What ward are ye livin' in noo, Mrs. Slimmings?" "I dinna live in a ward ava; it's juist a single apartment I ha'e."

A young lady, conversing with an old man lately returned from a visit to Kirriemuir, asked, "An' did

you hear anything new about the famous J. M. Barrie, when you were in Kirriemuir?" "No," replied the old man, "I heard naething about onybody o' that name. Wha is he, or what does he dae?" "Why, he's a great author," exclaimed the young lady with some surprise; "He has made quite a fortune, I believe, by writing books." "Weel, I wudna thocht he wad ha'e made mony bawbees by writin' books, an' sae muckle prentin' nowadays," replied the unsophisticated Scot.

An English tourist of rather youthful appearance was "doing" the Highlands, and during his wanderings lost himself among the hills at Clova. Observing a cottage nestling at the foot of a glen, he immediately struck a "bee-line" for the house to ascertain the road to "Thrums." Knocking at the door, an elderly woman made her appearance. "Excuse me, lady," the tourist politely said, "I've lost my bearings. Can you—" "What," interrupted the astonished woman. "Ye've lost your bairns? Guid gracious! (Here she glanced at the beardless youth). An' is their mither wi' them?" But this unexpected turn of affairs so electrified the tourist that he took to his heels.

A raw country youth was to be the "best man" at a country wedding. One night, some time before the marriage, he hastened to town and entered a rather fashionable drapery warehouse for the purpose of getting "riggit oot," as he termed it "An', lassie," said he

to the assistant, after he had purchased a lot of things, "I would like to buy a white sark yet." "Oh, yes," said the girl, smiling, "I've got some nice ones here; just look at them." He examined the lot, but somehow did not feel quite satisfied with them, for he exclaimed, somewhat sharply, "'Thae's nae bad; but, as I'll likely ha'e to cast my coat when I'm sairing oot the tea, I'd raither tak' ane stiffened a' ower!"

A well-known customer, after purchasing a small quantity of snuff, lamented that owing to the expense she had been at in burying her daughter, she would not be able to pay for the snuff till next payday. The owner of the shop sympathised with her, and suggested that as she had another daughter she should put her in a burial society. "Na, na," replied the old woman, "she's healthy, and micht live a' her days."

An old man and woman, hailing from the country, were observed one market day in a northern seaport town standing on one of the bridges, and looking over with keen interest at the shipping. A ship happened to be leaving the port at the time, and was towing a small boat behind it. The old lady, after watching it eagerly, exclaimed to her husband, "Oh, John, look! See hoo nateral like the young ane follows the auld ane!"

Some time ago a country woman was coming out of a restaurant, the door of which was a swing one. The old body had never seen a door like it before, and, as she came out rather slowly, the door swung back against her. She gave it a vigorous push, but as it



“NEVER TELL A LIE, DUNCAN.”

BY

ERSKINE NICOL, R.S.A.

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came back with more force than ever, she thought it was coming off its hinges, and at last cried out in desperation to the proprietor, "Losh, preserve me, man; I'm awa' wi' your door."

Two Perth men were standing on the top of Kinnoull Hill and looking down on the "Fair City," when one of them remarked, "Man, Geordie, it wad be a grand thing if Perth was built up here instead o' doon in that hole." "G'wa' an' no' blether, man," replied the other; "if Perth was built up here look at the road we wad ha'e to gang back an' forrit to oor wark ilka day!"

While a number of boys were flying a kite the object of their interest became entangled with the telegraph wires. After pulling at the string for some time the boys succeeded in getting off their kite, but a part was left fluttering to mark the scene of the disaster. Shortly afterwards a countryman and his guidwife were coming along the road, when the fluttering paper attracted their attention. "Eh, Sandy," exclaimed his better-half, "there's ane o' thae teleygrams stuck on the wires!"

One day a farmer visited a friend in Edinburgh. He was shown some of the principal sights of the town, and, among others, was taken to see and get a ride in a cable car. When they got to it he was told to be quick and jump on. "Na, na," said the farmer, "nae hurry, the horse is no' yokit yet."

A worthy farmer in the Buchan district, who was in

the habit of being very greedy in affording his servants light, went into one of the rooms and found his old housekeeper with two lamps burning. Asking her the reason, she calmly looked over her shoulder and said, "Did ye no' ken that I need ane to look for a black thread and the other to look for a white?"

In a weavers' shop in Paisley a discussion once arose regarding the revolution of the earth. One of the weavers, who understood a little of the subject, was endeavouring to explain the motion to his shopmates with the oracular gravity of a person in whom all knowledge is centred. One of the men, who had but very dim notions of the laws of gravitation, struck in, "Man, Wull," he exclaimed, "ye may haud your tongue, for ye may as weel tell me that a soo can flee. The world gang roond! Lod, ye wad ha'e fowk to be as silly as Rab Patterson, wha went to the tap o' Gleniffer Braes to see America. Look here. It's seeven-and-forty years since I sat doon at this loom, an' my face was then to Laird Martin's gavel. Noo, if the warld had been aye gaun roun', as ye say it is, whaur, I wonder, wad I be by this time?"

A handloom weaver, out of employment, was taken on by a farmer as "orra man" during the busy season. On the following morning he was ordered to saddle the farmer's horse for a journey, and when the farmer went out to mount he was somewhat surprised to find the saddle fixed the wrong way. "Man, Jamie," he said, "that's a rael weaver's trick o' yours. Dinna ye

see I wad be facing Peebles while the horse was gaun to Edinburgh." "Dod, maister," said Jamie, nothing daunted, "ye're richt; but, then, hoo was I to ken what airt ye were gaun?"

A wealthy mine-owner, after building a palatial residence, went to a bookseller to purchase a library. "What shall I supply you with?" asked the bookseller. "Who are the authors most in demand?" queried the man of wealth. "Addison, Steele, Johnson, Goldsmith, and Dryden." "Let me have the works of these men, and if they write any more, let me have their books at once." "What would you like the books bound in, sir?" "Oh, something up-to-date," said the customer. "Well, I will have them all bound in russia or morocco for you." "Na, na, that'll never do; ye'll just ha'e them bound in Glesca."

A corpulent farmer, attending the Highland and Agricultural Show at Perth, feeling somewhat peckish, entered a swell restaurant and sat down to mop off the perspiration, when he was accosted by the waiter, "Luncheon, sir?" "Weel—I want something to eat, Mr. White Waistcoat." "Yes, sir. A little salmon to begin with?" "Ay, ye nicht, but it maun be a verra sma' ane. I canna say I'm extra hungry the day."

"Weel, Mister John, we're gled to see ye," said a landlady at Gourock to her summer visitor. "What way is your brither no' wi' ye this summer? Whaur is he takin' his holiday?" "He's over in Germany

just now, taking the Carlsbad water," was the reply; "he's been ill, you know." "Eh, my," exclaimed the douce landlady; "puir man, little wonder he's ill; bad water is an awfu' source o' disease! That's one thing ye needna be feart for here. There's naebody has a word to say against the Gourock water."

Glasgow does a deal in the "living statue" business, and two country youths, unaware of this, were gazing in at a window, when, to their great surprise, the lady posing as a dress model left her position, "to get dinner," as some one amongst the crowd remarked. "Man, Jamie," said the one to the other, "Glesca maun be a fearfu' place, surely, when the verra wax figgers ha'e to gang for their denners."

An enthusiastic member of a Clydesdale Choral Society was selling, in the shipbuilding yard where he worked, tickets for a Christmas performance of the "Messiah," and thus accosted a friend, "Man, Sandy, buy a ticket for oor concert. We're going to perform wan o' Handel's oratorios." Sandy handed over a shilling with the astounding inquiry, "Wha is to be your comic?"

"Man, John, come awa' into the hoose," said an old woman to her spouse, who was in the garden trying to get a glimpse of the eclipse of the moon. "Wait till the morn's nicht; maybe it'll be a wee clearer."

In money matters, as everybody knows, the Scot is careful. A woman, who was about to pay for some article she purchased in a shop in Aberdeen, dropped

a halfpenny on the floor, and it rolled away out of sight. "Did you drop something?" asked the shopwalker. "Yes," replied the woman, as she scanned the floor closely. "It was only a bawbee, but then—" She stooped over and peered under the table. "Which way did it roll?" asked the shopwalker. "I think that it rolled this way. I know that it was only a bawbee, but then—" "Will you kindly step aside, madam? I think it rolled under your skirts." But it was not under the lady's skirts. Several of the bystanders and two of the cash-girls joined in the search. "I heard it fall, and I think it rolled under that centre counter," said one of the bystanders. The centre counter was merely a long table draped to the floor with red cotton. The shopwalker lifted the curtain and revealed a mixture of empty boxes, floor sweepings and refuse of every sort. He began to prod around among it with an umbrella handle, and the woman said again, "It's only a bawbee, but then— Oh, isn't that it? No, it's something else. It's a great deal of trouble to tak' for a bawbee, but then—" She squatted down on the floor and began to poke among the rubbish under the counter with her umbrella. "A bawbee is only a trifle, I know, but still—" "Isn't that it down there by the white box?" asked an interested spectator. The loser of the bawbee and the shopwalker both made a grab for the object in question, and bumped their heads violently together. "Oh, I beg your pardon, madam!" "I beg your pardon, sir!" "I was

mistaken," said the gentleman. "It's just a little copper tag of some sort." "It's too much trouble to tak' for a bawbee, but then—" A cash-girl here crawled under the counter, and poked around among the refuse matter. A crowd collected and joined in the search. "Which way did it roll?" "How much was it?" "What is it?" "There it is!" "No, it isn't!" "Stand back, please." "It's only a bawbee, but then—" said the loser for about the tenth time. "A bawbee is a mere nothing, I know, but yet—" And yet she did not leave the shop until a quarter of an hour later, when the bawbee was found twenty feet from where it was supposed to have rolled. As she dropped it into her purse, she said, "It's only a bawbee, but then—"

Here is a good story which is worth repeating. An eccentric man died leaving £100 to each of his trustees, the proverbial three—an Englishman, an Irishman, and Scotsman—on condition that each of them deposited £5 in his coffin. The Englishman and the Irishman each put in their "fiver," whereupon the Scot took out both notes and laid in the coffin a cheque for £15.

Two officers observing a fine girl in a milliner's shop, one—an Irishman—proposed to go in and buy a watch-ribbon, in order to get nearer view of her. "Hoot, man," said his friend, "there's nae occasion to waste siller; let us gang in and speer if she can gi'e us twa saxpences for a shilling."

A conjuror was entertaining an audience, and after astonishing them with a few tricks he asked the loan of a half-penny from one of his admirers. After some hesitation, a farm-servant handed him the coin, which the juggler speedily changed into a sovereign. "Let me see it," said the farm-servant; "I'm no' very sure about ye." With a flourish of his arm the conjuror handed the sovereign to this son of the soil, who quietly thrust it into his pocket, saying, "I'll tak' guid care ye dinna turn it into a bawbee again."

A commercial instructed a porter to look after a large pile of cases and put them in the luggage-van. This was done, then he sent him to get a time-table. The porter hastened back, and went up to the door of the compartment in which the traveller sat with two ladies. The traveller, with a great deal of show, pressed a coin into his hand, which the porter was disagreeably surprised to find was a penny. Determined to be even with him, he hurried back, and, opening the door of the compartment, handed the traveller two half-pennies. "Why, my good fellow, what is this for?" asked the traveller in a surprised tone. "Weel, sir, ye ken that's your change," replied the porter. "Change! Why, what change do you mean?" "'Od!" exclaimed the porter, "I've surely no' made a mistak', sir; did ye no gi'e me yon penny to gang an' get it changed?"

Deacon Alexander, blacksmith, happened to be present in his smithy when a customer entered to get a lock repaired. The deacon spent fully half-an-hour in

putting the lock in working order. On the completion of the job, the customer, thinking it but a trifling matter, thanked the smith politely, and was passing out of the door, when the smith, in peremptory tones, recalled him. Re-entering, the smith handed him a hammer and a nail. "But," exclaimed the astonished customer, "what am I to dae wi' these, deacon?" "Why," returned the deacon, with mock politeness, and pointing at the wall, "nail your thanks there, an' pay me saxpence."

A story is told of a dinner that was given inside the ruins of Edzell Castle in honour of Fox Maule, who had succeeded his father, Lord Panmure. Sandy Eggo, a small landholder from Glenesk, had got seated between two burly farmers, who were too much taken up cracking their own jokes to heed the meek, shrinking Sandy, who, starving with hunger, could not attract the attention of any of the busy waiters. Dish after dish was whipped away from the table without his tasting it; and though he had paid a guinea for his ticket, he sat unnoticed and unattended to. At length, in desperation he seized a spoon and attacked a dish in front of him, which turned out to be mashed turnips, on which he gorged himself. By-and-bye, Mr Inglis, the minister, met Sandy in the grounds, and inquired how he enjoyed the grand dinner. "Graund denner!" growled Sandy; "ye can ca't graund if ye like; but I can only say the fodder's mighty dear at ane an' twenty guid shillin's for a when chappit neeps no' fit to set doon till a stirk."

After a railway collision, a Scot was extricated from the wreckage by a companion who had escaped unhurt. "Never mind, Sandy," his rescuer remarked, "it's naething serious, and you'll get damages for it." "Damages!" roared Sandy. "Ha'e I no' had enough, guid sakes? It's repairs I'm seeking noo."

Where is the man who can regulate the expectations of a being who lives upon tips? Anything from a threepenny bit to the nimble sixpence is admissible for a railway porter, who is simply doing no more than what he is paid for in handling your traps. But some people can make a threepenny bit go further and give more pleasure than others would with a shilling. There is a story of a Scottish laird at the time when it was customary to tip generally with a guinea the servants of the house where one had been a guest on leaving. This laird, who was well-known to be penurious, could march through a battalion of servants and set them all laughing, to the wonder of the other guests. When asked how much he had given that had caused such great hilarity, he would reply that he gave them nothing, but simply "tickled their luif."

"How much do you generally get for the round?" said a visitor to his caddie on Kinghorn golf course. "Frae a common swell fourpence; but frae a richt swell sixpence," was the reply. "Now, supposing I were to give you threepence, what sort of a swell would you call me?" queried the visitor. "Oh,

weel," was the answer, "I'd ca' you a threepenny swell!"

A gentleman who had taken the right of shooting over a moor in Ayrshire at a high rent, bagged only two brace on "The Twelfth." After counting the price, he grumblingly remarked to the proprietor of the moor that the birds had cost him two guineas the brace. "Ah, weel, sir," replied the proprietor, "ye may be thankfu' ye ha'e gotten sae few o' them, for they are far ower dear."

A worthy farmer invited some friends and neighbours to tea at New Year time, and the table was laden with all the good things of that festive season. Foremost among these was a huge pile of shortbread, and, with a knowing wink to some of the others, the wag of the party started the feast with a large piece of the dainty fare. The others followed his example, and the host, completely surprised at the rapid disappearance of his choicest dainty, and holding strong views on the question of economy, exclaimed, as he saw a hand put forward for a second supply, "Na, na, billies, nane o' that; fair play noo. Ye maun grun' wi' toast."

Mr. Baird, of Old Monkland, sold a horse with some rather doubtful qualities to a neighbour whose reputation was none of the best in the district. Some time afterwards the two foregathered, when Mr Baird asked the owner of the horse how it was pleasing him. "Weel, Mr. Baird," he replied, "it hasna turned out well,"

on which the blunt founder of the great ironmasters' firm immediately retorted, "Neither ha'e you."

A merchant of Edinburgh was known to be a large shareholder in a bank in the west which went into liquidation, and his friends feared that the failure might ruin him. He was walking slowly along Princes Street two or three days after the bank failure, when an old friend met him. The merchant was moody, and his friend, seeing it, put his hand on his shoulder and said, in sympathetic tones, "O, Dawvid, man, I'm very sorry for you in this business. They tell me ye're *broken*. Is't true?" "Na, na, Tammas, ye're wrang," answered the merchant, briskly, with a proud shake of his head. "Ye can tell them I'm no' broken yet, but I'm gey *sair crackit*."

A Glasgow cabman, who had been tendered his legal fare for a mile journey without one penny of a tip, looked at the shilling sadly, and said to his stingy customer, "Ah, sir, had I laid oot my bawbees as well's ye ha'e wared this shillin', it wudna ha'e been ither folks' horse and cab I wad ha'e been driving this day."

A good story is told of the wife of a small farmer who was famed for bringing to market the biggest and finest eggs in all the parish. One day she had been late for market, and had no alternative save taking her heavy basket of eggs to Davit Elshender, well known for his greed and miserliness. On being offered the eggs, Davit, with a view to a good bargain, at once said, "Ye see, Mrs. Paitterson, the supply is greater

than the demand the noo, for ye canna even sell eggs in Brechin, an' so the mairchants ha'e ha'en a conference" (which was not the case), "an' we've a' agreed that we canna gi'e mair than tenpence the dizzen for eggs the noo." This price Mrs. Paterson took at last with a sigh, and left the shop. She soon learned from a neighbour she met that Davit had sold her, and she determined to have her revenge. During the week she collected all the pigeons' and bantams' and small eggs from young pullets she could lay hands on, and packing them up in a basket with sweet-scented hay, she covered them with a white cloth, and sallied forth to Davit Elshender's. "I suppose ye're nae gi'ein' ony mair for the eggs this week?" she queried. "Weel, ye see, Mistress Patterson," returned Davit, scenting another bargain, "I ha'e to abide by the decesion o' the conference, altho' I'm no' sayin' but what your eggs really deserve a shillin' a dizzen at the verra least, but I canna gi'e ye mair than the tenpence." The bargain was struck, and on the plea of having messages to do in the village, the guidwife got "paid on the nail" for her eggs, and, promising to return for her basket, left the shop. The moment Davit began to take out the eggs he saw he had been "done," and an angry man was he; so, when Mrs. Paterson came in smiling, shortly afterwards, for her basket, he opened out on her and denounced her for taking advantage of him. To this outburst the little woman quietly responded, "Fat's the maitter wi' the eggs, Maister Elshender? The eggs are a' richt."

"Toots, haivers, wumman!" snorted the enraged shopkeeper. "I'm tellin' ye thae's naething but doos' eggs." "Weel, ye see, Maister Elshender," said Mrs. Paterson, backing out of the shop with her basket over her arm, "the fac' is, that oor hens ha'e ha'en a *conference* i' the back yaird, an' they made up their min's that it wasna worth their while to rax themsel's for eggs at tenpence a dizzen."

Archie C——, who was engaged doing odd jobs in the way of gardening, was once employed by a lady in the outskirts of Stirling to trim the walk in front of her villa. Archie worked away, got his dinner, and at the close of the day received a shilling as his wages. Being of the opinion that the sum was insufficient for the work done, Archie remonstrated with the lady. She heard his plaint, and then explained that on the previous occasion when the walk was trimmed she had got a woman to do it, and that the woman, in addition to doing what Archie had done, had performed some additional work in the house and had received a sixpence. "Ay," said Archie, "an' if she did a' that for a sixpence, what way did ye no' get her this time?" "Oh," replied the good lady, "she's dead." "Ay," said Archie, as he turned away with his shilling, "*nae wonder.*"

In a rural district where party feeling did not run high, a School Board election came and went without a poll being necessary, but this was not looked upon as the best state of affairs by all the folk in the parish. "Fine mornin', Andra," said Weelum, as they foregathered

at the smiddy. "I suppose ye've heard we've done rale weel in gettin' a new School Buird without the bother o' polling?" "Done rale weel, ha'e ye," replied Andrew, who was evidently unconscious of such a thing as a Bribery Act; "I'm nae sae sure about that; my strae's a' done, an' my neeps are near nappin'; an' noo I'll ha'e nae chance o' gettin' a puckle mair!"

A sheep farmer in the Glenisla district, who was the owner of a splendid collie dog, was visited by a gentleman who took a fancy for the animal, so much so that he offered £50 for the dog, which was accepted. After the animal had changed hands, the gentleman asked the farmer if it would not be more profitable to breed dogs rather than sheep. "Na, na," pawkily returned the farmer, "I can aye get merchants to buy my sheep, but I canna aye get fools to buy my dogs."

"An' there's ae thing that I'd like to impress on ye," said a father to his son, who was going out into the world, "an' that is—dinna marry a lassie that has mair siller than you, for when I married your mother I had thirty shillings an' she had twa poun', an' she's never deen throwin' it in my face yet."

A well-known fiddler in Aberdeenshire, more celebrated for wit than musical abilities, once complained to his shoemaker that he was grossly overcharged for a pair of boots. "There's nae overcharge in the maitter," replied the shoemaker. "Ye're juist charged the same as ither folk—I hiv'na twa prices." "Ye dinna need

to ha'e twa prices, my man," retorted the angry fiddler, "for by my faith ye ha'e ae gweed ane."

A farmer was one day selling wool to a carrier, and after weighing it in the yard he went into the house to make out an invoice. Coming back he missed a cheese, which had been standing on a shelf behind the outer door, and glancing at the bag of wool he observed that it had suddenly increased in size. "Man," he said to the carrier, "I ha'e clean forgotten the wecht o' that bag. Let's pit it on the scales again." The carrier could not refuse. Being duly weighed, the bag was found to be heavier by the weight of the cheese inside. A new invoice was made out, and the crestfallen carrier went away. The farmer's wife at once missed the cheese, and, rushing to the yard, told her husband it had been stolen. "Na, na, Meg," replied the farmer, quietly, "I ha'e just selt the cheese for tenpence the pund."

A bachelor farmer, a little past his prime, finding himself in pecuniary straits, thought the best thing he could do would be to marry a neighbour of his who was said to have some bawbees. Meeting with no obstacles in his wooing, he soon got married. One of the first purchases he made with part of her money was a horse. When he brought it home he called out his wife to see it. After admiring it she said, "Weel, Tam, if it hadna been for my siller it wadna ha'e been there!" "Jenny," replied Tam, "if it hadna been for your siller, ye wadna ha'e been there yersel'!"

A young man who was going out into the world,

received a characteristic advice from a well-meaning friend. Perhaps he had not been careful enough of money and clothes, seeing how hard it had been for his self-denying parents to provide them. At any rate, it was in no spirit of self-reproach, but of genuine, unaffected, loving concern that his old lady friend, placing her thin, worn hands on his broad shoulders, and kissing him, said, "Weel, Jamie, fear God, an' tak' care o' your claes, an' there's nae fear but ye'll get on."

The transaction of business on the Day of Rest, or the desecration of the Sabbath in any way, was always sure to elicit condemnation from the auld Presbyterian. On one occasion, when an eminent geologist was on holiday in the Highlands, this strict adherence to the Divine injunction was manifested by an auld Scot. It was Sabbath morning, and the geologist, walking along the country road, spied some minerals, specimens of which he thought would be a desirable acquisition to his collection. Taking a hammer from his pocket he stooped down to break off some splints. He was busy at his task when he was discovered by an old man who was wending his steps towards the kirk. For some time the horror-stricken Presbyterian surveyed the work of the geologist, and then, walking up to him, calmly remarked, "Sir, you're breakin' something there forbye the stones."

Equally caustic was the remark of another peasant in defence of the hallowed day. An English artist prosecuting his profession had occasion to remain over

Sabbath in a little town in the north. To pass the time he took a short walk round the district, and in the course of his wanderings viewed the somewhat picturesque ruin of a castle. Turning to a countryman who was passing at the time, the artist enquired—doubtless with an eye to business—whether he would be good enough to tell him the name of the castle. The countryman looked at the enquirer, and then replied, “It’s no’ the day to be speirin’ sic’ things.”

However much we may object to man performing duties which are works neither of “necessity” nor “mercy,” it is almost an impossibility for us to prevent him, nor are we privileged to exercise a preventive influence over animals of a lower order. A lady, who kept a large stock of hens, had made some additions to her coop by the introduction of some fowls of the Dorking breed. Some time after purchasing these hens, she enquired of her henwife whether they were laying eggs in satisfactory numbers. The henwife, who belonged to the old school of Presbyterians, replied with great earnestness, “Indeed, my leddy, they lay every day, no’ exceptin’ the blessed Sawbath.”

This great zeal for the hallowed day was further illustrated by an incident which leaked out in a conversation between a Glasgow artist and an old Highland acquaintance. The artist had chanced to meet his friend, rather unexpectedly, at a place somewhat removed from his former residence, and addressing him, enquired, “What brought you here?” “Ou, weel, sir,” returned

Donald, "it was a baad place yon—they were baad folk—but they're a God-fearin' set o' folk here!" "Well, I'm glad to hear it," rejoined his friend. "Ou, ay, sir, 'deed are they," continued the Highlander, "an' I'll gi'e ye an instance o't. Last Sawbath, just as the kirk was skailin', there was a drover chield frae Dumfries comin' along the road whustlin' an' lookin' *as happy* as if it was ta muddle o' the week. Weel, sir, oor laads is a God-fearin' set o' laads, an' they were just comin' oot o' the kirk—'od they yokit upon him an' a' maist killed him." This may seem a strange measure to adopt to enforce the observance of the Sabbath according to the letter of the law.

The exchanging of blows recounted in the foregoing finds a fitting contrast in the prevailing quietude indicated in the succeeding narrative.

On one occasion the hares finding an existence in the immediate vicinity of a Scottish burgh had, for some reason or other, summoned up sufficient courage to approach the habitation of man. One Sabbath morning, as the bells were ringing for worship, a hare was seen to run along the street, whereupon an old Presbyterian, repairing to the house of God, was heard to remark, "Ay, yon beast kens weel it is the Sabbath day."

A gentleman spending a few days at a village noted for its golf links, asked one of the caddies if he got much work to do in the winter time. "Na, sir, na," replied the caddie. "If it's no' snaw it's frost; if it's no' frost

it's snaw ; if it's neither snaw nor frost it's rain ; if it's no' rain it's wind ; and if it's a fine day it's the Sawbath ! "

In a village in the north there was a shop-keeper who was noted for his extreme piety. One Sabbath morning a little girl entered his shop. " Please, Mr. M'Gill, mither will be much obleeged an' ye will let her have a pennyworth o' soap." " Awa' hame, Jeanie, and tell your mither I dinna sell soap on the Sawbath." " But ye selt Leezie Macpherson a packet o' peppermints this verra mornin'." " Yes, I did ; but Leezie is a godly lassie, and will sook the peppermints while she listens to the meenister preachin', but, Jeanie, ye canna wash yersel' i' the kirk, and so I'll no' sell ye the soap." It has been said that religion has sometimes been used as a cloak. It has also been said that it has been used as an umbrella, but pious Mr. M'Gill was determined that it would not be used as a bathroom.

That solemnity with which the Scot regarded the Sabbath found expression in the services of the sanctuary. The order of worship in the Auld Kirk was a simple one, and the worshippers, who believed it to be the ideal of what Christian worship should be, viewed the services of other churches, where the ritual was more imposing, with indifference and even horror.

Shortly after Tractarianism found sympathy north of the Tweed, the full choir service was introduced into an Episcopal church. This innovation was due mainly to the generosity of a family who had adopted the change of ritual. An old Presbyterian, who was

a favoured servant of the family was invited by the lady of the house to hear the service. Betty, accepting the invitation, was taken to church in a carriage, and patiently sat out the service. On returning home the lady, venturing to solicit her servant's opinion of the music and the other features of the worship, received as an answer what was undoubtedly Betty's candid criticism, "Ou, it's vera bonny; but oh, my leddy, it's an awfu' way to spend the Sawbath."

The respect with which the auld Scot observed the Fourth Commandment has been often ridiculed by men whose creed (if creed they adhered to) was less binding. Some, again, in defence of Sabbath desecration, have appealed in an ungracious manner to actions recorded in the Scriptures. One man, who was discussing the question with an auld Presbyterian, referred, in justification of the point he defended, to the plucking of the ears of corn by our Lord's disciples. The way in which the auld Scot parried the thrust, while it almost descends to profanity, and is not characteristic of the devotion paid by the Presbyterian faith to the Saviour of mankind, is forcibly demonstrative of the rigour with which they were wont to adhere to the Divine order. The Scot met his opponent's reference to our Lord's action with the words, "Aweel, we in this parish dinna think ony the mair o' Him for allowin' them to dae sic a thing."

As illustrating what we have already referred to, namely, the less scrupulous observance of the Sabbath

by some who included themselves within the pale of Presbyterianism, we may recount an anecdote of the old lady who resided in Dumfries, and who was known to employ her wet Sabbaths in arranging her wardrobe. "Preserve us!" she exclaimed on one occasion, "anither gude Sawbath! I dinna ken when I'll get thae drawers redd up."

The Lairds of Luss were always a power on Loch Lomond side. It is said that the parish minister never began service until the laird had taken his seat, and the following proclamation would point to this:—"O yiss! O yiss! O yiss! Ant that's three times! You'll aal pe tak' notiss, there will be no Lord's day here next Sawbath, pecause ta Laird's wife will have a muckle washin', and she needs ta kirk to dry her claes in."

In the hurry and apparent disregard for the honour of the Lord's day, which we see in these times, it is refreshing to come across some who—apart from the societies for Sabbath protection—demonstrate their adherence to the traditions of their church. There are few Auld Licht Kirks in Scotland now, but one of the few finds existence in Kirriemuir, better known to the reading public as "Thrums." The Auld Lichts were always zealous for the sanctity of the Sabbath, and a short time ago it was evidenced, by the kirk we have referred to, that this zeal had not altogether died out. The "Thrums" kirk was needing repairs, and, in order to carry out these, the congregation decided

on holding a sale of work. The outer world sneered and said it was a bazaar, but the Auld Lights (in whose mind strange things were associated with the word "bazaar") said it was only a "sale of work." Be that as it may, the two organisations were identical in one point, and that was that they both required materials to form them. Accordingly, gifts were solicited for the "sale of work." Some, doubtless wags, who treated the pious Auld Lights with a certain amount of sarcasm, decided that they would try their faith by offering a present for acceptance on the Lord's day. The parcel was taken to the house of the ruling elder, who, on discovering what it was, gave his visitors a sound rating for their disregard of the holy day, and sent them about their business, indignantly refusing to accept anything of the nature of such on the Sabbath.

At a railway station in the north there was a very old man, who had been employed as porter at the same station over forty years. One dark and wet night John was taking shelter and a little warmth in the platelayers' cabin, when a cattle train came in unexpectedly, the engine requiring water. John ran out instantly in a state of great confusion, and sang out, in his usual sing-song way, "Change here for Doune, Callander, Strathyre, Killin, and Tyndrum." When he arrived at the rear of the train the guard said, good humouredly, "John, man, oor passengers dinna change." Without a moment's hesitation, he ran back the whole length of the train, calling out excitedly, "Keep your seats,

ladies and gentlemen, keep your seats ; ye dinna change here."

Sometimes one meets with interesting characters while travelling. He was a railway servant on holiday, and was very talkative. He was continually drawing comparisons between himself and a great man, and excused his little weakness because a precedent had been set, as it were, by a genius. "Man," said he "I'm like Rabbie Burns in a wey—I sometimes tak' a drappie ower much ;" or, "I like a guid denner. So did Dr. Johnson. You've read about the auld doctor, eh? Weel, he used to gang about a' day thinkin' on his denner." This was the best one though. "The wife was wantin' to come too ; we hed a word or twa on the metter, and I left her in the sulks. The wife and me gets on fine, but whiles there's a bleeze oot. Weel, there's Carlyle—he had a weakness that wey too."

There is a small station in the north at which trains stop to take up passengers only if signalled for that purpose. One day a man was seen waving his umbrella frantically as the train approached, whereupon the driver slowed down, and came to a stand right in front of him. "Whaur's the guard?" was the first inquiry. "Here," cried that individual, rushing up. "Get in quickly!" "I'm no' gaun wi' your train the day," was the reply. "Then why the dickens did you stop the train?" "Just to tell ye that my wife wants to gang wi' ye the morn."

A cross-grained farmer, whose wife was at the point

of death, was called to her bedside to hear her last words. She gave clear instructions as to all family and domestic matters, and, coming to her own burial, specified the persons she particularly wished to be invited. "An', John," she concluded, "you an' Willie 'ill gang in the first coach wi' my mither; you'll promise me that, noo, John, will ye no'?" "Aweel," said John reluctantly, heaving a heavy sigh, "that's my day spoilt, at ony rate."

In a parish in Aberdeenshire a man who lost his second wife was assisting in carrying her remains to the churchyard on a very hot day. After lowering the coffin into the grave he was completely overcome with heat, and turning to the bystanders, he remarked, "Fan I buried my last wife I was like to be smored wi' sna', and this time I am like to be plotted wi' heat; but gin I ha'e this job to da'e again, I dinna think but I'll treat mysel' to a hearse."

An old worthy, after his marriage, found to his bitter experience that his wife was one of those who like to carry the purse, and, to use a well-known phrase, "like to wear the breeks." After a long period the wife died, and this greatly relieved the old man. On the day of the funeral the grave, which had been opened on the previous day, was found to be half full of water, owing to the heavy rain, and when the coffin was lowered it floated. The husband, who was at the head of the grave, seized a plank which was lying near, and, pushing the end of the coffin which was nearest himself, said



"THE COCK OF THE NORTH."

BY

J. C. SPENCE SMITH.



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An old worthy, after his marriage, found to his bitter experience that his wife was one of those who like to carry the purse, and, to use a well-known phrase, "like to wear the breeks." After a long period the wife died, and this greatly relieved the old man. On the day of the funeral the grave, which had been opened on the previous day, was found to be half full of water, owing to the heavy rain, and when the coffin was lowered it floated. The husband, who was at the head of the grave, seized a plank which was lying near, and, pushing the end of the coffin which was nearest himself, said



to a friend standing beside him, " 'Tak' ye a pole tae, John, and push the ither side, and see if we can haud 'er doon. She's had the upper han' o' me a' my life, an' she wants it yet, but we'll haud 'er doon! "

A gangrel body who used to haunt fairs with a gingerbread stall, and was widely known as "Gingerbread Ned," was understood to have had in his time no fewer than nine wives. Somebody asked him one day what he thought of himself for having gone through such an immense number of spouses. "'Deed, sir," was the reply, "a' that I can say aboot it is this, that ilka ane o' them cam' to me wi' an auld kist" (meaning that which contained their clothes), "and took awa' wi' them a new ane" (meaning their coffins).

In a rural district of Forfarshire the death had occurred of the wife of one of the farmers, and, as was the custom, all the neighbours were invited to the funeral. One of those present, who had been to one or two funerals of a similar kind within a short time, was observed weeping profusely as the coffin was being lowered into the grave. A relative who noticed this was much surprised, and, stepping up to him, said, "John, man, what's wrang wi' ye? I'm sure she wasna ae drap's bluid to you." "It's no' that," said John, sobbing aloud; "a'body's wives are deein' but mine!"

An old woman who had been to see the wife of a village dignitary laid out for interment, remarked, "Eh, me, bit she was a gran' an' a bonny sicht. The leddy was streekit oot in a lovely frilled shrood, buskit

a' owre wi' flooers. As a'body kens, I'm no' yin o' your covetously disposeetioned fowk, but, if ever I enveed onything in this world it was that corp. I couldna help thinking it wad ha'e been a gran' honour for me to ha'e been her ! ”

John Brown, a well-known worthy on the Borders, had a peculiar habit of saying “ It micht ha'e been waur ” to all the tales that were told him. Will White once tried to concoct a story that would paralyse this invariable reply. “ Man, Jock,” he said, “ I had a fearfu' dream yestreen. I dreamt that I was in the evil place, and Satan's imps took haud of me, placed me on a red-hot fire and flayed me alive. Man, I waukened wi' the clamny sweat juist oosin' oot o' me.” “ Guid be thanked,” said Jock, with a sigh of relief. “ It micht ha'e been waur.” “ Waur ? What waur could it be than that ? ” said Will, with rising indignation. “ Man, Wullie, it micht ha'e been true.”

In a foundry there happened to work a father and son; and, as is not infrequently the case, these two had quarrelled over some domestic affair, and during the estrangement the father died. Most of the workmen in the shop went to the funeral, and, on returning, one of the men asked the son why he was not present. “ Dae ye no' ken him and me's no' speakin' the noo ? ” returned the “ affectionate ” youth.

Three brothers lived in contented bachelordom in a healthy, hilly suburb of Glasgow till long over the allotted span, when the middle one died. In due course

the funeral took place—the elder brother at the head, and the younger at the foot of the grave. Standing uncovered, the younger addressed his senior, “Willie?” “Ay.” “I was thinkin’.” “Ay, what was ye thinkin’?” “Weel, I was juist thinkin’ it’s no’ worth your while gaun hame again. You’d better whirl in beside Johnny!”

An Ayrshire worthy, who had a mania for betting, was lying on his deathbed, and was visited by a friend, who made the remark, “Surely you’re a wee better this morning.” “Na, I’m no’, John; I’m no’,” replied the worthy, and then, after a pause, “I’ll lay ye a level croon I’ll be kisted the nicht,” and he won his bet, as ere another day dawned he was no more.

Miss Brown, sister of the author of “Rab and His Friends,” was a practical Christian, who went about a great deal among the poor. One old man whom she visited seemed to resist all her efforts to reach his heart and awaken his interest. It chanced one day that she had read to him that chapter of the Bible which narrates the glories of Solomon’s court, and the number of his wives, when, to her surprise, she observed a flicker of genuine interest light up the face of the bedridden old man. With a shade of humour in his faded eyes he turned to her, and remarked, in a shaky voice, “Eh, Miss Brown, what great privileges thae Auld Testament saints maun ha’e enjoyed.”

A worthy couple in a small village resolved to get married, the lass being twenty fair summers, and the

lover forty. A few days before the wedding they met. "Well, Jane," said Sandy, "I'm nae gaun to marry you yet." "What for?" demanded Jane. "Oh, I have changed my mind." "Weel, Sandy, if the folk ken that you ga'e me up I'll ne'er ha'e a chance to get anither, so ye had better wait till the waddin' nicht, and when the minister asks me, 'Will I have you to be my man?' I'll say 'No.' Then I'll ha'e a better chance to get anither." The happy night arrived, and the minister asked Sandy, "Will you have this woman to thy wedded wife?" "I will," responded Sandy, curiously looking at Jane. "Will you have this man to be thy wedded husband?" "I will," answered Jane firmly. "Oh, but you told me ye would say 'No,'" cried Sandy, instantly. "Ou, ay, Sandy, but I ha'e changed my mind!" retorted Jane, promptly.

A bashful lover had courted a young lady for some considerable time, and she knew that he was afraid to "pop it." As it was leap year, and accordingly an opportune time, she resolved to assist him in his difficulty. "When I get married, Jamie," said Betsy, "I houp to see ye at my waddin'." "Heavens!" he gasped, "I was houpin' to mairry ye mysel', Betsy." "Weel," she rejoined, her cheeks flushed to the hue of a "red, red rose, that's newly sprung in June," "I houp to see ye there as the groom," and Jamie was happy at her wit.

A well-to-do bachelor volunteered to teach a sprightly young widow the game of draughts, quite forgetting

the fact that it was leap year. "There now ; it's still your move," he exclaimed to the lady, shortly after the game had commenced. "Ye've ta'en ae man only, and ye're bound to tak' anither." "Thanks for the advice," said the artless widow sweetly. "Suppose I take you, then !" And we are told she did.

Two old friends met, and referred to the days when they had been sweethearts. At last he said, "Ay, Jennie, and I ha'ena loved onybody since you. I ha'e never forgotten you." "John," she said, with a little moistening of the eye, "you're juist as big a leear as ever, an' I believe ye juist the same."

In about a week after being married, Donald, a Highland servant of somewhat limited ideas, paid the minister a visit, and asked him if he would undo the knot, as the wife was "waur nor the de'il !" "How do you make that out ?" asked the divine. "Weel," said Donald, "you say if you resist the de'il he'll flee frae ye ; but if ye resist her, she'll flee at ye !"

Mr. M'Indoe, an old farmer, was fairly dumbfoundee to think that his maid, who had been with him for twenty years, was leaving him at the term. "Dear me, Jean, what's ta'en ye ?" "Oh," explained Jean, "I'm gettin' married. At least that's twice noo the same chap has glowered at me as he passed the road end."

Many are the humours of the Session Clerk in connection with the "cries." One day a rather young candidate for matrimony appeared before the Session Clerk,

and, in talking the matter over, the Clerk had occasion to ask the date fixed on for the marriage, and accordingly enquired, " And when do you propose getting married ? " " Oh," said the embarrassed youth, " I juist proposed about a fortnicht syne."

At weddings some years ago it used to be the custom to batter the hat of the bridegroom as he was leaving the house in which the ceremony took place. On one occasion the bridegroom heard a party discussing their plans, and despatched a messenger to the carriage—which stood waiting—with his hat some time previous to his departure. Then, donning the new silk hat of the male relative who had plotted against him, he prepared to go out to the carriage. No sooner had he got to the door than his hat was furiously assaulted, and almost destroyed. He walked out of the house amid the laughter of the bystanders, and entered the vehicle ; then, taking the battered hat from his head, he threw it into the hands of its proper owner, exclaiming, " Hey, M'Dougall, there's your hat ! " and donned his own, amid the laughter of those present.

David Hume, the historian, once made an offer of marriage to a lady who refused him, but whose friends shortly afterwards conveyed to him the intelligence that she had changed her mind. " So have I," replied David, laconically ; " so have I," and he lived and died in single blessedness.

A worthy old couple were engaged one Sabbath evening at family worship, when Jeems chose as the

portion for reading, 1 Kings, chap. 2, where an account is given of Solomon's seven hundred wives and three hundred concubines. Peggy was amazed, and said, in surprise, "Jeems, dae ye think ony man could rule o'er sae mony weemen?" "It mun be true," replied Jeems. "What gars ye speir sic daft questions?" "I was just thinking, Jeems, my man," answered his wife, "ye wad ha'e made a very puir Solomon."

Andrew Henderson, well-known in proverb lore, was at an evening party where the company were so numerous that they could not be accommodated at the table, and had to make the knee the substitute. Andrew, after having picked the bones of a portion of fowl given him by the host, was about to return his plate, when he offered to hand in, at the same time, that of the lady who sat next him, saying, "My dear Miss—, will ye let me lay my *banes* aside yours?"

A carter in Port-Glasgow had occasion frequently to "dun" a gentleman for a small account that he owed him. The gentleman, annoyed at his importunity, ordered him to go to h—. "Weel, sir," replied the carter, "If I'm to gang there for't, will ye gi'e me the name o' your *augent*?"

A laird in the parish of Cardross, Dumbartonshire, who lived about the middle of last century, and was the last of his race, was married to a lady in temper something like what Mrs. Job is generally understood to have been. They had no issue, and the ill-matched pair were constantly at variance, and, indeed, lived

separately for several years previous to the death of the laird. His widow came back to Cardross after his interment, and, standing by his tomb, gave vent to her contentious spirit thus, "Gin thou wad rise out o' thy graff, I wad *fecht* wi' thee for a hail hour."

An honest farmer from Kilbirnie, having undertaken a sea voyage to Arran, had the pleasant variety of a storm as he returned. On reaching Saltcoats he leaped ashore with great agility, marched through the town, and never looked behind him till he reached the heights from which the last view of the sea is to be had ; he then ventured to look back on the mighty ocean, and, with a sage nod of his head, said, "Ca' me a fule if ye ever play *clunk, clunk*, at my lug again."

"Losh me, an' ye ha'e gotten a piano, Mrs. Dunn?" queried a kindly neighbour. "Ay, an' isn't it a gran' ane, an' sic a fine soun' it mak's." "Michty me," continued the neighbour, "I didna ken ye could play." "Never a play can I play," was the answer; "but I juist made Tam buy it to mak' the parlour look mair stylish."

THE END.

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INDEX.

- Abandoned habits of his predecessors, 186.
Abbey St. Bathans, minister of, 16.
Aberdeen, politeness in, 419.
Acquaint with dead men, 102.
Adjectives, no, naething but rabbits, 176.
Advice, a beadle's, 91.
"A ferry poor mornin'," 310.
Alexander, Dr. William Lindsay, 85, 92, 106.
Alloa, Rev. Peter Brotherston of, 65.
Also, but not likewise, 192.
Ancrum beadle's wish, 98.
Angling, stories of, 413.
"Anither gill, here, Janet," 26.
Antiquities, the Bailie wasn't fond of them, 215.
Anton, Rev. Peter, his "wecht," 36.
Apology, Highlander's, 306.
Arbroath, Guildry of, 83.
Ardlamont case, 195.
Asylum dance, Sheriff Logan at an, 200.
Atheist and Judgment Day, 142.
Auld, Dr., and Rab Hamilton, 253.
Auld Hunder, gi'e us, 115.
Auld Licht Kirk, Kirriemuir, 461.
Auld ministers like auld tailors, 79.
Average, what it was, 386
Avizandum, where it was, 174.
Babel, the height of the Tower of, 394.
Bailie, stories about the, 205—229.
Bairns, he had skelt them, 381.
Bairns, stories about, 366—402.
Ballachulish precentor's predicament, 113.
Ballingray, dispute in the church, 121.
Band of Mercy, he was a member of the, 377.
Bands, Gown and, 9—75.
Baptism, a boy's idea of, 368.
Baptism across a stream, 74.
Baptism, due preparation for, 71.
Baptism, no water in the font, 78.
Barrie, J. M., 116, 230, 439.
Bashfulness, precentor's cure for, 123.
Bawbee, search for one, 445.
Bawbee, twa-headed one, 432.
Beadle's advice, 91.
Beadle—might become preacher but not precentor, 87.
Beadles, stories about, 76—110.
Beith, Lang Jamie of, 272.
Bible, when last used, 57.
Bibles, would take them for smuggled whisky, 363.
Bigamy—beadle and, 93.
"Birks of Aberfeldy," 139.
Black, Adam, of Edinburgh, 363.
Black coats and siller, 43.
Blair, Dr., of Edinburgh, 14, 122.
"Blaw, ye jaud!" 139.
Blunders made by bailies, 216.
Blunders made by Highlanders, 296, 299.
Bottle, a penny on it, 359.
Braxfield, Lord, 185.
Brither Scots, 403—472.
Brechin, importance of, 76.
Brotherston, Rev. Peter, of Alloa, 65.

- Brown, Dr John, of Edinburgh, 248, 249.
- Brown, Dr. John, of Haddington, 10.
- Buchan, Episcopal Chapel of, 138.
- Buchan, Luckie, of Greenlaw, 311.
- Buchanan, Dr., and Irvine beadle, 93.
- Buchlyvie, Burgher Kirk, 141.
- Buist, Dr., of St. Andrews, 18.
- Burials, stories of, 463.
- Burns, Robert, 130.
- "Burn the Wratch," 109.
- Bury the parish in a fortnicht, 96.
- Cairns, Dr., and Dr. John Brown, 248.
- Campbell, Rev. Colin, of Renfrew, 131.
- Campsie, Rev. James Lapslie of, 34.
- Carnegie, Mr., minister of St. Fergus, 255.
- Carnwath beadle's remark, 99.
- Carr, Joseph, of Montrose, 279.
- Category—among the "k's," 425.
- "Cauld kail het again," 35.
- Chalmers, Dr., and the precentor, 113.
- Cheepin' like sparries, 84.
- Choir, introduction of, 117.
- Christian—Dollar woman's definition, 150.
- "Church Hymnary," the, 136.
- "Circuit Journeys," Cockburn's, 184.
- Clash of the hail countryside, 378.
- Claw in Act of Parliament, 215.
- Clerk, John, his wit, 190, 202.
- Cloves, Johnnie's description of, 385.
- Coals of fire—beadle's literal interpretation, 109.
- Cockburn, Lord, and justice, 184.
- Collections, stories about, 146—153
- Colquhoun, Sir James, of Luss, Bart., 186.
- Communion cards, delivered by post, 157.
- Concreted for consecrated, 215.
- Conveeviality o' the thing, 335.
- "Cottar's Saturday Night," 130.
- Counterfeit money in the plate, 147.
- Country man's description of a Courthouse, 172.
- Courtship, stories of, 467.
- Craig, James, of Kirkwall, 20.
- Craik, precentor of, reinstated, 118.
- "Creel was unco empty," 40.
- Cries, putting in the, 469.
- Crockett, Rev. S. R., and paraphrases, 132.
- Culross, Burgh Officer of, 229.
- Curler, would never be a, 57.
- Curling, 409.
- Curling levels class distinction 199.
- Currant loaf preferred to bread and butter, 371.
- Dae ye like your heid heich? 95.
- "Damikocles," Edinburgh bailie and the sword of, 216.
- "Damn it! what's this?" 374.
- Dawson, Daft Willie, of Brechin 280.
- Deacon at prayer, 165.
- Dear at the money, 84.
- Death, sic a glorious, 332.
- Death, what came after, 383.
- Death, would let him dee a naitra, 234.
- Deein' at ony rate—99.
- Deevil, a kirk without, no' worth a doit, 82.
- Deficiency—"mak' it up atween us," 88.
- Defunct was dead, 214.
- Denholm, Daft Jamie of, 274.
- Desk and Tuning Fork, 111—139.
- Devil, he was at the door, 370.
- Dews of Hermon, 190.

- Diary, a minister's, 46.
 Dictionary rather than Bible, 41.
 "Dinna gi'e me fu' wecht," 240.
 Discount on broken legs, 244.
 Dividend on the baby, 369.
 Doctor, stories of the, 230—250.
 Doctorate for the beadle, 106.
 Dog, an English, that didn't understand Gaelic, 179.
 Dog, minister's, and sermon, 80.
 "Doon wi' the shillin', or up she comes," 100.
 Dougal, Dr., of Keith, 237.
 Dragoons in heaven, 436.
 Drams, what eight were, 232.
 Draughts playing, 427.
 Dream, a curious, 68.
 Dream, Will White's dreadful, 466.
 "Driest spot in the Kirk," 164.
 Drills, why they were crookit, 104.
 Drink, Lord Hermand and, 189.
 Druggists' exorbitant charges, 240.
 Drum, the Laird of, 237.
 Drunk and disorderly, Highland policeman's description of, 208.
 Drunk, the pleasures of being, 347.
 "Dry rot in the pulpit," 32.
 Duff, Jamie, 252.
 Dun, Lord, his wish in a difficult case, 184.
 Dun, Matthew, sentenced to death, 184.
 Dunfermline Abbey Church, 111.
 Dying people and drink, 53.
 Edinburgh, Dr Blair, minister of, 14.
 Edinburgh, Old Town Guard, 228.
 Edinburgh, Professor Story and St Cuthbert's, 19.
 Elder, onything better than a collier, 166.
 Elders, stories of, 140—166.
 Election, School Board, 66
 Election stories, 438.
 Elgin, extract from records of, 223.
 Elgin, Lord, and Daft Will Law, 238.
 Enemies—to love, but not to swallow them, 94.
 English had run done, 178.
 Erskine, Lord Advocate, 185, 186.
 Erskine, Sir Robert, 477.
 Eskgrove's manner on the bench, 187.
 Eve, what she had to do, 387.
 Evidence, a rural witness's, 178.
 Evidence in assault case, amusing, 213.
 Excuses, various kinds of, 210.
 Fair, Jock Haw's description of, 270.
 Faith, Tommy's definition of, 397.
 "Far abune the mune," 349.
 Farm life, stories of, 477.
 Fast day, observance of, 67, 158.
 Fencing lessons, and fencing, 11.
 Ferguson, Provost, Cupar Fife, 221.
 Fettercairn, Communion at, 120.
 Fines—"I'll pay the half myself," 212.
 Fiscal, "I like him far better," 172.
 Fishing on the Sabbath, 64, 82, 160.
 Fleeman, Jamie, of Udney, 255, 284.
 Flittin', a Glasgow, 331.
 F-l-y and F-l-y-e-r, 390.
 Followers not allowed, 64.
 Forfar Radicals and Reform, 225.
 Forglen, Lord, 196.
 Fort-William, Town Crier of, 224.
 Fraser, Jamie, of Lunan, 256.
 Free Kirk minister and money, 33.
 Frost, an awfu' 336.

- Funerals, attendance of worthies at, 251.
 Funerals, much drinking at, 324,
 Funerals, stories of, 463.
- Gaelic—his English had run done, 178.
 Gaelic, the value of knowing, 322.
 Galletly, David, original of, 264.
 'Gau'n bye the bred without payin'," 151.
 General Assembly prayed for, 21.
 Gerard, Mr., of Orkney, 58, 67, 70, 71, 143.
 "Gi'e that ane forty days," 199.
 Gilchrist, Dr., Edinburgh, and Lord's Prayer, 21.
 Gillan, Dr., Inchinnan, 159.
 Ginger-beer and cockles instead, 242.
 Ginger-bread Ned, 465.
 Glas, Rev. Peter, and snoring, 27.
 Glasgow, Highlander in, 301.
 Glasgow minister and giggling, 24.
 Glass as God made it, 85.
 Golf, ministers and, 70.
 Golf, what is it? 183.
 Goodfallow, John, 280.
 Gown and Bands, 9—75.
 Gown, it mak's ye mair impressive, 78.
 Graham of Claverhouse, 424.
 Grant, Laird of, 304.
 Grave, a free, and £15 per annum, 101.
 Gravediggers' short accounts, 95.
 Gravediggers, stories of, 94, 103.
 Guildry of Arbroath, what they were, 83.
 "Guy Mannering," 251.
 Gweed entertainment, precentors pray for, 126.
- Ha', Rab, the Glasgow glutton, 278.
- Haddington, Dr. John Brown, 10.
 Had made due preparation, 71.
 "Ha'e ye gotten ony o' that?" 74.
 Half, preferred the 393,
 Hamilton, Rab, and Dr. Auld, 253, 256.
 Happy Corps Act, 394.
 Hawkie and the triplets, 72.
 Heaven, a Highlander's, 13.
 Heaven, whisky in, 53.
 Hens laid every day, 457.
 Hermand, Lord, 187.
 "He's at it again, my Lord," 186.
 Highland loyalty, 304.
 Highlander's Heaven, a, 13.
 H.L.I., stories about, 294.
 Hogg, James, 418.
 Hogg, Jock, and his portrait, 288.
 Honey fresh from the comb, 70.
 Horse-couper and Sir Walter Scott, 235.
 Hose, what they were, 398.
 Howe hoast, 100.
 Human hymns, 134.
 Hume, David, 470.
 Humorous Prayers, 19.
 "Humphy" Geordie of Stirling, 263.
 Husband, couldn't see him, 173.
 Husbandry, wanted a book on, 410.
- Idols, the worship of, 11.
 "I'll double it wi' him ony day," 176.
 "I to the hills," 204.
 Irvine beadle and Dr. Buchanan, 93.
 "It nicht hae been waur," 466
 "It's running out at the door," 63.
- Jackasses in the Highlands, 310.
 Jeffrey as advocate, 192, 193, 194.

- Jews, collection for the, 79.
 Job, a finished, 350.
 Johnny, definition of a, 196.
 "Jummils the joodgment and
 confoonds the sense," 86.
 Jury, bribing a, 176.
 Juryman's excuse for non-
 attendance, 180.
 Just a bit queanie, 75.
 Just as auld and quite soople,
 69
 Justice, Lord Cockburn and,
 184.

 Kames, Lord, 183, 197.
 Kangaroo's siller as guid as ony
 ither body's, 219.
 Kellie, Lord, 198.
 Kennethrook, 404.
 Keys of death and hell and the
 press, 13.
 Kilt and Sporan, 290—319.
 Kinnoull, prayer for Earl of, 21.
 Kippen Parish Church might be
 a stable, 141.
 Kirk, the first he had burned, 89.
 Kirkintilloch elders and com-
 munion wine, 79.
 Kirkwall, James Craig, rector
 of, 20.
 Kirriemuir Auld Licht Kirk, 461.
 Kist o' whistles, 135.

 Lamb in the village church, 90.
 Lame man but not lame lawyer,
 203.
 Langholm, Town Crier of, 226.
 Lang Jamie of Beith, 272.
 Lang Willie of St. Andrews,
 261.
 Lapslie, Rev. James, Campsie,
 34.
 Law, attempt to evade, 183,
 Law, Daft Will, 238.
 Lawson, Dr., of Selkirk, 29, 65,
 408.
 Lawyers, hard drinkers, 201.
 Lawyers, stories about, 167, 204.
 Lazarus, Edinburgh student and,
 36.

 Lear, he was ance a great, 412.
 Lines—and fishing lines, 74.
 Localities in bad odour with
 judges, 191.
 Logan, Laird of, 337.
 Logan, Sheriff, 199.
 "Lord preserve us!" 191.
 Lord's Prayer, Auld Janet and
 the, 46.
 Lucifer—Lucy, Sir, 75.
 Lungs, the soundest, 37.

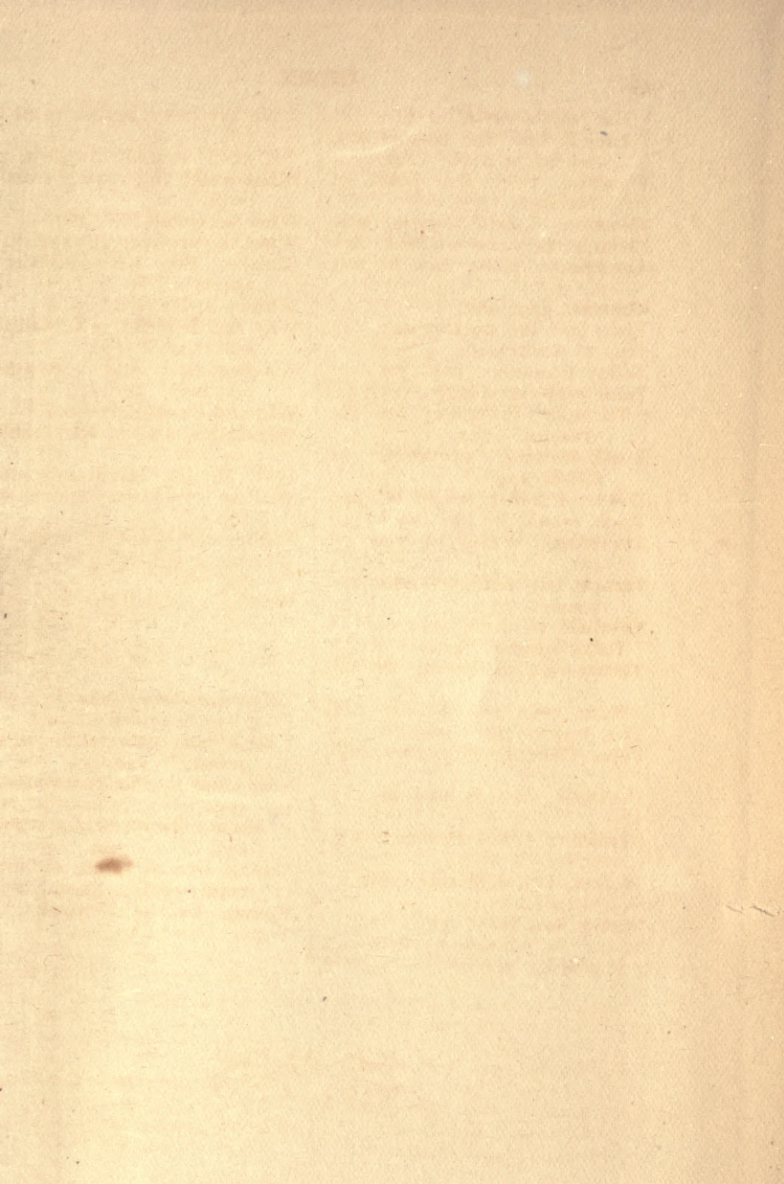
 M'Bean, Willie, V.C., 418.
 Macdonalds in unexpected places,
 204.
 M'Dougal, Rev. William, of
 Paisley, 62.
 M'Gregor, Dr., Edinburgh, 19.
 Maclaren, Ian, 230.
 MacLeod, Dr. Norman, and
 Samson, 39, 70, 146.
 M'Tavish, Dr., of Edinburgh—
 246.
 M'Vicar, Rev. Neil and the
 King, 23.
 Made them baith blaw, 372.
 Malcolm, Sir John, Bart. of
 Lochore, 122.
 Marriage—minister and beadle
 at, 108.
 Meadowbank, Lord, 191.
 Meat of some kind, 381.
 Miller, Hugh, the man who in-
 vented stones, 399.
 Minister and smoking, 11.
 Minister chosen for his clothes,
 81.
 Minister's man, 76, 110.
 Ministers, stories about, 9, 75.
 Minto, Professor, 410.
 Mitchell, Dannie of Tarbolton,
 364.
 Moncrieff, Rev. Sir Henry, Bart.,
 121.
 Monikie, a full flannel sark
 caulder than, 84.
 Montgomerie, Dr., of Beith, 244.
 Montrose, Joseph Carr, of, 229.
 Moon mistaken for a lamp, 325.
 Moors, sport on the, 411.

- Moses, who he was, 401.
 Mozart's Twelfth Mass, 137.
 Mr. B—'s noes, 62.
 Muir, Dr., of Paisley, 247.
 Murderer's desire for mournings, 180.
 Murker, Rev. John, of Banff, 38, 42.
 "My ain lum recks," 415.
 "My husband was out of town," 173.
 "Nae gless in them," 263.
 "Nae lug for music," 113.
 "Nane the waur o' a hangin'," 185.
 Newton, Lord, a noted tippler, 201.
 "No a naitrel death," 240.
 Oath, he knew what one was, 206.
 Observations that were untimely, 212.
 One of the Fifes, 86.
 "Oot of wives the noo," 55.
 Order, he was out of, but if he were in, 221.
 Ounces, fluid, and drams, 232.
 "Our doctor is a dear one," 243.
 "O weerie o' the toom pouch," 277.
 Paisley Town Guard, 228.
Patience, Oratorio of, 137.
 Peebles, the piper of, 224.
 Peer, dispute as to meaning of, 194.
 Perpetual motion—his wife's tongue, 353.
 Personal appearance—beadles and ministers, 87.
 Perth, circuit dinner at, 97.
 Perth minister and Earl of Kinnoull, 21.
 Perth, Provost Wright, of, 222.
 Pioneer, what his duty was, 377.
 Plate and Ladle, 140—166.
 Poacher and his fine, 171.
 Poacher on poaching, 174
 Poaching on Sabbath, 160.
 Policemen, Highlanders as, 291.
 Politeness in Aberdeen, 419.
 Polkemmet, Lord, and James Ferguson, 184.
 Porteous, Rev. Wm., of Kilbuho, 25.
 Prayers some humorous, 19.
 Prayer, cut it short, then, 54.
 Prayer, the same for forty years, 34.
 "Preach awa', my mannie," 78.
 Precentor but not minister, 87.
 Precentor's prayer for minister, 120.
 Precentors, stories about, 110, 139.
 Presbyterians, thruppence a dizen, 85.
 Prestonpans, 23.
 Prince Charles and Rev. Neil M'Vicar, 23.
 Prisoner defends himself at Kirkcudbright, 170.
 Procurator to the devil, 191.
 Promissory note payable at day of judgment, 183.
 Pronunciation, Henry Erskine and, 186.
 Proverbs, 17th verse, 25th chapter, 66.
 Providence, a tempting of, 417.
 Provost gangs about wi' a chain, 215.
 Prunes—beadle and the stones, 109.
 Psalm book and Bible, 76—110.
 Psalms, proposed revision of, 133.
 Pump, ye can gang and pump that, 206.
 Punning, not a Scottish characteristic, 55.
 Puzzled by ministerial vest, 54.
 "Rab and his Friends," 467.
 Rabbit, he had one of his own, 392.
 Rabbits, not adjectives, 176.
 Railways, stories of 461.

- Ramsay, Allan, 111.
 Ramsay, Dean, 129.
 Reeling it home, 60.
 Renfrew, Rev. Colin Campbell, of, 131.
 Repentance in the grave, 96.
 "Resist a' impruvments!" 110.
 Rheumatics in a bottle, 323.
 Ritchie, Dr., of Edinburgh, 62, 336.
 Robbie Roy, the Beadle Boy, 77.
 Robertson of Irvine, stories of, 50—52, 142.
 Rock of Ages, anchor upon, 80
 Rogers, Dr., and psalm-singing, 127.
 Run line, 116.
- Sabbath, an awfu' way to spend it, 460.
 Sabbath and fishing, 64, 160.
 Sabbath observance, 162, 456.
 Sabbath, instrumental music on, 128.
 Salmon, a little to begin with, 443.
 Samson, a fine man for a flittin', 374.
 Saxpence for extra postage, 65.
 Scotch canniness of juries, 195.
 Scott, Sir Walter, and Highland innkeeper, 197, 235, 251.
 Seceders, I've cheated them the day, 257.
 Seceders,—tall, bonny men, 315.
 Sermon, a lengthy, 86.
 Sermons, abhorrence of written, 43, 49.
 Sheep-dog, Precentor a, 122.
 Sheriff, marriage before the, 171.
 Siller, "had never seen the colour of it," 173.
 Siller, Scotsmen's love of, 444—456.
 Sinners stand on slippery places, 56.
 Skinner, author of "Tullochgorum," 15.
- Skirving, Adam, 429.
 Sleeping in church, 26, 91, 127, 128, 256.
 Smuggling, stories of, 360.
 Sneeshin', "tak it, mem," 41.
 Snuff, Rev. John Murker and, 38.
 Solomon would have made a poor, 471.
 "Speccie" Davie, of Dumfries, 263.
 Speir, Will, of Eglinton, 266, 284, 286.
 Sponges, too many already, 328.
 Sprunt, William, Logiealmond worthy, 267.
 St. Andrews, Dr. Buist, of, 18.
 Stanley, Bellman of 226.
 Steedman, Rev. Mr., of Stirling, 52.
 Stewart, Jack of Meikleour, 275.
 Stile, uot style, 183.
 Stirling elder and setting eggs, 153.
 Story, Professor, and St. Cuthbert's, Edinburgh, 19.
 Strapped at school, why he was, 379.
 Straying sheep and better grass, 48.
 Suet not given to whisky, 372.
 Supernatural influence, belief in, 58.
 Swearing, Graham of Claverhouse and, 424.
 Symington minister and Seceders, 20.
- "Teach me, O Lord, the perfect way," 114.
 Teetotal—he was the very opposite, 94.
 Texts, choice of, 18.
 "That's checkmate to you, Matthew," 184.
 "That's my day spoiled onywey," 464.
 "The mair fool ye," as Jock Amos said, 259.
 "The other birkie," 61.

- "The poke's burst," 116.
 "They'll tak' the bottom oot,
 and let ye doon," 142.
 Thomson, Rev. Dr. John, of
 Markinch, 257.
 Thomson, Sheriff Comrie, 178.
 Thought the pier was a boat, 296
 Threepenny piece, how he lost
 it, 367.
 Thrums, 439, 461.
 Time and the doctor, 245.
 Tip, a Scotsman's, 449.
 Toddy Rummers, 320—365.
 Tolls were unco high, 149.
 "To mak' it lichter for the
 beastie," 270.
 Tooth-drawing operation at
 Keith, 234.
 Tower of Babel, height of, 394.
 Tram, would he like one? 331.
 Travelling, stories of railway,
 461.
 Treacle, not credit, was what was
 wanted, 373.
 Troubled wi' deein' men, 60.
 "Tullochgorum," author of, 15
 Tuning-fork in church, use of,
 127.
 "Turn your wig, John," 121.
 Twa tunes—three psalms, 113.
 Tyre, Thomas, epitaph on, 288.
 Umbrella, Church used as, 141.
 Verdict of "Not Proven," 195.
 Walker, Dr., Kilbirnie, 241.
 Wanted a slate, 430.
 Watch and pray, 359.
 Water in whisky, he wouldn't
 risk it, 344.
 "We aye ken when we're dry,
 326.
 "Weclit," Rev. P. Anton's, 36.
 What could you expect from a
 brute? 62.
 What he would like, 367.
 Whisky, curative values of, 341.
 Whisky, Free Kirk minister's,
 351.
 Whisky in Heaven, 53.
 Why the de'il did ye no' tell the
 bull that? 199.
 Wifebeaters and common
 poachers, 211.
 Wig and Gown, 167—204.
 Wightman, Dr., of Kirkmahoe,
 69, 259.
 Will, Robbie Davidson's, 169.
 Witness, how Jeffrey managed a,
 193.
 Witnesses desirable at Perth, 175.
 Woman, a half-worn one would
 do, 220.
 Worthy, stories of the, 251—289.
 "Would cry too if you had as
 little to say," 40.
 "Ye canna ha'e twa skulls," 102.
 "Ye had beautiful psalms," 39.
 "Ye'll juist get credit for the
 penny," 148.
 "Ye maun hae had a dowie life,"
 47.
 "You are always behind time,"
 244.
 Young, Dr., of Perth, and inter-
 ruptions in church, 25.
 Young, Dr., of Neilston, 242.
 Young, Lord, 204.







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